Aug. 19, 1972
THE NEW YORKER
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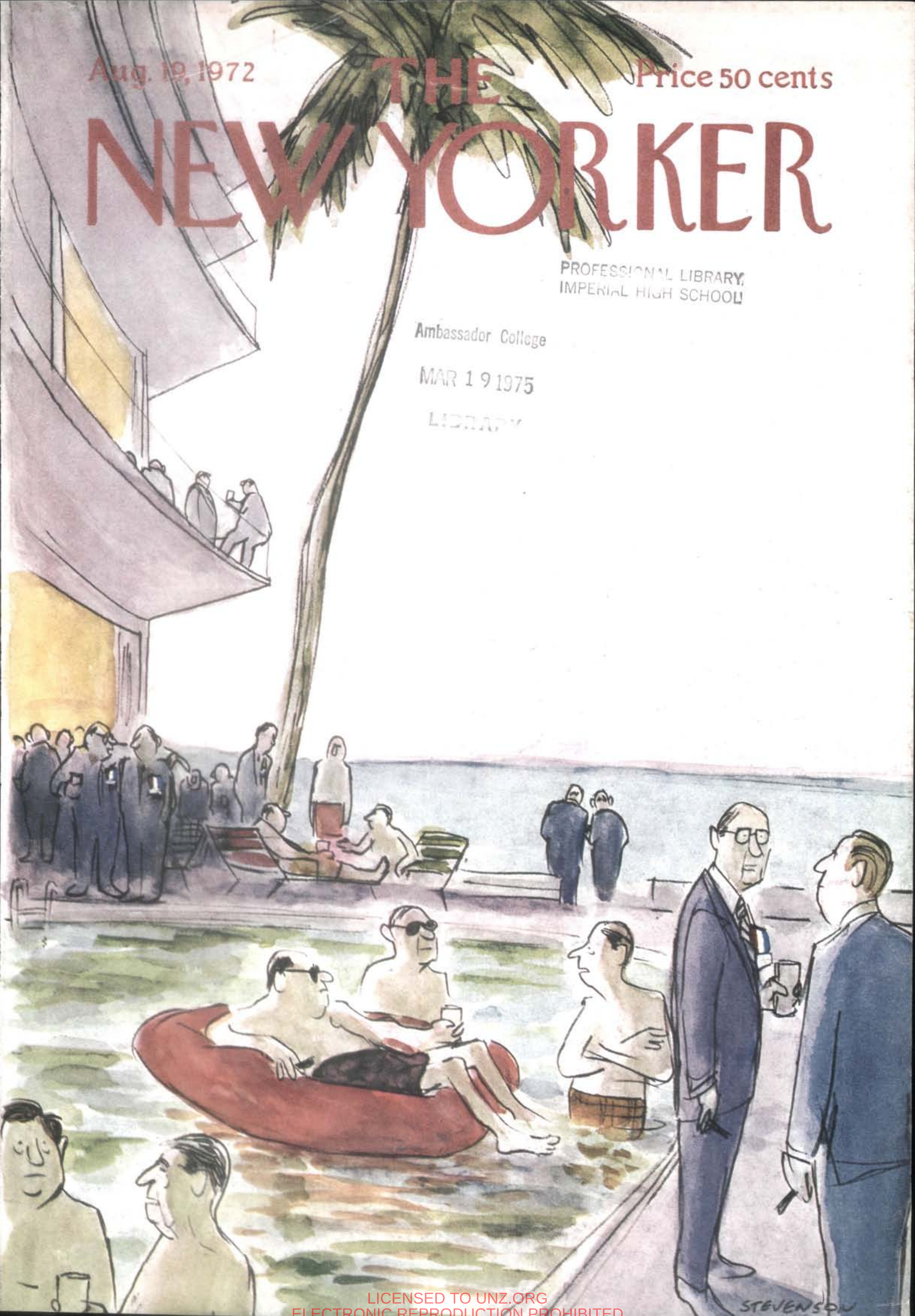

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Comparatively speaking, the Porsche runs nicely at the most dizzying of heights. (Thanks to electronic fuel injection.)

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(The roof stores under the rear trunk lid, and still leaves plenty of storage space.)

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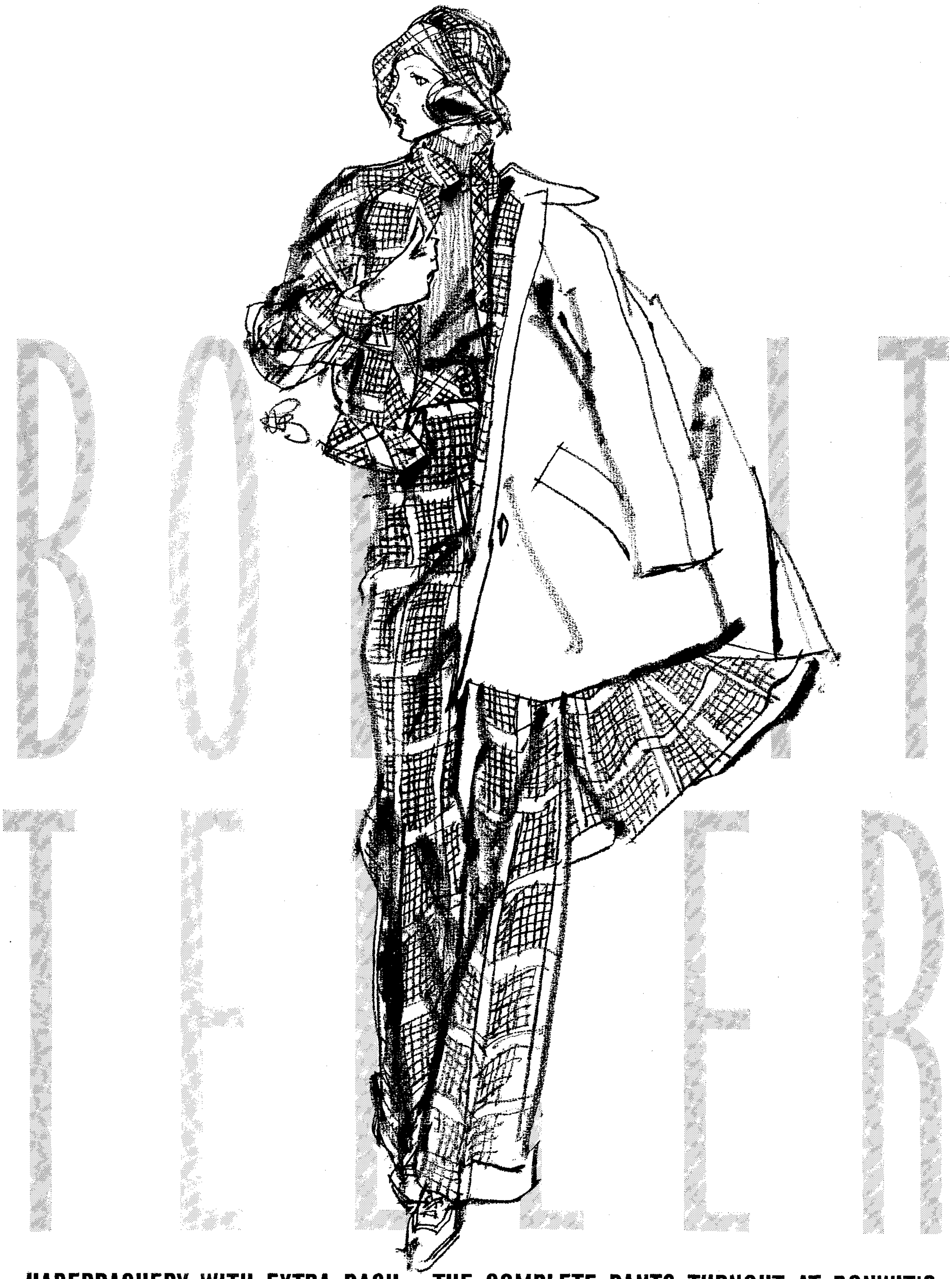

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aesop's Fables—A rock opera with a score by William Russo and a text by Jon Swan, and done by the Performing Ensemble of the Chicago Free Theatre. Preview Wednesday, Aug. 16. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 17. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7 and 10; Saturdays at 7, 10, and midnight; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

And They Put Handcuffs on the Flowers—A horror play by the Spanish dramatist Fernando Arrabal about the sufferings of political prisoners in Spain. The action is graphic, explicit, and ultimately self-defeating. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30.)

The Beggar's Opera—The beguiling Chelsea Theatre production has now crossed the river from Brooklyn. (McAlpin Rooftop Theatre, Broadway at 34th St. 239-6688. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope—A sparkling, witty all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are very good; the presence of the great gospel singer Alex Bradford and of the captivating Miss Grant herself is especially encouraging. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Don't Play Us Cheap!—An all-black musical by Melvin Van Peebles that smells curiously of burnt cork. With an excellent cast. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Grease—A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. Your attitude toward the show may well depend upon your attitude toward that tiresome decade, or upon the fragility of your eardrums; microphones abound. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hark!—A dim, plaintive little revue, but with an engaging performance by a young singer and dancer named Sharron Miller. Dan Goggin and Marvin Solley wrote the music; Robert Lorick wrote the words. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—A revival of the Wasserman-Leigh-Darion musical, with Richard Kiley, Joan Diener, Irving Jacobson, and Robert Rounseville. Staged by Albert Marre. David Atkinson and Gerrianne Raphael substitute for Mr. Kiley and Miss Diener at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée performances. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Real Inspector Hound and **After Magritte**—Two one-act samples of the British playwright Tom Stoppard's wild, sleight-of-hand comedies. Both are very funny. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Small Craft Warnings—A nebulous and rather meandering play by Tennessee Williams about a passel of seedy types who assemble each evening at a bar in southern California. There are some good moments amidst a lot of soggy ones, and there is a superior performance by William Hickey. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Sometimes a Hard Head Makes a Soft Behind—A play by J. E. Gaines. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Sugar—A musical-comedy adaptation of the celebrated movie "Some Like It Hot," with Robert Morse, Tony Roberts, and Cyril Ritchard. The movie is better. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

That Championship Season—This extremely well-written and important comic tragedy by *Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old* basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. The performance, under A. J. Antoon's direction, is all that any playwright could hope for. Richard A. Dysart is the coach, and Walter McGinn, Michael McGuire, Paul Sorvino, and Charles Durning are the ex-teammates. All of them are perfect. Santo Loquasto's setting is one of the best in town. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Two Gentlemen of Verona—Joe Papp's delightful musical version of a silly Shakespeare play. Book by Mel Shapiro and John Guare, who also wrote the lyrics that accompany Galt MacDermot's attractive music. The cast includes Raul Julia, Clifton Davis, Jonelle Allen, and Diana Davila. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,118 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR:** The New Testament taking its now

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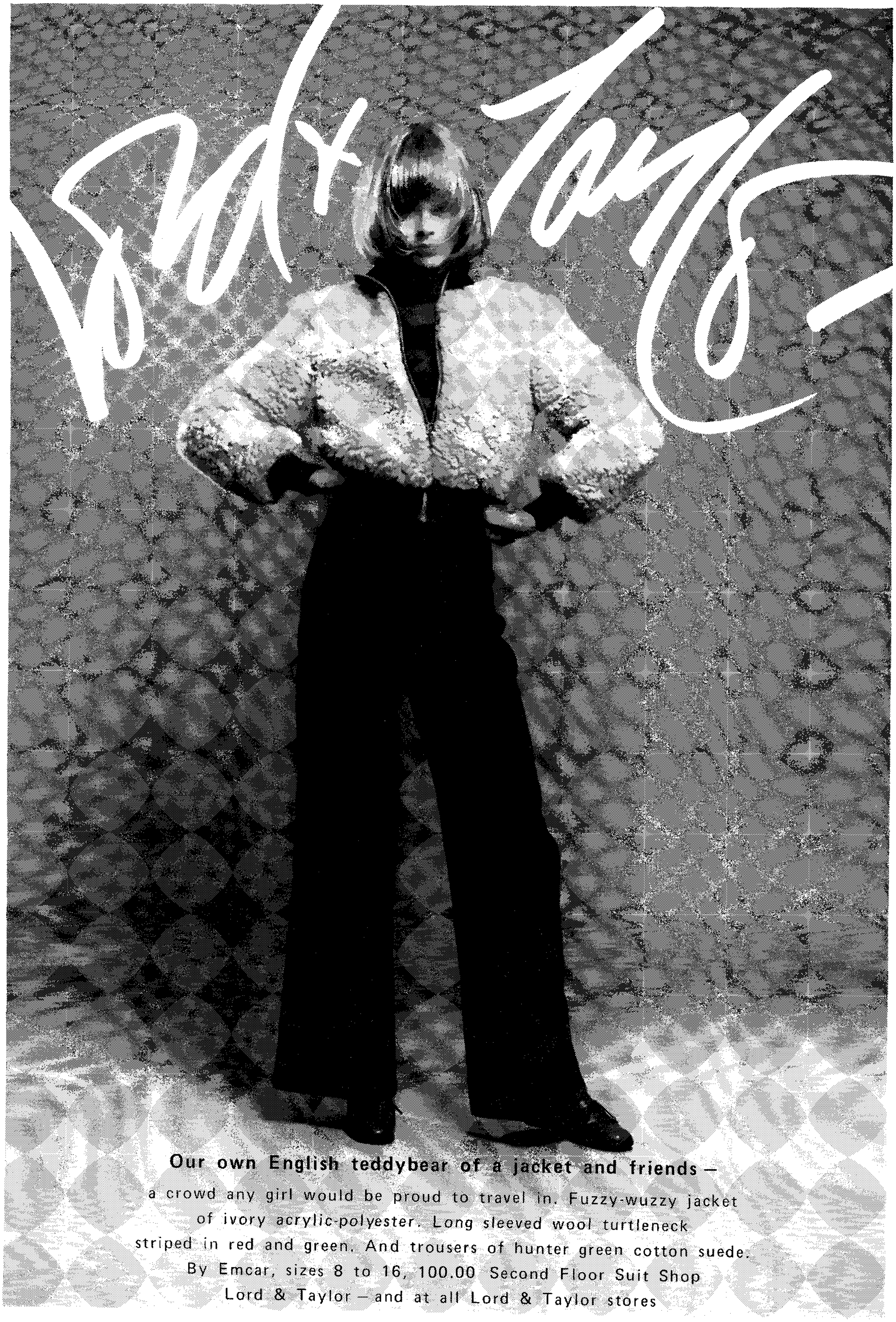

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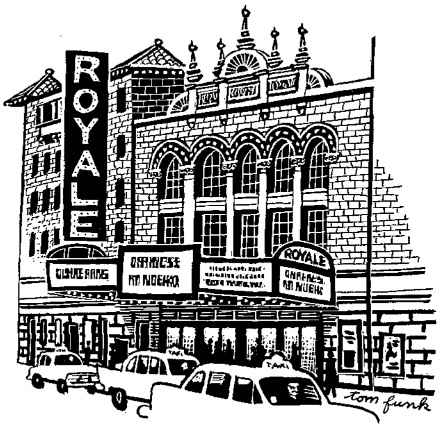
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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usual drubbing at the hands of the young, who plainly believe they are making it "relevant." The music is pleasing, and so are the performers. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of that immortal work of the twenties. With Ruby Keeler, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE:** Neil Simon writes very funny lines, and they are being delivered by Art Carney and Barbara Barrie in the leading roles. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Mercer Arts Center, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. 673-3937. Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** Patrick Macnee and Brian Murray in a mystery by Anthony Shaffer. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **STICKS AND BONES:** David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. Ably directed by Jeff Bleckner. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—On Mondays, between nine and twelve-thirty, the Grove Street Stompers go to town on "Sweet Georgia Brown" and similar selections. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to two, pianist Mabel Godwin conjures up *autres temps, autres mœurs*. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Through Sunday, Aug. 20, Dr. Hook and the Medicine Show will share the stage with singer Mike Murphy. Composer and singer Randy Newman, who has a devoted following among certain saints and philosophers, will do a one-nighter on Tuesday, Aug. 22. Singer Jim Dawson opens Wednesday, Aug. 23, together with a group called Jubal. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Everybody looks comfortable enough, whether partaking of soul food or just listening. Wednesday, Aug. 16, singer-pianist Andy Bey will perform. Thursdays through Sundays, Aug. 17-20 and 24-27, pianist Cedar Walton will lead a trio. Music nightly from nine-thirty to three. Mondays, there are jam sessions from eight until midnight.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Equal parts of dining, talking, and relaxing, along with a certain amount of looking at paintings. Through Saturday, Aug. 19, Mike Abene, a talented young pianist, will work with bassist Harvey Schwartz. Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 22-26, Chuck Fowler, piano, and Duke Cleamons, bass, will entertain. Mondays, pianist Patti Wicks and bassist Perry Lind sub for the regulars. Nine-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A softly lighted restaurant with an inviting air and a warm ambience. But acoustics play tricks: The jazz area is aurally distinct from the dining area, so for listening it is advisable to sit at the bar. Wednesday through Saturday from ten to four, drummer Al Foster heads a trio. The food is intended to please both palate and soul.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Mary Lou Williams is at the Steinway, assisted by a bassist, and everything is as it should be. Sundays, pianist Dick Katz and a bass player fill in. Eight until one. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—A long bar and a barnlike back room in which a series of musicians and comics—some captivating, some not—entertain with generally good cheer. Through Saturday, Aug. 19, Revival and singer Spanky Brown will be onstage. Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 22-26, guitarist David Spinozza and singer Irwin Finger will be around. Sounds from nine.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—One of the more significant coffeehouses, in which one often is able to find an answer to the question "What's happening?"—musically, at any rate. Guitarist Larry Coryell and his new group, Foreplay, will be on deck Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 17-20.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub, graced by the fully guaranteed piano of Ellis Larkins, who performs with a bassist six nights a week, from nine-thirty to three. Mondays, vibist Warren Chiasson and bassist Jimmy Garrison take over, and the sound is resonant. Snacks.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—No city of eight million should be without at least one place dedicated to the six-stringed instrument. Guitarists Howard Collins and Bucky Pizzarelli are teaming up at the moment, trading sets with a skilled classicist named Bill Matthews. Music Tuesday through Saturday from nine-thirty until two-thirty. A Deep South kitchen, albeit a limited one.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Competence abounds, and sometimes there is brilliance, too, in this old jazz room. Light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Yes, it's true what they say about Dixie. The bandsmen: Eddie Locke, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Roy Eldridge. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A Kansas City woodshed in about 1880, to judge by the furnishings. Buzzy Linhart, who sings of me and thee (as well as of "geometric gurus" and Charlie Chan) will be here with some associates through Sunday, Aug. 20. Tom Rapp comes in with his Pearls Before Swine on Wednesday, Aug. 23. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Mondays and Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight, after which people may dance to records until two. Drinks and snacks.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—Wood panelling and a portrait of Henry VIII. Also a complete menu and some satisfying sounds. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight until two, Barbara Carroll brings her practiced hands to the pianoforte. Mondays, from nine until midnight, clarinettist Woody Allen takes time out from his other interests to lead a septet in some traditional New Orleans jazz. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Where "now" people can play at being "then" people, with a vengeance. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed polar bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—A populous gathering place in a lonesome part of town. Drummer Chico Hamilton, who can, and does, play in a lot of different rhythmic patterns, will appear with his quintet through Sunday, Aug. 20. Music from nine. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Junior Mance will be leading his trio through Sunday, Aug. 20. From nine, and between Mance sets, Bill Rubenstein takes comfortable command of the piano. Mondays are problematical, with new talent showing up. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Big things in a little package. Muddy Waters, a veteran Chicago-blues guitarist and singer, will lead his septet Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 17-20. Flutist and reedster Yusef Lateef will bring in his foursome Tuesday, Aug. 22. On Sunday, Aug. 20, at five (before the regular session), saxophonist Noah Howard will present a quartet. Mondays, the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band takes over. The entertainment begins at nine-thirty, supposedly. Closed Wednesday, Aug. 16.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere over the rainspout—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass, Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass by Nat Jones and Lisle Atkinson Monday through Wednesday, and by Joanne Brackeen and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday. Eight until two.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from seven to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with catlike skill. People may dance to the jazz. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a happy-time banjo band. The atmosphere: mugs of beer, days of old.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Some glitter, some glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from nine-thirty to one. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is served. Reservations are needed for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Nilotic and pleasantly sybaritic, but given to live entertainment of a sort that brings forth visions of some over-merchandised American pie. Three times nightly, Bourbon 'n Spice do pop songs. Between sets—and earlier, beginning at five—people dance to discs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between floors I and II. Dancing to tapes all afternoon and all evening, ending around three. A fairly complete menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—Dancing to recorded music downstairs (upstairs is for elaborate hamburgers and other funny dishes) from eight until

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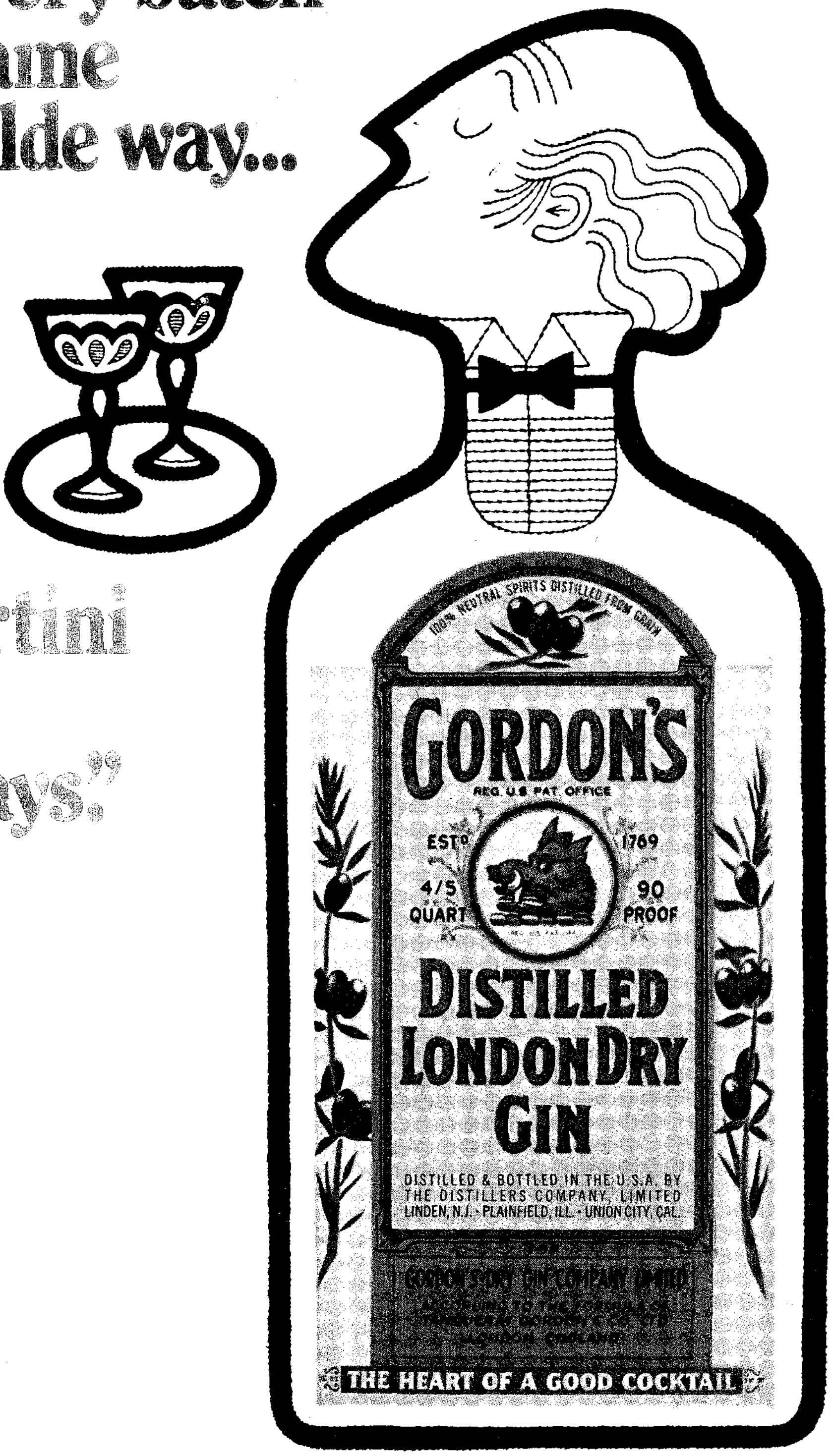
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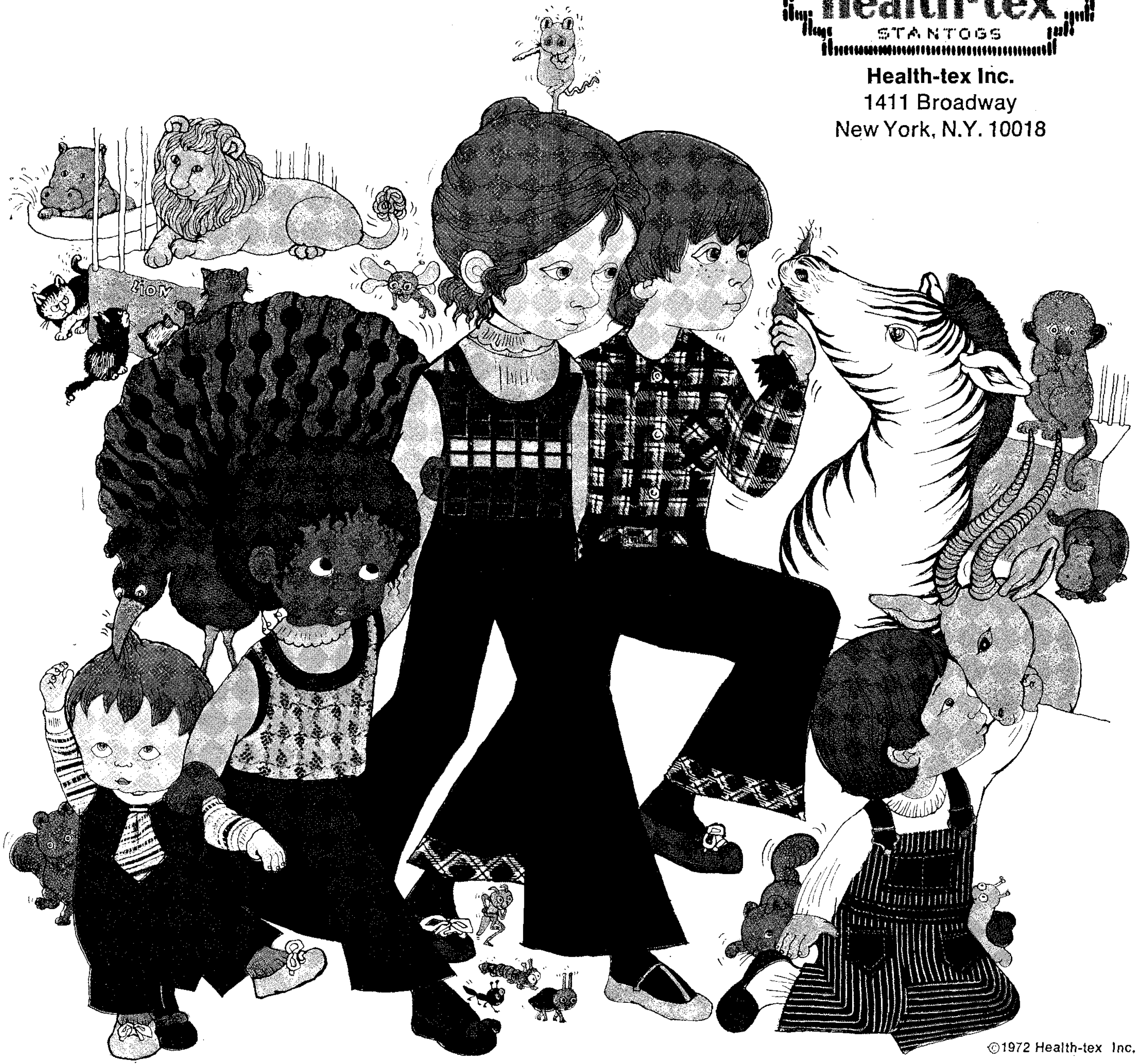

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three. The interior design is of the hokey-but-harmless school, Tiffany-lamp division.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—Rodney Dangerfield's home base. His non-pattern (and sometimes nonpareil) patter is rough and ready, and it happens to be really funny. Mr. D. will be in residence only on Saturdays, Aug. 19 and 26. The balance of the week is given over to comedian Will Jordan. Nourishment at all hours. Closed Sundays.

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Songs and funny sayings are the order of the evening by a bunch of new talent. Nine-thirty is starting time. Closed Sundays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—Tryouts for new wits and singers in an establishment that is nothing if not informal. Closed Sundays.

MERCER ARTS CENTER, 240 Mercer St., at W. 3rd St. (673-3937)—In the Blue Room Cabaret, on the second floor of this theatre complex, a variety of eager young performers do some urgent playing and singing. Nine to one each night.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

CHÂTEAU MADRID, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Olga Guillot, the Latin-American soprano here, suffers (and gloriously) a rage to live and to love, and her efforts certainly make this small world go around. Dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty and Sundays from four. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **FLAMENCO ROOM,** a minute theatre-in-the-round, there occur (well along in the evening) outbursts of Andalusian foot-and-mouth exercises by a fivesome operating barely inches from one's face. Closed Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The **CAFÉ** has a seven-day week, with Herb Winner's crew calling the tunes Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Phil Wayne's threesome on Sundays and Mondays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **GREEN TULIP,** which old-timers who date back to 1970 will think of as the Edwardian Room, a singer-guitarist named Robert Miano tiptoes through the tulips at dinner. Discothèque dancing every night but Sunday from ten until one. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violin music susurrates from five to seven and from eight to midnight every night.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Room at the top. Edward Kennedy Ellington, now officially not only the Duke but the King of Jazz, is aboard with his collection of co- and miracle-workers. Twice a night, except Sundays; dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—As far as Wednesday, Aug. 16, the Buddy Rich orchestra will be playing on the **ROOF.** The following night, in comes the Woody Herman band. Dinner and supper shows, plus dance music all evening long. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PENTHOUSE,** Hazel Scott is completely at ease as she surveys her piano and her threesome. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one or so. No dining.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

DUNCAN'S, 303 E. 53rd St. (838-6154): Leisurely evenings, during which Bill Halsey's high-level pianistics can soothe or scintillate, depending on the jazz, blues, or show tunes he is embellishing. With Leonard Gaskin on bass, he plays every night but Sunday from eight-thirty to two. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, Athenian glee, and a dollop of American rock. At ten-fifteen and midnight, there are songs by Ben Vereen, a graduate of "Jesus Christ Superstar." Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens (in Kifisia, say), the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The tune is carried by the perpetual fiddlers three who constitute the local standing army, as well as by the foursome of choristers (Leyna Gabriele, prop., included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A nineteenth hole—not in the pavement, though, but under it. There's piano Tuesdays through Saturdays from cocktails until whenever. (After nine-thirty, it's by Shorty Allen.). . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, kept vibrant during the evening by a foursome that cannot be long out of Athens. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing, except as indicated.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman, for Dino Palermo, the genuine article, is the responsible party. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 137 E. 55th St.(832-1128):On a lower deck of Iperbole, and one that is distinctly not steerage, the Three Romans, a dance triad, inhabits a pleasurable Roman grotto from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A playhouse big enough for life-size knights in armor (a few are on duty every evening) and their ladies, not to mention a life-size kitchen and bar. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old reliable. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from five-thirty to two. . . . **CAMEL DRIVER,** 72 E. 56th St. (980-3860): Candlelight and memorable melodies, the piano being manned by Marty Berns from seven to two Mondays through Fridays. Closed Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **THE GRIFFIN,** 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): A most mannerly household, whose evening hours are assigned to a devout contemplation of (1) what's good to eat (French, often) and (2) what's good to listen to (the piano of Clem Artist from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty). Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hospice at the top of the stairs that lead from far-below First Avenue, and therefore a scenic delight. Tables, a bar, a casual way of life, and (on piano) Norman Rollings, a casual librarian. A lot more fun than F.B.I. in the Library. Eight to one during the week, nine to two on Fridays and Saturdays, and not at all on Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Those-were-the-days and all that, relived (and not vicariously, either) by a brace of pianists (Charles De Forest, Mondays and Tuesdays; Murray Grand all the rest of the time) who were on hand when night life ended with the dawn patrol. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): The embassy for a small, indeterminate, but quite pleasant nation. The diplomatic corps is headed by Ray Hartley, whose piano has a new-wine-in-new-bottles effervescence. Four-thirty to ten-thirty, except for Saturdays and Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar, Lynn Mullinax produces the proper and joyous sort of piano we would all like to hear more of. His schedule is Tuesdays through Fridays from five to one, and Saturdays from six to two. Sundays and Mondays, Earl Rose plays piano from five to one.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

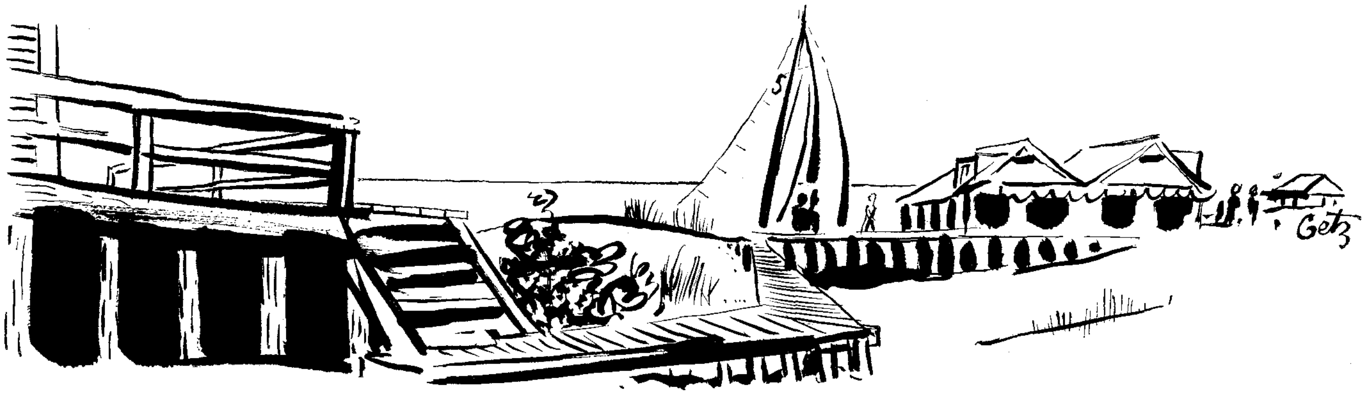
GALLERIES

PAUL KLEE (1879-1940)—Two oils, nine watercolors, and twelve drawings; through Sept. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

GIACOMO MANZÙ—Recent bronzes and reliefs by this artist famous for his ecclesiastical figures; through Aug. 31. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

JOSEPH WOLINS / SEYMOUR FRANKS—Cubist-derived figurative subjects. / Abstract Expressionist canvases. (West Side Gallery, 250 W. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6. Through Saturday, Aug. 26.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **AMERICAN ART,** 133 Wooster St.: Paintings, sculptures, wall hangings,



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and prints by contemporary American Indians; through Sept. 16. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: American nineteenth-century landscapes, still-lifes, and genre scenes; through Aug. 31. ...¶ Many galleries are closed during the summer or mount rather casual shows that may vary in content from day to day. The following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are at least open: **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.; closed Mondays.... **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St. ... **BERRY-HILL**, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.... **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway.... **FEIDEN**, 51 E. 10th St.; Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7, and Saturdays, 11 to 6.... **LERNER-HELLER**, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.; closed mornings.... **LOEB STUDENT CENTER**, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.... **VAN DER STRAETEN**, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.; closes at 4.... **WALLY F. GALLERIES**, 17 E. 57th St.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—The newly acquired Goya is being shown in the European Paintings galleries....¶ A hundred sculptures by Jacques Lipchitz, covering all periods of his career; through Sept. 5....¶ Twenty-three free-standing sculptures, ten reliefs, and twenty-seven watercolors, drawings, and woodcuts by Jean Arp 1887-1966), the leading Dadaist; through Sept. 10....¶ Fifty outstanding sculptures on the theme of the human image, created on the islands of the Pacific, from Easter Island in the east to New Guinea in the west; through Sept. 5. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Italy: The New Domestic Landscape," an exhibit reporting on current design developments in Italy and setting forth a cornucopia of examples: furniture, lamps and vases, typewriters and telephones, compact cooking devices, sleeping and storage units, and a poker table. Through Sept. 11....¶ Collages, prints, and graphic designs and advertisements by Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948), a pioneer in collage, including examples from 1918 on through his last works, done in England; through Sept. 10....¶ Forty photographs of trees by Eugène Atget (1857-1927), the pioneer French photographer; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **NOTE:** The Museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open, free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 11.

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy oils, fifty watercolors, and thirteen prints from all phases of the career of Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944); through Sept. 5....¶ Modern masterworks by Matisse, Seurat, Léger, Cézanne, Braque, Mondrian, van Gogh, Picasso, and others; through Sept. 3. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century paintings and drawings owned by collectors in the New York metropolitan area; the fifty-four artists represented include Copley, Cole, Church, Inness, Ryder, Peto, Haberle, Eakins, and Sargent. Through Sept. 11....¶ A hundred and thirty-eight photographs, thirty-eight in color, representing the work of David Douglas Duncan during the past twenty years, taken in war situations, the streets of Paris, the countryside of Ireland, Berber villages in Morocco, and so on; through Sept. 4. ...¶ Thirty-five oils, watercolors, and drawings by Edward Hopper (1888-1968), from the bequest of Mrs. Hopper; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Watercolors, prints, and drawings by Winslow Homer and John Singer Sargent, assembled from the collections of the Museum and the Metropolitan; through Aug. 27. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Colorful Scallops, Scampering Butterflies of the Sea," a showing of the shells of three hundred species, from the Jesse Hamilton Webb collection; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

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20	21	22	23	24	25	26

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A show designed to survey the work being created in the craft field today, offering a multitude of both functional and non-functional objects in diverse mediums; through Sept. 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Forty objects from the Upper Volta region of Africa; most are masks, with some headdresses, carved figures, and stools. Through Sept. 30. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"Cityrama," a multimedia, audiovisual show tracing the history of New York from 1524 to the present. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—About two hundred paintings, drawings, and sculptures ranging from Italian Renaissance masters to contemporary American artists, borrowed from private collections; through Aug. 27....¶ A somewhat reduced version of an exhibition presented in Chicago of works done since the war by artists associated with that city and whose creations, according to the organizers of the exhibit, have qualities in common. The original exhibition was covered in this magazine on July 15. Through Aug. 27. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A display of letters, photographs, maps, prints, designs, and books related to the career of Frederick Law Olmsted, in celebration of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the landscape architect who invented Central Park; through Sept. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Fifty-three painting/collages by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist since the forties; through Sept. 30....¶ Prints from the Museum's workshop; through Sept. 17. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART AND BACH FESTIVAL—Final performances—Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 8: Szymon Goldberg conducting the New York Chamber Orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Rosalyn Tureck, piano.... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 17, at 8: The Guarneri Quartet in an all-Mozart program, with Lee Luvisi, piano....¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 18-19, at 8: John Nelson directing the orchestra in a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Carole Bogard, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Seth McCoy, tenor; Raymond Michalski bass; and the New York Mozart Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424.)

CHAMBER MUSIC—Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 8: Samuel Baron, flute; Elaine Bonazzi, mezzo-soprano; Samuel Sanders, piano; and Robert Sylvester, cello....¶ Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 8: Isidore Cohen, violin; Richard Goode, piano; Annie Kavafian, violin; Nobuko Imai, viola; and Mr. Sylvester. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 369-5110.)

JEAN LANGLAIS—Organ. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 8. Tickets can be bought only at the door.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Friday, Aug. 18, at 7: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano....¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Mr. Weissenberg....¶ Saturday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Misha Dichter, piano.... ¶ Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Mahler's Symphony No. 8, with Deborah O'Brian and Linda Phillips, sopranos; Susan Clickner, contralto; Jane Bryden and Eunice Alberts, mezzo-sopranos; John Alexander, tenor; William Dooley, baritone; Saverio Barbieri, bass; Berj Zamkochian, organ; the St. Paul's School Boy Choir; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

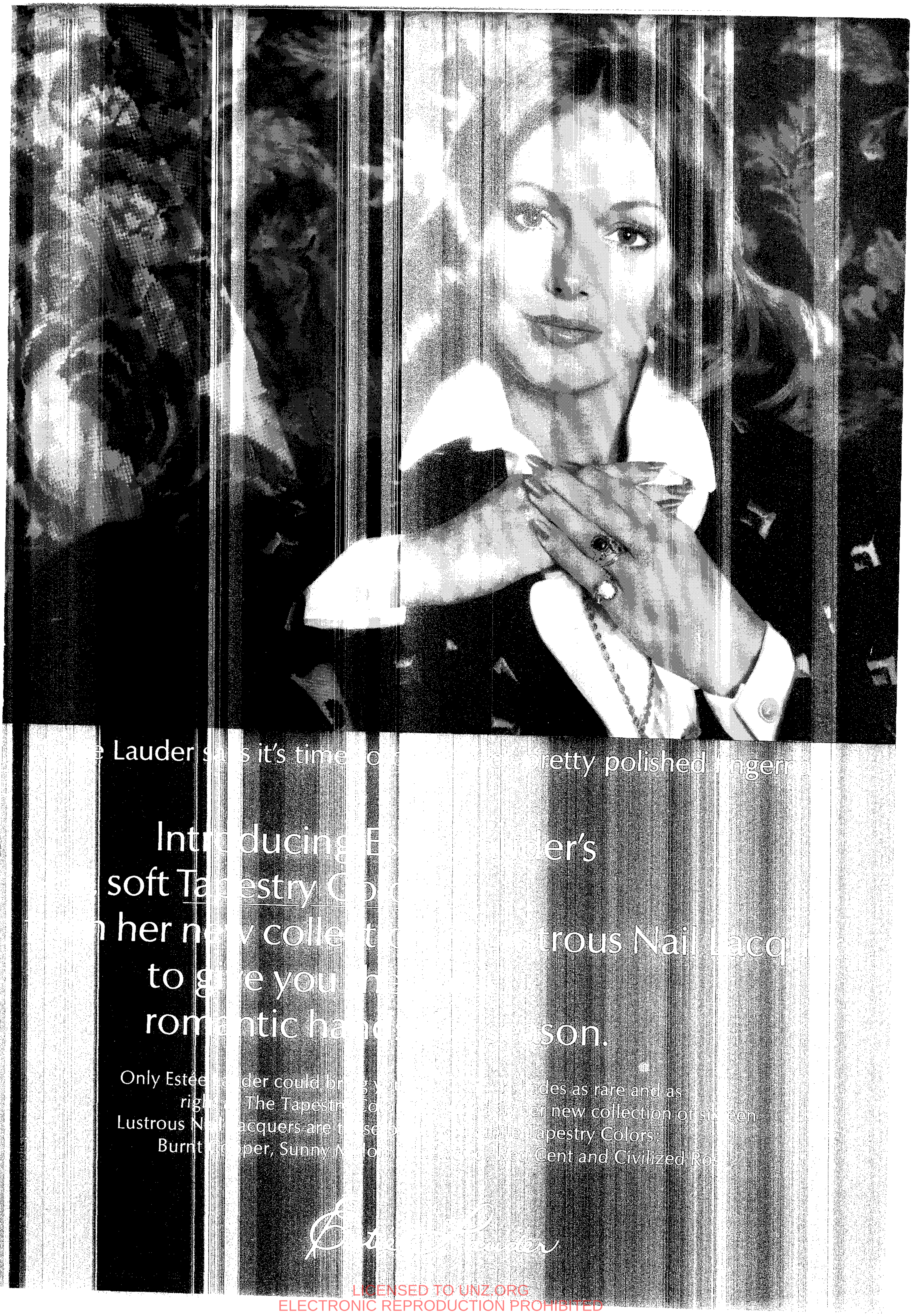
SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Final performances of the season by the Philadelphia Orchestra—Wednesday, Aug. 16: Aldo Ceccato conducting a varied program, with Rudolf Firkusny, piano....¶ Thursday, Aug. 17: James Levine conducting a Berlioz-Rachmaninoff program, with Van Cliburn, piano....¶ Friday, Aug. 18: Eugene Ormandy directing a program of American music, with Benjamin Luxon, baritone; Stephen Charry, boy alto; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus....¶ Saturday, Aug. 19: William Smith conducting an all-Brubeck program, with the Dave Brubeck Quartet, Gerry Mulligan, Chris Brubeck, and the New Heavenly Blue.... [**NOTE:** Special concerts will be given on Sunday, Aug. 20, by Tony Bennett, and on Monday, Aug. 21, by Deep Purple, Fleetwood Mac, and Silverhead.]...¶ Wednesday, Aug. 23: Andre Kostelanetz conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Melissa Hayden and Jacques d'Amboise, dancers....¶ Thursday, Aug. 24: Julius Rudel conducting a program of Viennese music, with Patricia Brooks, soprano, and John Reardon, baritone....¶ Friday, Aug. 25: Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program, with Mayumi Fujikawa, violin....¶ Saturday, Aug. 26: Eugene Ormandy directing another varied program, this one with the Capitol Hill Choral Society. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 10. For information about tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

LENOX ARTS CENTER—Tom Rush and Quarry in the final concert of the season. (Lenox, Mass. Saturday, Aug. 19, at 6. For tickets, call 644-4400, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 19: The Luis Rivera Spanish Dance Company, Barton Mumaw, and Takako Asakawa and David Hatch Walker....¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 22-26: The Ethnic Dance Arts Company, with Nala Najan, and the Jacob's Pillow Dancers. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At **SHEA STADIUM**: Mets vs. Atlanta, Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 17, at 2:05....¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 18, at 8:05; Saturday, Aug. 19, at 2:15; and Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2:05....



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Mets vs. Houston, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 21-22, at 8:05, and Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 2:05. . . . **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Mets, Thursday, Aug. 24, at 7:30 (an exhibition game, for the benefit of sandlot baseball). . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 25, at 5 (twi-night doubleheader), and Saturday, Aug. 26, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Jets, in a benefit exhibition game. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Sunday, Aug. 20, at 2.)

POLO—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Travers, Saturday, Aug. 19; the Spinaway, Friday, Aug. 25; and the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 26. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Daily at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 19. The Sapling, Saturday, Aug. 19. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Aug. 21, through Monday, Oct. 16. . . . **LIBERTY BELL,** Philadelphia: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 26. The Signature, Saturday, Aug. 19, and the Hobson Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 26.

TENNIS—U.S.L.T.A. Men's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Meadow Club, Southampton. Through Sunday, Aug. 20.) . . . ¶ Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 21-27.) . . . ¶ Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 21-27.)

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Oct. 14. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION—Opens at the Convention Hall, in Miami Beach, Monday, Aug. 21, at 7 P.M.

LILA ACHESON WALLACE WORLD OF BIRDS—A luxurious new urban housing development for birds, consisting of twenty-five natural-looking habitats (everything from rain forest to desert wastes), populated by five hundred and fifty avian beauties representing two hundred species, who go about their daily business happily unconscious, for the most part, of being caged or of being peeped at by their unfeathered friends. (Bronx Zoo. Daily, 10 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Aug. 16 at 2: "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" (1920), directed by William deMille, with Thomas Meighan. . . . ¶ Aug. 16 at 5:30: "Moana" (1926), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 2: "Hotel Imperial" (1927), directed by Mauritz Stiller, with Pola Negri. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 5:30: "The Wild Party" (1929), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Clara Bow and Fredric March. . . . ¶ Aug. 17 at 8: "Adalen 31 (1970), in Swedish, directed by Bo Widerberg. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 2: "Old Ironsides" (1926), directed by James Cruze, with Wallace Beery. . . . ¶ Aug. 18 at 5:30 and Aug. 19 at noon: "Homer's Odyssey" (1911), directed by F. Bertolini and A. Padouan; and "Assunta Spina" (1915), directed by Gustavo Serena, Italian titles only. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 3: "Devil and the Deep" (1932), directed by Marion Gering, with Tallulah Bankhead and Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ Aug. 19 at 5:30: "Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 12:30: "Blue Skies" (1946), directed by Stuart Heisler, with Bing Crosby and Fred Astaire. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 3: "Road to Singapore" (1940), directed by Victor Schertzinger, with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 5:30: "The Heiress" (1949), directed by William Wyler, with Olivia de Havilland and Montgomery Clift. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 2: "Catch-22" (1971), directed by Mike Nichols, with Alan Arkin. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 5:30: "Variety" (1925), directed by E. A. Dupont, with Emil Jannings. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 2: "The Covered Wagon" (1923), directed by James Cruze. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 5:30: "Double Indemnity" (1944), directed by Billy Wilder, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 2: "A Gentleman of Paris" (1927), directed by Harry D'Abbadie D'Arrast, with Adolphe Menjou. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 5:30: "The Stranger" (1967), in French, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 2: "Woman of the World" (1925), directed by Malcolm St. Clair, with Pola Negri. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 5:30: "You Never Know Women" (1926), directed by William Wellman. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 8: "The Letter" (1929), directed by Jean Di Limur, with Jeanne Eagels. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call 472-1003 for news. The same number may be called for information about other free summer events.)

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING,** with Sam Waterston and Kathleen Widdoes. The final production of the season. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 3. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

JONES BEACH THEATRE—A revival of **THE KING AND I,** with Constance Towers and John Cullum. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 3. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

WOLLMAN RINK—The Schaefer beer people's summer upheaval. Wednesday, Aug. 16: Bette Midler, Gun Hill Road, and Moogy & the Rhythm Kings. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18: George Carlin and Jim Dawson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 19: Blood, Sweat, and Tears. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 21: The Doors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 23: The Kinks. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 25-26: Poco. (Evenings at 7; through Saturday, Sept. 2. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

BRYANT PARK—Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 12:15: Howie Mann. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 18, at 12:15: Max Kaminsky. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 21, at 12:15: Joe Riccardo. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 23, at 12:15: Alfredo Munar.

GAELIC PARK—Wednesday, Aug. 16, at 7: Yes, J. Geils Band, and Jo Jo Gunne. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 22, at 7: Humble Pie, Edgar Winter, and Ramatam. (Broadway and 240th St. For information about tickets, call 644-4400.)

MUSIC AND DANCE—Mainly of Spanish origin, with a particle or two from Israel and Africa, presented by, mainly, the Alliance of Latin Arts. (Fordham Plaza, Lincoln Center, Columbus Ave. at W. 60th St. Sunday through Saturday, Aug. 20-26, at 8:15; workshop productions of Broadway musicals the next week.)

WALKING TOURS—"Sutton Place and Beekman Place," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will get into stride on Sunday, Aug. 20. Meets outside 421 E. 61st St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

MOVIES IN THE PARK—A program of regular and experimental films are being shown in various city parks at 9 P.M., Wednesdays through Sundays, through Aug. 27. For program news, and to clarify that word "various," call 472-1003.

FLEA MARKET—The Market Place (Eleventh Ave. at 42nd St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from 11 to 6.

DEEP BREATHING—Each Tuesday and Wednesday evening between 7 and 10:30, the roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles, to permit strollers and bicyclists to walk and ride unafflicted by exhaust fumes and traffic noises.

George Washington
President of the United States

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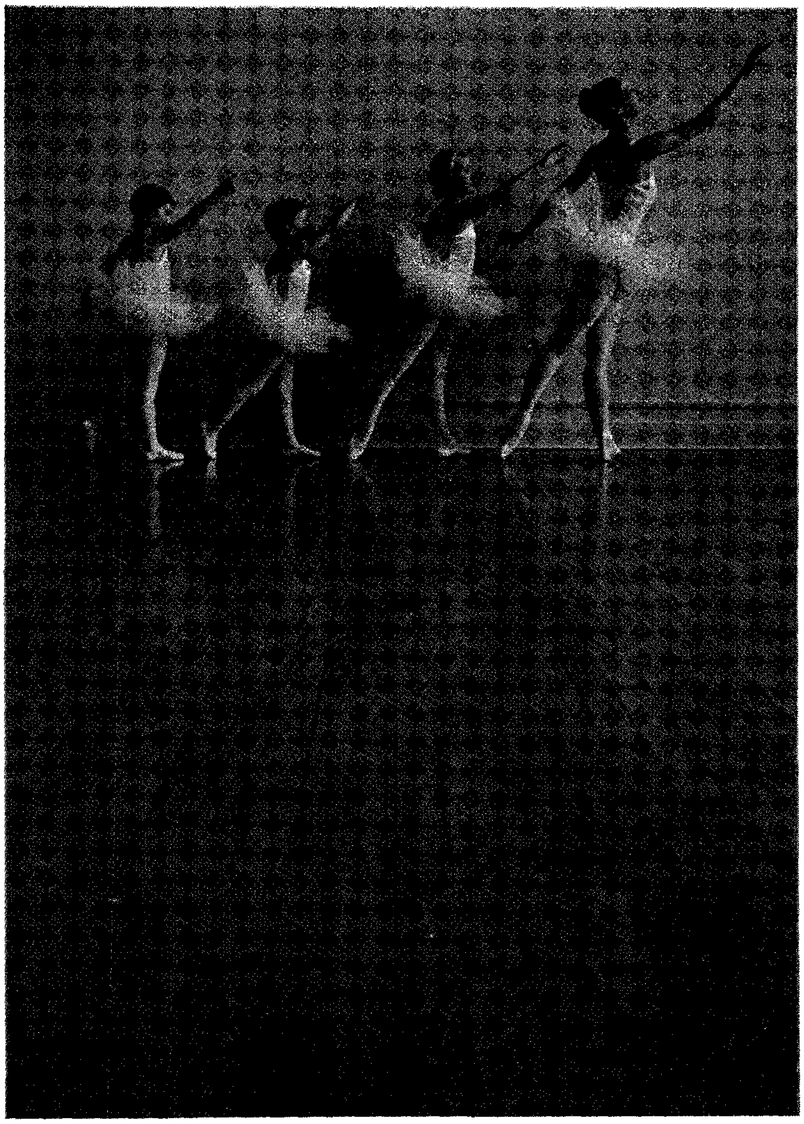

When everybody follows you and tries to do what you do, that is called leadership.

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The zipper all the others try to be.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 22: "The Graduate."
From Aug. 23: "The Other."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Aug. 19: "How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying" and "Sweet Music."
Aug. 20-22: "Smilin' Through" and "Naughty Marietta."
From Aug. 23: "Murder at the Vanities" and "The Climax."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Aug. 22: "The Concert for Bangladesh," "The Panic in Needle Park," and "Ned Kelly."
From Aug. 23: "Carnal Knowledge," "Trash," and "Catch-22."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 22: "Cabaret."
From Aug. 23: "What's Up, Doc?"

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Aug. 22: "The Graduate."
From Aug. 23: "Butterflies Are Free."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Aug. 22: "The Last Picture Show" and "The Go-Between."
From Aug. 23: To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Play It Again, Sam."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Candidate."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Melinda."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Other."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Aug. 22: "Our Latin Thing."
From Aug. 23: "Arruza."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Godfather."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (but Were Afraid to Ask)."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Slaughter."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through Aug. 17: "Shaft's Big Score!"
From Aug. 18: "Bluebeard."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Man."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Marjoe."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Pope Joan."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Fat City."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Aug. 16: "The Ballad of Cable Hogue" and "The Wild Bunch."
Aug. 17: "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Shop on Main Street."
Aug. 18: "Fellini Satyricon" and "The Passion of Anna."
Aug. 19: "The French Connection" and "M*A*S*H."
Aug. 20: "Catch-22" and "Rosemary's Baby."
Aug. 21: "True Grit" and "Hud."
Aug. 22: "Georgy Girl" and "Loving."
Aug. 23: "Ulysses" and "The Hunt."
Aug. 24: "One Potato, Two Potato" and "The Two of Us."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 20: "The Public Eye."
Aug. 21: Theatre closed.
From Aug. 22, at 8: "And Now for Something Completely Different." (Opening night by invitation only.)

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Deliverance."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 22: "The Hospital" and "Where's Poppa?"
From Aug. 23: "Butterflies Are Free."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Alf 'n' Family."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Four Flies on Grey Velvet."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Melinda."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The New Centurions."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Superfly."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Aug. 22: "The Graduate."
From Aug. 23: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"Slaughter."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8932)
Through Aug. 17: "Shaft's Big Score!"
From Aug. 18: "Bluebeard."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Cabaret."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"A Clockwork Orange."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Sorrow and the Pity."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Junior Bonner" and "Puppet on a Chain."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Aug. 16: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" and "The Overcoat."
Aug. 17-19: "The Blue Angel" and "Pandora's Box."
Aug. 20-21: "Metropolis" and "M."
Aug. 22-23: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" and "Nosferatu."
From Aug. 24: "Wild Strawberries" and "The Magician."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Aug. 22: "Boxcar Bertha" and "1,000 Convicts and a Woman."
From Aug. 23: "What's Up, Doc?" and "Man in the Wilderness."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Aug. 22: "Snoopy, Come Home."
From Aug. 23: "Now You See Him, Now You Don't" and "Nikki, Wild Dog of the North."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Aug. 16: "Butterflies Are Free."
From Aug. 17: "Last of the Red Hot Lovers."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Woodstock."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Greaser's Palace."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Aug. 22: "The Graduate."
From Aug. 23: "What's Good for the Goose."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (but Were Afraid to Ask)."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"The Great Dictator."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"La Salamandre."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Aug. 22: "Frenzy" and "Play Misty for Me."
From Aug. 23: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Aug. 18: "Brother Carl" and Part VI of Louis Malle's "Phantom India."
From Aug. 19: "Charles–Dead or Alive" and Part VII of Louis Malle's "Phantom India."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 22: "The Graduate."
From Aug. 23: "Portnoy's Complaint."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 16: "Borsalino" and "The Shameless Old Lady."
Aug. 17: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" and "Nazarin."
Aug. 18: "Rosemary's Baby" and "Tropic of Cancer."
Aug. 19: "Belle de Jour" and "A Man and a Woman."
Aug. 20: "Carousel" and "The King and I."
Aug. 21: "La Terra Trema" and "Simon of the Desert."
Aug. 22: "Accident" and "Morgan!"
Aug. 23: "Tosca" and "Plisetskaya Dances."
Aug. 24: "Pather Panchali" and "The White Sheik."

Riviera, B'way at 97th. (RI 9-8046)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 22: "The Concert for Bangladesh" and "The Panic in Needle Park."
From Aug. 23: "Cabaret" and "Jenny."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly; he acts like a man who's had a spinal tap. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (Thalia; Aug. 22.)

Alf 'n' Family—A British film, with Warren Mitchell and Dandy Nichols, directed by Norman Cohen. (Juliet 1.)

And Now for Something Completely Different—A British film, directed by Ian MacNaughton. (68th St. Playhouse; starting Aug. 22, at 8.)

Arruza—A documentary on the late matador Carlos Arruza, directed by Budd Boetticher, narrated by Anthony Quinn. (Plaza; starting Aug. 23.)

The Ballad of Cable Hogue (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Beekman; Aug. 16.)

Belle de Jour (1967)—Buñuel's beautiful and gently comic color film of a well-bred girl's rapt fantasies of sadomasochism. Catherine Deneuve as the heroine. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 19.)

The Blue Angel (1929)—An almost legendary film. As Lola Lola, Marlene Dietrich is a rather coarse and plump young beauty—the incarnation of sex without romance or sentiment. Emil Jannings is the inhibited, tyrannical teacher who succumbs to her. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. In German. (Elgin; Aug. 17-19.)

Bluebeard—Richard Burton in the title role, directed by Edward Dmytryk. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting Aug. 18.)

Borsalino (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseille of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 16.)

Boxcar Bertha—With Barbara Hershey and David Carradine, directed by Martin Scorsese. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Aug. 22.)

Brother Carl—Directed by Susan Sontag. (New Yorker; through Aug. 18.)

Butterflies Are Free—Based on the Broadway play, with Goldie Hawn, Eileen Heckart, and Edward Albert. Dim stuff from a dim original, full of the worst sort of show-biz perkiness. Directed by Milton Katselas. (Music Hall; Aug. 16. . . . ¶ Kips Bay and 72nd St. Playhouse; starting Aug. 23.)

Cabaret—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Waverly. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Aug. 22. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Aug. 23.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank-doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Elgin; Aug. 22-23.)

The Candidate—We need political films, by gum—it's been a long time since "Dr. Strangelove"—but not this thing, which is about a young straight-from-the-shoulder good-looker (Robert Redford) who decides to run for Democratic senator in California. Redford's likeness to the Kennedy brothers is exploited in one of the most vulgar pieces of casting in years; in a subtler way there is something even worse in the fact that we are disappointed, in the context of this coarse film, that nothing fatal happens to him. Directed by Michael Ritchie. Don't go. The stomach heaves. (Sutton.)

Carnal Knowledge (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 23.)

Carousel (1956)—Henry King's version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones, who would have been acceptable enough as the leads in a bus-and-truck touring version of the stage production. (Thalia; Aug. 20.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Beekman; Aug. 20. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 23.)

Charles—Dead or Alive—Directed by Alain Tanner. In French. (New Yorker; starting Aug. 19.)

The Climax (1944)—With Boris Karloff and Susanna Foster, directed by George Waggner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 23.)

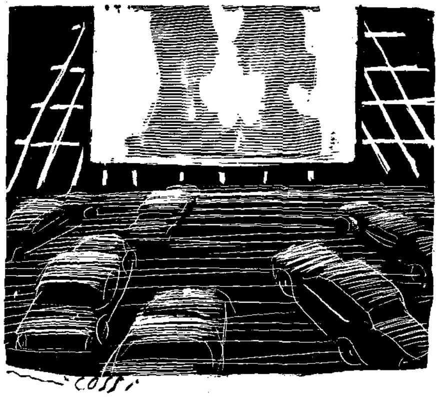
A Clockwork Orange—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's new film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (U. A. East, 8th St. Playhouse, Cinema Studio, and Riviera.)

The Concert for Bangladesh—Filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden. (St. Marks Cinema and Olympia; through Aug. 22.)

Deliverance—A man's man of a film, written by James Dickey from his own best-selling novel, and directed by John Boorman, about four early-middle-aged men who go canoeing in Georgia in search of the vanishing countryside and of their own lost athleticism. In a crass way, the film embalms every male myth that ever weighted an analyst's couch, including many variants of literal and metaphorical castration fears. Jon Voight, Burt Reynolds, Ned Beatty, Ronny Cox play in the movie, which is beautifully photographed in almost monochromatic color by Vilmos Zsigmond, who did "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." This is a foursquare movie, but a good enough yarn if you can forgive the holes in the plot and the surprising absence of poetic ellipsis. (Loews Tower East.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (but Were Afraid to Ask)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired send-up of Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. There is a sketch called "What Happens During Ejaculation?" that takes place in a sort of Dr. Strangelove war room, and a love tale of great delicacy about a Jackson Heights doctor who falls in love with an Armenian shepherd patient's sheep. (Coronet and Little Carnegie.)

Fat City—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach—Huston could no more miss great calibre in an actor than he could miss a great horse in a paddock—is an out-of-training boxer who thinks he is aging; he is just about to hit thirty. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. The Stacy Keach character is at a crux: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors (mostly photographed in Stockton, California), Huston back in the form that makes him interested in the violent and the cryptic. Not to be missed. (Columbia II.)



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Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini, basking in sin, in the De Mille godlessness-is-lawlessness tradition. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous, as if his phantasmagoria of the pagan world were a theatrically staged panorama set on a treadmill. In Italian. (Beekman; Aug. 18.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 8:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 1:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

Four Flies on Grey Velvet—With Michael Brandon and Mimsy Farmer, directed by Dario Argento. (Juliet 2.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Beekman; Aug. 19.)

Frenzy—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch on his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt. Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition while she is putting him off with the unspeakable results of a course in Continental gourmet-style cooking). A film full of Hitchcock's special sabre-toothed humor and his interest in stabs of domestic psychology. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 22.)

Georgy Girl (1966)—An exceptionally good English tragicomedy about a fat girl's joys and sorrows, with Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling. Directed by Silvio Narizzano. (Beekman; Aug. 22.)

The Go-Between (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather cold-hearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Murray Hill; through Aug. 22.)

The Godfather—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Baronet and Paramount.)

The Gospel According to St. Matthew (1966)—Pasolini's interpretation features a rigid Jesus who demands obedience, as well as the rocky settings of southern Italy and an eclectic score. Some find the slow rhythm of the film fascinating, others think it punishing. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 17.)

The Graduate (1967)—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Art, Kips Bay, 86th St. East, Playboy, and Symphony; through Aug. 22.)

Greaser's Palace—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. Downey seems for the moment to have abandoned his cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (Festival.)

The Great Dictator (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. (Garbitsch is Hynkel's Minister of Propaganda, full of Brechtian ideas about how to make other people feel small in the dictator's tiny, panicky presence.) The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (Lincoln Art.)

The Hospital—That great spangled ham George C. Scott in Paddy Chayevsky's farce about the killing incompetence in a modern big-city hospital. The picture strains for seriousness now and then, but even when it makes a fool of itself it's still funny. Arthur Hiller directed. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Aug. 22.)

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying (1967)—Produced, directed, and written for the screen by David Swift. Robert Morse stars, as he did in the Broadway original. For once, the film version of a good and funny musical remains good, and very funny. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 19.)

Hud (1963)—In Texas, as in ancient Greece, the Oedipal relation is hell. A powerful picture, with Melvyn Douglas as a virtuous father, Paul Newman as his wretched son, Brandon deWilde as his unformed grandson, and Patricia Neal as a slatternly, loving housekeeper. (Beekman; Aug. 21.)

The Hunt (1966)—A terrifying allegory about the most dangerous game in the world, which is taking life. Directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (Beekman; Aug. 23.)

Jenny (1970)—With Marlo Thomas and Alan Alda, directed by George Bloomfield. (Olympia; starting Aug. 23.)

Junior Bonner—Sam Peckinpah's affectionate piece about the dead-and-gone past of rodeos, with very fine performances by Robert Preston as an aging roisterer of a father, Ida Lupino as a practical mother with a voice like a nutmeg grater and too much wisdom for her own comfort, and Steve McQueen as a roaming rodeo performer too young to be already so tarnished with disappointment but too old to be as easy a rider as he used to be. A depressingly successful other son has made a fortune out of all-electric trailers. (Greenwich.)

The King and I (1956)—Dopey film version of the dopey musical about a king of Siam and a prissy English widow who finds the number of his wives and children amazing, and musically invigorating. Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr play the dopes. The music is by Rodgers and Hammerstein, as if you didn't know. (Thalia; Aug. 20.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's conventional sex comedy about a fundamentally faithful Jewish husband who suffers from the traditional show-biz comedy male dither about sex and tries unsuccessfully to seduce three comic prototypes in his mother's purloined apartment before she gets back from work. Febrile stuff with traditional laughs. With Alan Arkin, directed by Gene Saks. Based on the Simon Broadway play. (Music Hall; starting Aug. 17.)

THE LAST PICTURE SHOW—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Murray Hill; through Aug. 22.)

LOVES OF A BLONDE (1965)—Miloš Forman has made a nice, old-fashioned comedy about a girl and a boy and her desire to fall in love and his desire not to. (Beekman; Aug. 17.)

LOVING (1970)—An unusually perceptive film, with George Segal as an amiable failed artist who wriggles this way and that because he doesn't like his life. Irvin Kershner directed, and it's beautifully detailed and sustained. (Beekman; Aug. 22.)

M (1932)—Peter Lorre in a great, classic performance as a sexual psychopath. This famous thriller was directed by Fritz Lang. In German. (Elgin; Aug. 20-21.)

THE MAGICIAN (1958)—It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the king, and along the way we met . . ." but then this story of a nineteenth-century mesmerist (Max von Sydow) and his assistant (Ingrid Thulin) goes off into an argument about magic vs. rationalism and gets somewhat tacky. Directed by Ingmar Bergman. In Swedish. (Elgin; starting Aug. 24.)

THE MAN—James Earl Jones plays a pained-looking black who gets unexpectedly jumped up into the White House when the President and his high-ranking entourage are killed by a crumbling building in Europe and the Vice-President decides to keep to his wheelchair. The James Earl Jones character flounders helplessly as a caretaker President who needs to be needed and who can't get on with these hardhearted politicians. Directed by Joseph Sargent from the Irving Wallace book; story and screenplay, both dire, by Rod Serling. (Cinema I.)

A MAN AND A WOMAN (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 19.)

MAN IN THE WILDERNESS—Richard Harris is mauled by a grizzly bear at the gory beginning and spends the rest of the movie dragging himself across iridescent landscapes while flashbacks reveal his past life. He gives a cheerlessly powerful performance in this mystical, superstition-laden survival fantasy. Directed by Richard C. Sarafian, exquisitely photographed by Gerry Fisher. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Aug. 23.)

MARJOE—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. He wants to be sincere, see. He wants to be like Mick Jagger. All this Jesus stuff . . . The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and preserve-us humor. (Cinema II.)

M*A*S*H (1970)—Robert Altman's loose, cheery, profane service comedy, about how a group of surgeons try to keep their sanity while patching up casualties in Korea. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, Tom Skerritt, and Sally Kellerman. (Beekman; Aug. 19.)

MELINDA—With Calvin Lockhart and Rosalind Cash, directed by Hugh A. Robertson. (Trans-Lux East and Trans-Lux 85th St.)

METROPOLIS (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe has ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the finance for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," "The Blue Angel." (Elgin; Aug. 20-21.)

MORGAN! (1966)—A truly weird black comedy in which the anarchistic left-wing misfit hero (David Warner) is also crazy and in pain.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The movie (directed by Karel Reisz, from David Mercer's TV play) often seems to be out of control as it teeters along, sometimes presenting its hero as cute and funny, other times as tragic. With Vanessa Redgrave. (Thalia; Aug. 22.)

Murder at the Vanities (1934)—A backstage musical with a murderer loose in the theatre—an unusual mixture of thriller and musical that is moderately effective both ways, though the doubling of the thirties conventions makes it plot-heavy and doubly antiqued. Starring the late, dimpled international idol Carl Brisson (who sings "Cocktails for Two"); with Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle, Victor McLaglen, Gail Patrick, Dorothy Stickney, and some sumptuous footage of Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Mitchell Leisen directed, for Paramount. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Aug. 23.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—It's an atrocity, of course, and one of the most spoofed of all the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy operettas, and yet it has vitality and a mad sort of appeal. When those two profiles come together as they sing "Ah Sweet Mystery of Life," it's beyond camp, it's in a realm of its own. With Elsa Lanchester and Frank Morgan. W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks: Aug. 20-22.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Thalia; Aug. 17.)

Ned Kelly (1970)—Tony Richardson's film about the Australian bandit-hero who roamed the bush in an extraordinary costume of ironmongery that once inspired Sidney Nolan to do a series of epic paintings making Kelly look like a medieval man dressed in rather serious saucepans. Kelly is played here by Mick Jagger; Jocelyn Herbert did the beautiful design. The movie is visually a series of wonderfully pure paintings but a narrative mess. (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 22.)

The New Centurions—The policeman as Dr. Kildare. Directed by Richard Fleischer and written by Stirling Silliphant, and acted better than it deserves by George C. Scott and Stacy Keach. This ghastly joke of a law-and-order film might well have been an Agnew production. (Loews Orpheum.)

Nikki, Wild Dog of the North (1961)—A Walt Disney semi-documentary. (Guild; starting Aug. 23.)

Nosferatu (1922)—F. W. Murnau's famous vampire movie—part of everyone's moviegoing subconscious of bite tactics and of disposal methods for the prone-to-be-bitten. Wonderfully photographed: Murnau gave distinction to punk. (Elgin; Aug. 22-23.)

Now You See Him, Now You Don't—From the Disney Studios, with Kurt Russell. Directed by Robert Butler. (Guild; starting Aug. 23.)

One Potato, Two Potato (1964)—This modest well-intended movie about the courtship and marriage of a Negro and a white divorcée with a child has a dull, mawkish script, and so it is seldom credible, but Bernie Hamilton gives a fine performance as the hero. Directed by Larry Peerce. (Beekman; Aug. 24.)

The Other—Thomas Tryon, the actor who was in "The Cardinal," adapted for the screen this blisteringly dopey multi-murder story, set in Connecticut in a blithe summer of the nineteen-thirties. Identical boy twins personify good and evil. The physical unidentifiability is the most interesting thing about the picture: Tryon's original novel was a good deal more intelligent. Robert Mulligan directed, all too elegiacally. (Fine Arts. . . . ¶ Art; starting Aug. 23.)

Our Latin Thing—A documentary on Puerto Rican life and music in New York. (Plaza; through Aug. 22.)

The Overcoat (1962)—Russian adaptation of Gogol's story, directed by Alexei Batalov. Gogol set the story in the early nineteenth century, Batalov in the early twentieth century, which gives the film a peculiar double-period feeling, and the photography is arty; all the same, it is a wonderful story (about a badly off clerk and the life of pawnshops), and the Slav sense of detail transfigures the film. Well worth seeing, and infinitely more delicate and less maudlin than the Wolf Mankowitz version of the same material. In Russian. (Elgin; Aug. 16.)

Pandora's Box (1929)—G. W. Pabst directing the flower-faced Louise Brooks, who does a famous Follies-girl walk across the stage in a theatre scene—all of four steps, but Pabst makes it enough. He always edited everything in his head before shooting. This is Louise Brooks's best-known film, apart from "Diary of a Lost Girl," also made with Pabst. In German. (Elgin; Aug. 17-19.)

The Panic in Needle Park (1971)—Boy (Al Pacino) meets girl (Kitty Winn), but he is a heroin addict and she becomes one. The movie doesn't tell you much you don't know. Worthy, but a drag. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (St. Marks Cinema and Olympia; through Aug. 22.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. There is an amazing use of closeup two-shots and of something near soliloquy. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Beekman; Aug. 18.)

Pather Panchali (1954)—The first film by Satyajit Ray—beautiful, sometimes funny, and full of love; an extraordinary beginning in the career of a modern master. This reverie about the life of an impoverished Brahman family in a Bengali village brought a new vision of India to the screen. In Bengali. (Thalia; Aug. 24.)

Phantom India—A megalithic documentary by Louis Malle about the ambiguous subcontinent. The film runs close to seven hours in all; it is being shown by the New Yorker Theatre in seven segments to accompany successive feature films. Fastidiously perceptive about religion, dance, caste, and the notions of solitude that have always interested Malle. (He made "Le Feu Follet," among other pictures.)

Play It Again, Sam—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, intensely aware that he is short, hating having red hair, loving a wife who leaves him gently enough and mostly because she is fed up with viewing old Bogey pictures. Most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Very Manhattan humor, expediently translated in the film to San Francisco because of a strike of New York technicians. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (34th St. East.)

Play Misty for Me—Foolish thriller, with Clint Eastwood and Jessica Walter, directed by Eastwood. He should have taken some lessons before he tried to play in public. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Aug. 22.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—The amazing red-haired Russian ballerina, who has a neck like a longbow, dances in a Russian documentary. Take any child who has a crush on ballet. (Thalia; Aug. 23.)

Pope Joan—With Liv Ullmann, Olivia de Havilland, and Franco Nero, directed by Michael Anderson. (Columbia I.)

Portnoy's Complaint—Philip Roth's novel was a spiral of exaggeration and a work of clownish splendor: Ernest Lehman's film (he wrote and directed it) is an oddly dirty-minded and soulful-looking disaster. In the novel, the one-joke device seemed as generous as anything recent in the literature of buffoons; in the film, it seems terribly stingy. Dick Benjamin looks wan as Alexander Portnoy, asked to lift up the whole *lumpen* film on his shoulders as if he were Atlas himself. Karen Black, as his girl, looks gorgeous. Uncomic stuff. (Symphony; starting Aug. 23.)

The Public Eye—Mia Farrow plays the winsome California wife of a stodgy London accountant (Michael Jayston) who sets a private detective onto watching his young bride. She is actually nothing more than dead bored and youthfully mystical, raptly getting up early to watch the sun rise. Topol plays the private detective, a whimsical and very noticeable creature all in white, who never stops eating yogurt and cracking aphorisms. Directed by Carol Reed, who made a ghastly mistake to come anywhere near the tripping, spineless falsity of Peter Shaffer's script (based on his own stage play). (68th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 20.)

Puppet on a Chain—A suspense-adventure film based on the Alistair MacLean book, directed by Geoffrey Reeve. With Sven-Bertil Taube and Barbara Parkins. (Greenwich.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (Thalia; Aug. 18. . . . ¶ Beekman; Aug. 20.)

LA SALAMANDRE—The most captivating and droll début in New York by a foreign director since Rohmer and his "My Night at Maud's." The film is Swiss (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with a dialectically energizing English art critic and novelist named John Berger, who lives now in Geneva and has a fastidious eye and wit. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity, and is not to be missed. (Paris.)

SHADOWS OF FORGOTTEN ANCESTORS (1964)—A Ukrainian film, directed by Sergei Paradjanov. Also known as "Wild Horses of Fire." (Elgin; Aug. 16.)

SHAFT'S BIG SCORE!—A sequel to "Shaft," directed by Gordon Parks. Richard Roundtree plays a black detective. We've heard that thoughtful blacks who've seen this picture call it a white hype. It has a peculiar chic and falsity to it, though it will probably do fine, having the most cohesive movie audience since the Depression. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through Aug. 17.)

THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY (1964)—An agreeable though thin comedy about how an old lady discovers the pleasures of the modern world after her husband's death. A little too lulling and gratifying; it encourages the audience to chuckle in condescension at miserliness and meanness. With that great old screen-stealer Sylvie occupying center screen for a change. Directed by René Allio. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 16.)

THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET (1964)—An exceptionally fine film from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (Beekman; Aug. 17.)

SIMON OF THE DESERT (1965)—A saint (Claudio Brook) is tempted by the Devil in the guise of a woman (Silvia Pinal); he falls, of course, in Luis Buñuel's short, witty divertissement on the foolishness of saintliness. In Spanish. (Thalia; Aug. 21.)

SLAUGHTER—With Jim Brown, Stella Stevens, and Rip Torn, directed by Jack Starrett. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1 and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

SMILIN' THROUGH (1941)—Jeanette MacDonald, smilin' mostly through the 1914-18 war, sings "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" and "A Little Love, a Little Kiss." There is something of the sergeant-major about Miss MacDonald, and she holds the flag hard with "A Little Kiss:" emotion is rampant, and you feel she would curse the lower ranks if she could. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 20-22.)

SNOOPY, COME HOME—Lila, a little girl who turns out to have been Snoopy's original owner, writes to him from the hospital for help, and Snoopy decides that she needs him more than Charlie Brown does. The farewell set-piece scenes with Charlie Brown are rather upsetting to children. The best thing in this animation is a small yellow bird called Woodstock, who flies upside down and bumps into things. (Guild; through Aug. 22.)

THE SORROW AND THE PITY—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

SUPERFLY—With Ron O'Neal and Carl Lee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (Loews Ciné.)

SWEET MUSIC (1935)—A lot of Rudy Vallée—full of good nature and allowing himself to be the object of some buffoonery—in a minimal Warner Brothers musical that amounts to a lot of old-style shorts linked by a threadbare plot about theatrical, night-club, and radio life. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Aug. 19.)

LA TERRA TREMA (1947)—Visconti's neo-realist tragedy, set among the exploited Sicilian fishermen, is long and full of political clichés, and yet in its solemnity and beauty it achieves a true epic vision. In Sicilian dialect. (Thalia; Aug. 21.)

1,000 CONVICTS AND A WOMAN—With Alexandra Hay, directed by Ray Austin. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through Aug. 22.)

TOSCA (1958)—The Puccini opera, with Franca Duval and Franco Corelli. Directed by Carmine Gallone. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 23.)

TRASH (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Aug. 23.)

TROPIC OF CANCER (1970)—A shallow but entertaining version of the Henry Miller novel about expatriates in Paris. It may be closer to "The Immoral Mr. Teas" than to its source, but at least it isn't fusty. With Rip Torn. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Thalia; Aug. 18.)

TRUE GRIT (1969)—Henry Hathaway directing John Wayne in a Western undercut by sentimental truisms about a man's uncle-relationship with a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old heroine (Kim Darby). The girl is admired—by the film and by John Wayne, at least—for not flinching when a rattlesnake bite is cut out of her flesh with a penknife. (Beekman; Aug. 21.)

THE TWO OF US (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artlessly sweet. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Beekman; Aug. 24.)

ULYSSES (1967)—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Beekman; Aug. 23.)

WHAT'S GOOD FOR THE GOOSE (1970)—With Norman Wisdom, directed by Menahem Golan. (Playboy; starting Aug. 23.)

WHAT'S UP, DOC?—Peter Bogdanovich tries but fails to resuscitate screwball comedy; the movie works only fitfully, and at a rather infantile, imitative level. Ryan O'Neal, playing Gary Grant, is an embarrassment; Barbra Streisand comes out better by simply playing herself. Madeline Kahn does a traditional bossy-female caricature that is strident and sometimes funny, but the best moments (really seconds) come from Mabel Albertson and Sorrell Booke. (Gramercy and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting Aug. 23.)

WHERE'S POPPA? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (72nd St. Playhouse; through Aug. 22.)

THE WHITE SHEIK (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina and Leopoldo Trieste. In Italian. (Thalia; Aug. 24.)

THE WILD BUNCH (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Beekman; Aug. 16.)

WILD STRAWBERRIES (1957)—Ingmar Bergman's rather lumpy Odyssey (which is obviously the source of much of "Five Easy Pieces") has some fine scenes and many great images. Victor Sjöstrom plays the eminent physician who looks back over his life. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Elgin; starting Aug. 24.)

WOODSTOCK (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Ziegfeld.)

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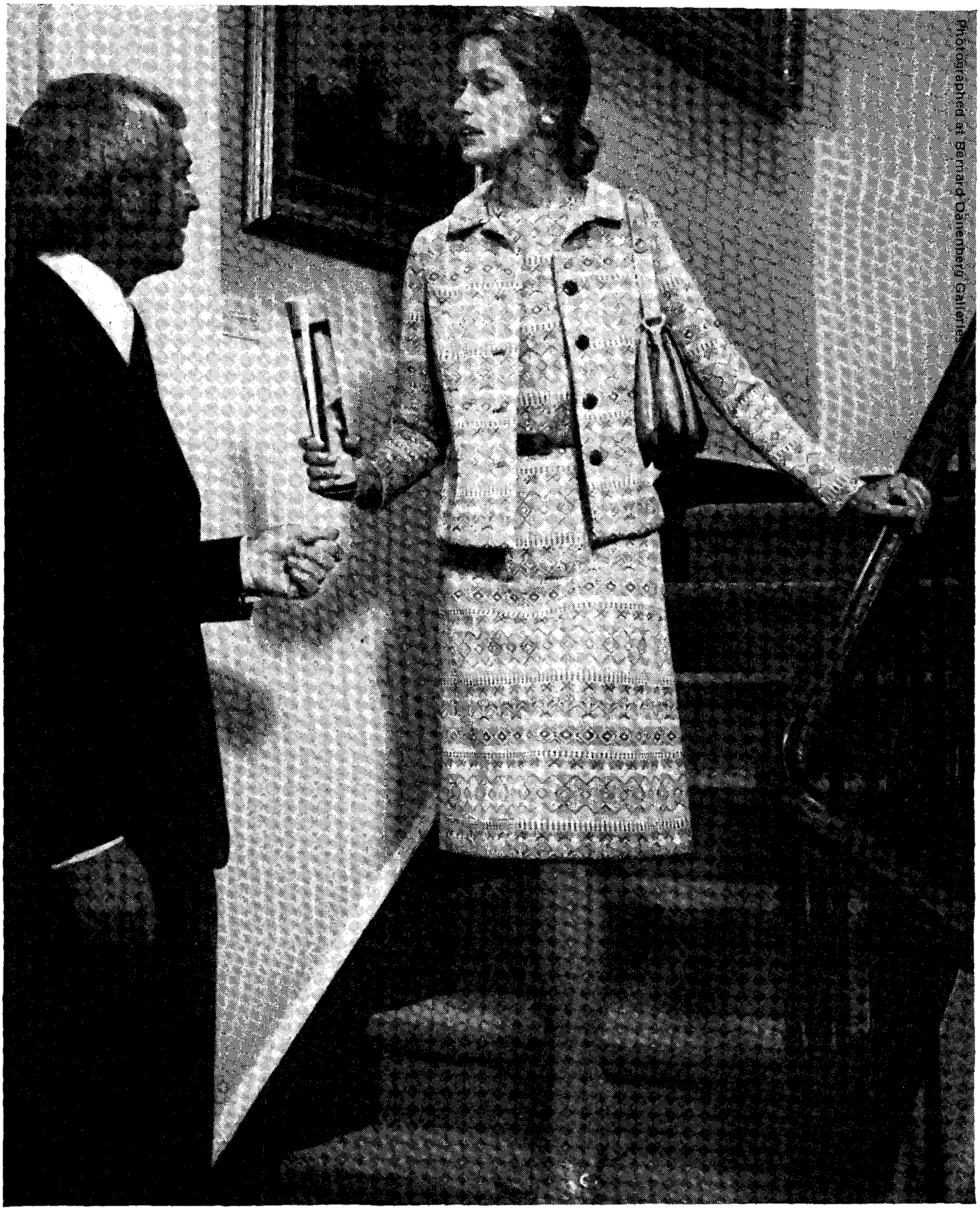

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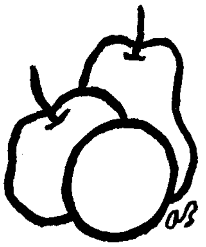
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE other day, the Senate voted on a bill offered by Senator Edward M. Kennedy to register all guns and license all gun owners. Polls have shown that three-quarters of the people in this country favor these controls, which are also widely supported by senior police and law-enforcement officials as the fairest and most effective way to keep track of some hundred million guns in private hands in the United States today. Eleven senators voted for the bill. Seventy-eight senators voted against it. In all likelihood, the opponents of the bill did not disagree with the majority of the people or with the experts; rather, they feared a minority of voters—the "gun nuts"—who threaten any politician with reprisal at the polls if he supports any kind of effective gun regulation. (Following the rejection of Senator Kennedy's proposal, the Senate approved the most modest restriction it could concoct—a ban on the sale of the cheap, easily concealed pistols known as Saturday-night specials—and twenty-five senators voted against even this small check on our most violent freedom.) Most senators must know that gun control is necessary if the terrifying spiral of crime is to be arrested and then—with such additional aids as narcotics control and penal reform—reduced to a level at which citizens can again go about their business with reasonable confidence that they will survive the day. Most senators probably know also that the gun lobby's "arguments" are nothing more than empty slogans designed to frighten gun lovers into believing that they are about to be disarmed and made impotent. But senators view themselves as, above all, practical men, free to ignore the most critical needs of their friends if that will still the misguided clamor of their potential enemies. In any other line of work, this would be called cowardice, but in politics it is called realism. What these senators—particularly the liberals and moderates in both parties who make up a sizable majority of the Senate—apparently do not know is that their "pragmatism" is contrary to their own political interests. The surge in the crime rate is one of the three or four biggest political issues today, and it is almost certain to remain a matter of great public concern. By refusing to enact laws that would reduce crime—most notably, strict gun laws—these senators have begun an irresistible progression of events. First, the lack of gun laws will inevitably cause more and more people to be victims of armed criminals. Second, the increase in the number of victims will inevitably bring more and more voters to demand that something be done about crime. And, third, the demand will inevitably give more and more power to demagogues who use the public's fears to undermine our legal system by way of "anti-crime" laws. Almost all the moderates and liberals who refused to vote for gun-control bills, because these bills seemed politically impractical, have gone on to vote for right-wing crime bills, because they seemed politically practical, and have thereby created the tools of repression that are currently being used to undercut moderate and liberal positions. This kind of political realism has produced Congressional reversals of Supreme Court decisions that were meant to protect the helpless; laws permitting grand-jury harassment of the innocent or those who, at worst, are politically suspect; laws providing for wiretapping and bugging on an unprecedented scale, for preventive detention, and for no-knock entry into private houses and businesses; and a grab bag of other "anti-crime" legislation that weakens some of the ancient safeguards against an oppressive government, such as the prohibition of double jeopardy, the right not to be forced to testify against oneself, and the presumption of innocence. In sacrificing these rights of the people to avoid giving them the gun laws they want, practical-minded politicians at the center and on the left have also circumscribed their own freedom of maneuver—the essence of practical politics—for they have endorsed a basic view of their bitterest and oldest political foes on the far right, and now say, with them, that the law of the jungle is stronger than the rule of law.



Show League Wrap-Up

LAST Thursday, at one in the p.m., Butterflies Are Free met Seven Lively Arts on Softball Diamond No. 2, behind the carrousel, in Central Park, for the Championship Game of the Broadway Show League. It was a day of bright sunshine, and the wind was blowing in gusts from left field to right field. The bleachers were mostly empty as play got under way; the crowds were watching the WCBS-TV All-Stars battle Downey's Steak House on Diamond No. 5 for third place. The WCBS-TV All-Stars' ace pitcher is Jim Jensen, the anchorman on the "Six O'Clock Report" and "Eleven O'Clock Report." Jensen has aired extensive footage of WCBS-TV All-Stars games on his news programs; Broadway Show League games are played on Thursdays, and Jensen usually discusses on Wednesday night what the team will do the next day, and on Thursday night what happened that afternoon. The WCBS-TV All-Stars had a 10–0 record during regular-season play but lost in the quarter-finals of the playoffs to Seven Lively Arts.

The Broadway Show League has had a turbulent season. It was organized some seventeen years ago "to provide an opportunity for companies playing on Broadway to engage in a healthful outdoor physical activity" (as a recent *News Brief* from the Actors'

Fund of America, which supervises League activities, expresses it), but its history has been marred of late by charges that the game has come to be dominated by "ringers"—a word that in League parlance means both non-actors and really good ballplayers. It has been alleged that real actors "feel they are so far below the level of excellence of a few top teams" (Actors' Fund *News Brief*) that they ask themselves "Why bother?" and, further, that real actors are increasingly afraid to compete, lest they suffer a serious injury, which would keep them off the stage and throw them out of work. It is true that ties to the Great White Way have tended to become more marginal over the years; Seven Lively Arts, for instance, is an answering service. In its defense, Seven Lively Arts maintains that it is an answering service primarily for actors. The League commissioner, Frances Lewin, has for the last two seasons been hewing to a relatively strict anti-ringer line. On opening day this year (April 20th), she was confronted, in front of WCBS-TV news cameras, by seven angry League managers, who demanded that she rescind her letter-of-the-law stand. Fran didn't budge, and afterward, although tempers simmered down, hostilities continued to bubble below the surface. Last Thursday, it looked as if an open rupture in the League might be inevitable, and Jensen said there were plans for a new league, which would include policemen, firemen, the press services, and advertising agencies—maybe. The Commissioner is still hoping to work out a compromise solution. "Fran wants the game to be like fat men versus skinny men at a church picnic," Jensen told this reporter. "My pleasure comes in playing hard, playing clear, playing professional, and playing to win. Whatever you're doing, do it well—that's what the kick is."

Art Kaplow was the starting pitcher, and the pitcher of record, for Butterflies Are Free. (The show "Butterflies Are Free" closed on July 2nd.) Kaplow is an insurance man who at times sells insurance to theatre people. Butterflies Are Free went into the Championship Game a solid underdog, since Seven Lively Arts had downed the WCBS-TV All-Stars the week before and the WCBS-TV All-Stars had breezed past Butterflies Are Free, 17–0, in their one encounter, behind the two-hit pitching of Jensen. Kaplow got off to a good start, setting down the first three batters to face him, one-two-three.

In the bottom of the first, Butterflies Are Free pushed across two runs. In the second, their star third baseman, Eddie Colon, hit a two-run homer, and at the end of three innings Butterflies Are Free led by 6–2. Commissioner Lewin sat in the front row of the bleachers, holding on to her white Graziella minibike, and discussed the season and her efforts to purify the League. She had on a gray wool pants suit and a straw hat, and smoked Philip Morris Commanders in a holder. "You know what actors' egos are like," she said. "I've got a very difficult and very thankless job, for which I receive no salary. The League is overrun with ringers. The situation has improved somewhat, but not enough. That scene on opening day was really scary. I thought someone might stab me. Last week, someone shouted at me, 'I hope you die of a fatal heart attack in your sleep!' "

Jensen appeared. The WCBS-TV All-Stars had defeated Downey's, 11–2, for third place. "We should be in *this* game. We beat Butterflies Are Free, 22–0, and I pitched a no-hitter that day," Jensen said, not quite accurately. "I pitched two no-hitters this year. Last week, we had to play a doubleheader. We won the first one, 20–0. It was about ninety that day. The humidity was debilitating. So then we lost the second game to Seven Lively Arts."

Seven Lively Arts rallied dramatically in the top of the sixth, scoring eight runs and knocking Kaplow out of the box. Kaplow was replaced by Colon. The score stood at 10–6 in favor of Seven Lively Arts. Butterflies Are Free never recovered. They loaded the bases in the eighth and couldn't score. They got a man on in the ninth, but their final scoring attempt was erased by a double play.

The Commissioner presented trophies to the winners and the runners-up. The award for Most Valuable Player went to Sygna Joy, of Two Gentlemen of Verona—the first female player in the League. At one point during the Championship Game, the Commissioner had contemplated not giving any award at all this year. "No one was that valuable to his team, to the League, to the theatre, to me, to anybody," she told this reporter, but apparently later she changed her mind.

That was it till next year.

MAINS HOTEL

Good Earth

EVERY hour, from ten to four, a little green-and-white tractor train circles the extensive grounds of the New York Botanical Garden, in the Bronx, while the voice of Eddie Albert, emerging from a cassette recorder and accompanied by appropriate music, describes the sights to the passengers. We caught the eleven-o'clock train the other morning. It was a slow morning, although a pretty one, and the only other people on board were four ladies in a party and a City College of New York senior named Alex Faerber, who is the engineer, or driver. Alex's father spells the family name "Faerber" because some of the relatives are F*a*rs and some are F*e*rs and he doesn't want anybody to feel disappointed. The ladies were wearing white sweaters against a slight chill in the morning air.

The tour is called the Good Earth Trip. It was prepared by Vale Productions, an outfit that has prepared similar cassette tours of Gettysburg, the Everglades, and other historic or scenic spots. It is full of information, and it certainly made us want to come back and see the places that Eddie Albert mentioned. The first place he mentioned was the Conservatory, a handsome greenhouse of impressive proportions that was modelled on the original Crystal Palace, in London. Much of the Conservatory is full of tropical plants, such as the Rangoon creeper. "The moist, clinging air is heavy with the fragrance of exotic, tropical growths" is the way Albert put it.

The next things that were pointed out were two dawn redwoods from Szechwan, where the pandas come from. Dawn redwoods are tall and thin and look like fossils, and were thought to *be* fossils until these two and several more were discovered alive. Skirting the herb garden, we passed a forty-acre forest, the last stand of virgin timber within the city limits.

Then Alex stopped the train. A few seconds later, Albert's voice said, "Oh, say, driver, would you mind stopping right here?" He wanted to point out a gazebo. We also stopped at Daffodil Hill while someone's voice, not Albert's, read, "I wandered lonely as a cloud. . . ." Sitting on a stone at the bottom of Daffodil Hill was a man contemplating the distant prospect of Fordham University, whose spires peep over the top of D. H. We also saw—

• •

we're skipping a lot here—an old empress tree, thought to have been planted by the first Dutch settlers in the area; another woody stretch, where we heard some quotations from Whitman; and a stand of magnolias.

After the tour, we interviewed the ladies. They had all enjoyed themselves, and pronounced the trip "wonderful," "delightful," and "very relaxing."

South Dakota

ALL South Dakota is divided into two parts: west of the Missouri River and east of the Missouri River. The Bad Lands and the Black Hills are in the west, and most of the people are in the east. The first known human inhabitants were the Mound Builders, up to the thirteenth century; after around 1600, the Arikara Indians were dominant until they were driven out by the Sioux, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Many of the legends of the Old West have their roots in South Dakota; Sitting Bull, Crazy Horse, Wild Bill Hickok, and Calamity Jane lived there. Things have quieted down over the last few decades. The population has actually shrunk since 1930, when South Dakota was the thirty-fifth most populous state; it is now the forty-fourth most populous. There are fewer than nine people per square mile in South Dakota; New Jersey, by contrast, has nine hundred and fifty-three people per square mile.

South Dakota has:

4,543,000	cattle
4,218,000	chickens
3,209,000	pigs and hogs
1,147,000	turkeys
666,507	people
780	lawyers
514	doctors
385	people in the penitentiary
30	physicists
25	psychologists
20	FM radio stations

Here is how South Dakota stacks up on five of the major domestic issues that Senator George McGovern will emphasize during the Presidential campaign:

URBAN DECAY: There are one hundred and fifty-three cities in the United States with a population of more than a hundred thousand. None of them are in South Dakota. Pierre, the capital city, has a population of ten thousand.

UNEMPLOYMENT: The unemployment rate in South Dakota in 1971 was 3.5 per cent—one of the lowest in the country.

RACE: There are 1,627 black people in South Dakota. The state is in a tie with Vermont for the smallest proportion of black residents. However, the Indian population is estimated at around twenty-six thousand.

CRIME: South Dakota's murder rate is around a third of the national average. The rate is similarly low in other categories of crime, with the exception of cattle rustling.

THE MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX: Corn, hay, oats, and wheat form the backbone of South Dakota's economy. Of a total of 33,570 defense contracts awarded by the Pentagon in 1970, South Dakota got ten.

We called up some newspaper people in South Dakota, since newspaper people are supposed to know what's going on, if anything. Everyone we talked to spoke calmly and slowly. Apparently, the people out there don't find silence alarming.

We talked first to Tony Merry, a twenty-year-old sports and feature writer for the Sioux Falls *Argus-Leader*, the biggest paper in the state. He told us that automobile racing and college and high-school basketball were the biggest spectator sports. "Until last year, we had a professional baseball team—the Sioux Falls Packers, of the Northern League," he said. "It was a Class A farm team—part of the Cincinnati Reds organization."

"What happened to it?" we asked.

"The league folded."

"Why?"

"Well, at the beginning of the season attendance at the Packers' games was running around four hundred a game, but then it got down to a hundred and thirty or so. That was almost enough to pay for the lights for the night."

"What are the sights of Sioux Falls?" we asked.

"Well, there's the Great Plains Zoo. It's one of the larger zoos in the upper Midwest, if you exclude St. Louis. And there's the Battleship South Dakota Memorial. They've got the mast and the anchor and a few other things set up."

"Have you had any campus unrest out there?"

"We have two four-year colleges in Sioux Falls: Sioux Falls College, where I went, a Baptist-affiliated college with about seven hundred students; and Augustana College, a Lutheran-affiliated college that's bigger. Every college has got its percentage of radicals or liberal thinkers, I guess, but we haven't had any occupations or anything like that."

"What are the main local stories in today's paper?"

"The school board turned down a proposal for a year-round school. And a guy was arraigned for murder. For us, that's pretty big news."

We talked next to Bruce Stoner, executive editor of the Mitchell *Daily Republic*. Mitchell's population is a little under fourteen thousand, but the paper, which serves seventeen counties, has a circulation of seventeen thousand five hundred. Mitchell is Senator McGovern's home town, and Mr. Stoner is a year older than the candidate, who is fifty. "We recently had a birthday party for George," Mr. Stoner said. "Some of the kids at the vocational and technical school baked a sixty-eight-pound cake for him, a replica of his birthplace and the White House. We froze it and took it over in a station wagon."

"What's new in Mitchell?" we asked.

"Since George was here and gone, the main concern has been getting the Corn Palace redecorated," Mr. Stoner said. "You've probably seen pictures of it—it has minarets and those things like onions. Every year, it's decorated on the outside with fifteen picture panels made of different natural-colored ears of corn. There's white, yellow, blue, purple, red, and what we call calico—a combination of white, yellow, and purple. This year's theme is 'Relaxing in South Dakota.' "

"What goes on at the Corn Palace?"

"Each fall, there's a week-long show—sort of a celebration of the harvest. This year, the entertainment will be Eddy Arnold. In other years, we've had Tennessee Ernie Ford and Lawrence Welk. They've tried sophisticated entertainment—Jack Benny was here about five years ago and he gave a great show, but he didn't draw full houses."

We asked Mr. Stoner if he knew of any famous South Dakotans besides Senator McGovern.

"Well, Mamie Van Doren is a South Dakota native. She's from a little town called Rowena. And Joan Tabor. Her main claim to fame is that at one time she was the wife of Broderick Crawford."

"What's the main local story at the moment?"

"This is a pretty good convention town, but there's kind of a lull right now. The 4-H Achievement Days are the big thing at the moment. They have them in each of the counties. The kids raise livestock, jar vegetables, bake bread, and grow crops. The purple-ribbon winners, of course, get to go to the state fair, in Huron."

Then we called Gordon Garnos, the news editor of the Watertown *Public Opinion*, and asked him what was going on.

"One of the largest rodeos in the country just took place in Deadwood," he said. "It's a town of three thousand, and they had thirty thousand people there. Over a hundred people were arrested—mostly for open drinking. They have a new ordinance against the possession of open containers of alcoholic beverages except in homes or taverns."

"Where's Deadwood in relation to Watertown?"

"Clear across the state, near where they had that terrible flood in June. Here in northeast South Dakota, we've just had our Crazy Days. It's mostly a retail-store promotion. A thousand dollars was given to a little old lady."

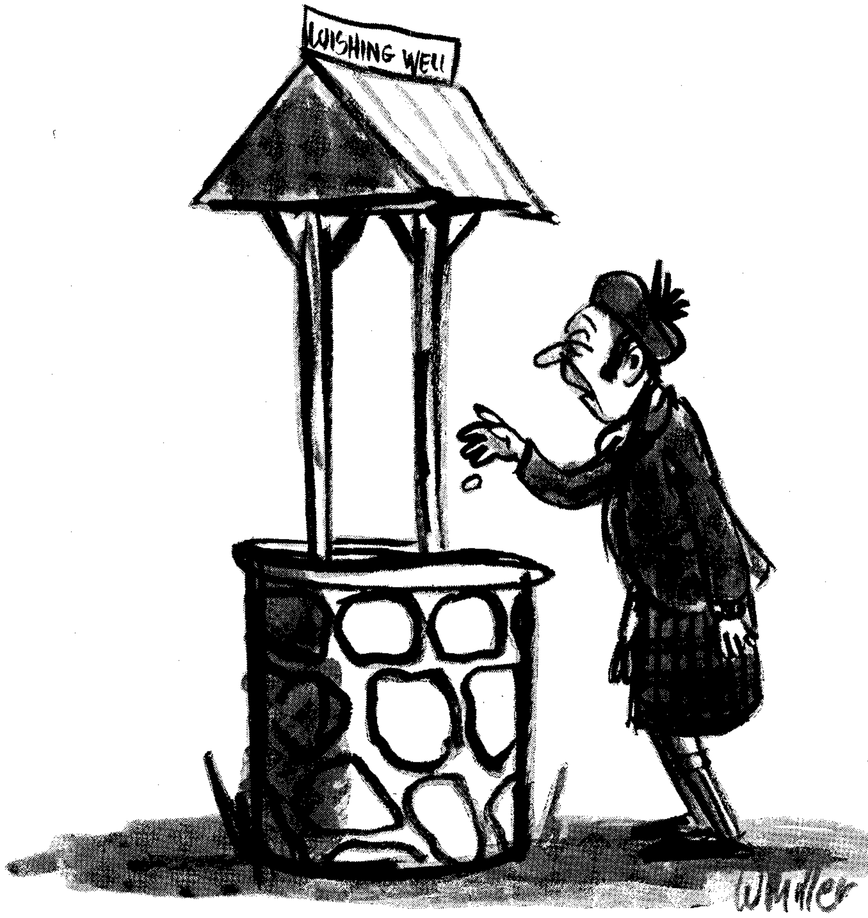
"How was she chosen?"

"They picked her name out of a cement mixer. The streets were packed—I'd estimate easily fifteen thousand people. There were sidewalk booths offering bargains. I got a pair of twenty-five-dollar shoes for ten bucks."

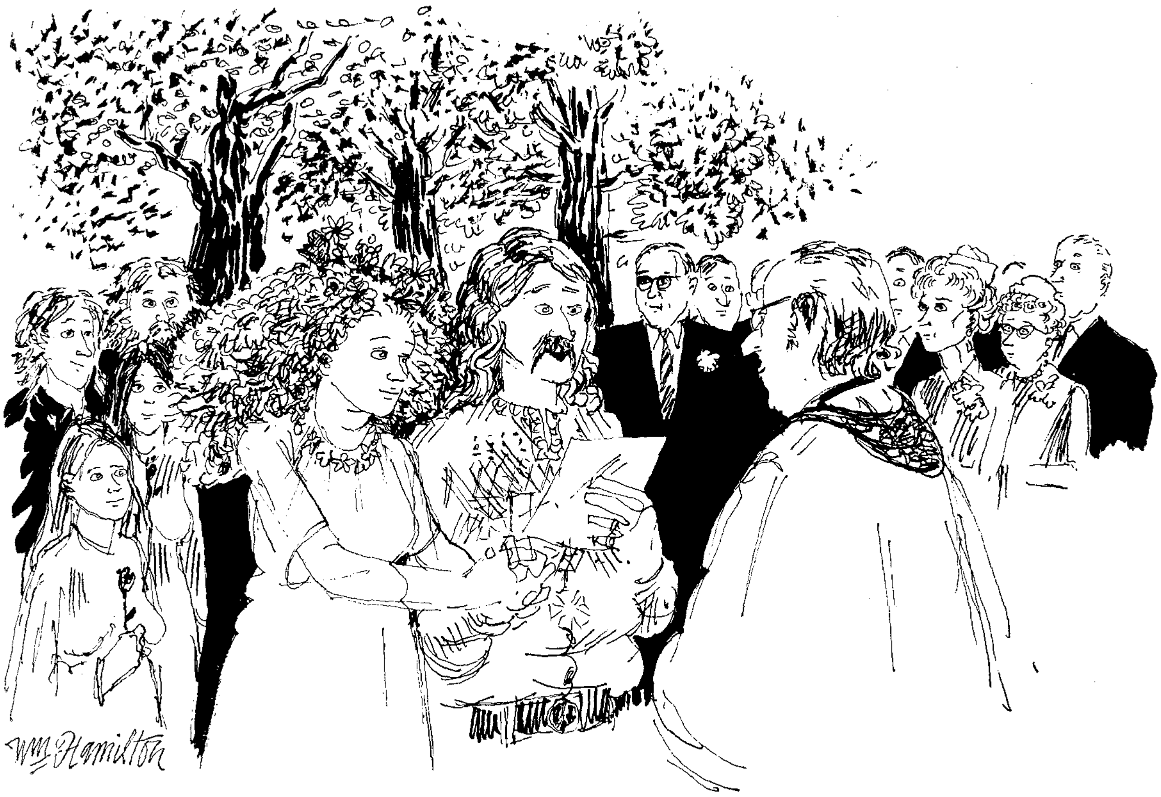
"What else is new?"

"Well, the gold miners have been on strike for a couple of weeks, and we're in the middle of our winter-wheat harvest. This is where you guys get your flour from for your various Italian dishes. And twenty-eight Boy Scouts left Sunday for Philmont Ranch, in New Mexico."

We asked Mr. Garnos about famous South Dakotans, and he said, "Major Joe Foss—he shot down twenty-six



"I wish to be cannier."



"Also in all times and in all places to condemn war, pollution, and non-biodegradable containers, to support the Third World, and to fight for a better life for the migrant farm worker."

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Zeros in World War II. He lives down in Phoenix, Arizona, now. And there's a doctor down in New Orleans who's internationally known for cancer research. Couldn't tell you his name, though. And Nils Boe, the chief customs judge there in New York City. And lots of athletes, like Ordell Braase, of the Baltimore Colts. He's from the same home town as McGovern."

"What do you do for fun?"

"Well, we go *fishin'*, and we go *huntin'*. We got some of the best-tasting fish in the world—walleyes, northerns, all kinds of bass and trout. This is lake country up here. We have more shore frontage than the entire Eastern seaboard. For game, we got deer, pheasant, antelope, grouse, elk, mountain goat, and prairie chickens. I live about six blocks from work, and I can go out my front door and in three minutes I can be in some of the most beautiful pheasant country in the world."

Finally, we telephoned the office of the *Hamlin County Herald-Enterprise*, a weekly published in the town of Hayti, population 425. Hayti is pronounced "Hay-tie." We talked to Debbie Virchow, who is twenty, and who helps with the pasting up and runs the commercial-printing side of the paper.

"What's the big local story this week?" we asked.

"There is none," she said.

"How about the story with the biggest headline, then?"

" 'Rain and Humidity Slow Harvest.' "

"How does the lead go?"

" 'Rains and humid weather slowed harvest of small grains in Hamlin County. In some areas it brought harvest to a complete standstill.' " Apparently, the *Herald-Enterprise*, like *Variety*, eschews "the" where possible.

"Anything else interesting in the paper?" we asked.

We heard the crackle of newspaper pages turning. "No, not really," Debbie said.

Then we asked Debbie a question that had been troubling us for some time. "What's the difference between North Dakota and South Dakota?"

There was a long pause. "Well, South Dakotans are plain, simple people."

"What about North Dakota?"

Another pause. "North Dakota? It's about the same."

"What famous people come from South Dakota?"

"You mean besides McGovern? Well, Hubert Humphrey. And Richard F. Kneip, the governor. That's about all. That *is* all."

"What do you do for laughs on a Saturday night?"

"Shows, and baseball games, and stock-car racing, and when it's nice we go swimming."

"What kind of shows?"

"X-rated and general."

"What's playing at the local movie house?"

" 'Wild Rovers.' It goes on at seven and nine."

"Do you get bored sometimes?"

"Yep."

"Then what do you do?"

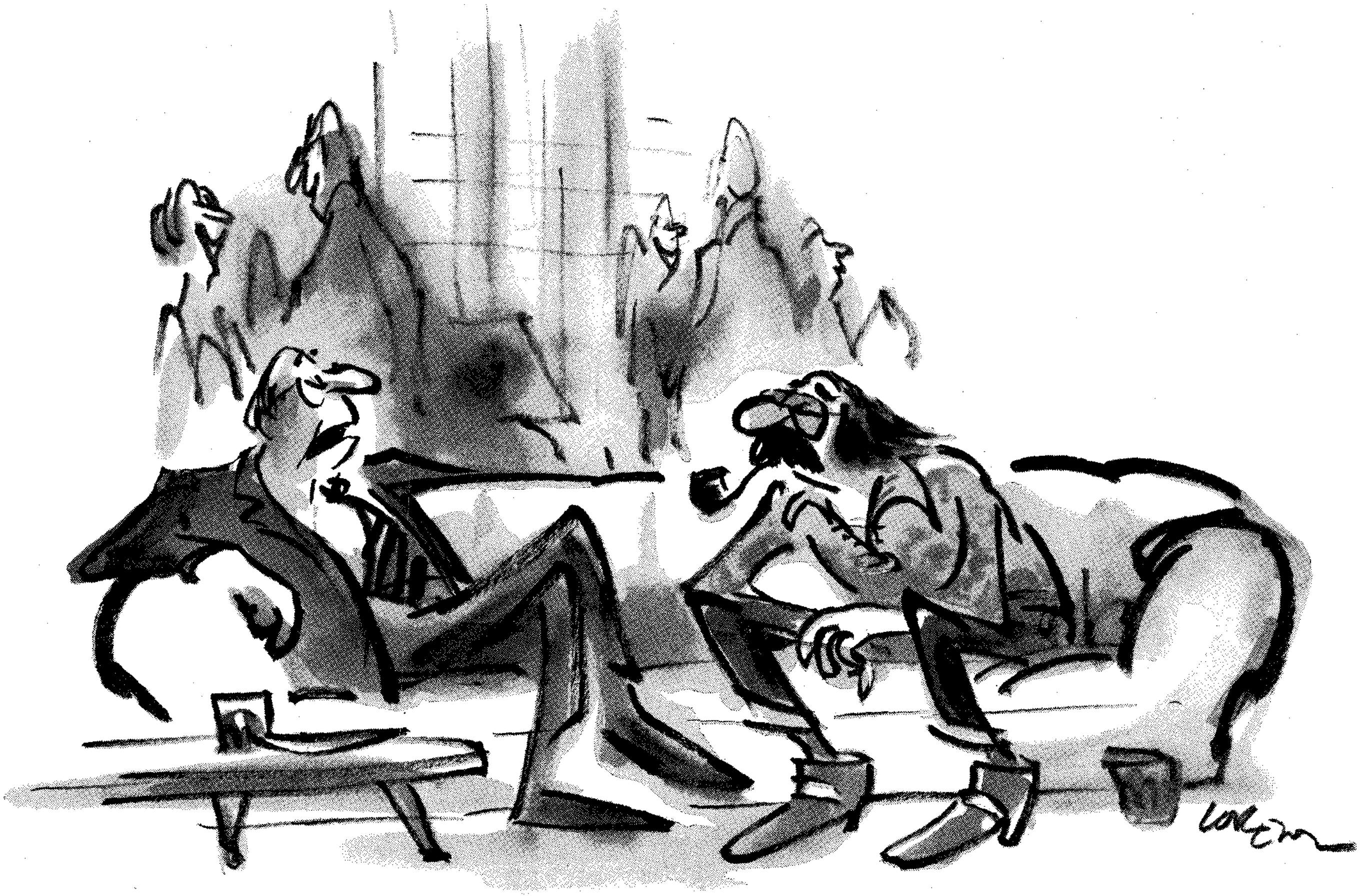
"Just go for rides, I guess. Look for something to do."

"What's the town like?"

"One grocery store. Two cafés. And the grain elevator. But there's really not much going on. It's a nice town, though. It's clean."

Midnight to Dawn

WE want to report that we have seen "War and Peace"—the Soviet film version of "War and Peace," that is—all at one sitting. "War and Peace" all at one sitting involves six hours and thirteen minutes, and at the sitting we joined, at the Coronet Theatre, it involved the six hours and thirteen minutes from midnight to dawn. Since its first American release, in 1968, "War and Peace" has been shown in a number of eccentric ways (Part I on one day, Part II the next; Part I one week, Part II the next), and although it has been shown straight through before, no one in New York before the showing we attended had had a chance to stay up all night with it. We took the chance because we *like* long movies, because we *liked* the program's midnight-to-dawn aspect (with its weighty aesthetic and philosophical implications), and because a handbill we found promised a Complimentary Champagne Breakfast Served During Intermission. In the end, we got all we could use of "War and Peace," and we got a completely valid midnight-to-dawn experience, but we did not



"Bucky Fuller. Scotty Reston. Izzy Stone. I may assume, then, that you are personally acquainted with these gentlemen?"

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get anything you could really describe as a Complimentary Champagne Breakfast Served During Intermission. What we got During Intermission was some Complimentary Portuguese Rosé and Cookies. But more of that later.

When we arrived at the Coronet, we found a considerable crowd in the lobby. The crowd was mostly young, and of that subgrouping of the young which has decided, after freaking out and much hesitation, to go back to graduate school. But there were, scattered here and there, a few men and women of middle age, and we were sitting directly behind a middle-aged woman in a blue print dress, who seemed not quite at home. Her companion, a man, was attempting to compute exactly how much longer "War and Peace" was than conventional films. This seemed to distress the woman in the blue print dress. "Don't talk about it, please!" she said with some emphasis. Her companion, ignoring her, announced that "War and Peace" was almost four times as long as the average film. "Oh, you make me nervous," said the woman in blue.

Others were calm. There was a prevailing attitude. The particular subgrouping of American youth that attends midnight-to-dawn showings of "War and Peace" has discovered recently that the history of the world before 1967 has a certain piquant entertainment value, so most people at the Coronet, apart from indicating a perfect familiarity with the midnight-to-dawn experience, made some effort to show that they were amused by the irrelevancies of the nineteenth century. As the credits for "War and Peace" came on the screen, there was considerable applause for Tolstoi.

People held up pretty well during Part I, and at intermission, at three-fifteen in the morning, there were four hundred and twenty people pushing down the stairs in an animated mass to stand in a thick queue for complimentary cookies and little plastic glasses of Portuguese rosé. Next to us in line was a young man who said that he was between a lot of things but he was thinking about going back to school. "Are you familiar with the Congress of Vienna?" he asked us. We said we were, and that seemed to end the conversation. Meanwhile, a middle-aged woman in front of us deserted the queue, bought a Mr. Goodbar at a candy-vending machine, and went back to her seat. We persevered long enough to get one plastic glass of complimentary rosé. In the upper lobby, on the way back to our seat, we ran into the young man who had been next to us in line. "You know, a lot of people bad-mouth Metternich," he said, "but he *did* give Europe a hundred years of peace."

During the second half of the film—that is, from three-thirty in the morning on—some people began to notice how spacious everything in the film was and how cramped everything in the theatre was, and some began to envy the people in the film. We were sitting next to an almost young couple. The almost young man became quite upset when Prince Andrei turned thirty-one in the film. "I just turned thirty-one, too," he said to us. "Look at what Prince Andrei is at thirty-one. All I am at thirty-one is Canadian."

After the film was over, there were more refreshments in the lobby (hard-boiled eggs), and it was indeed dawn. We encountered the young man from the rosé-and-cookie line a third time. "You know, some people think China, the U.S., and Russia are going to have another Congress of Vienna to divide up the world," he said. "I wouldn't be surprised."

HOW TO LOVE AMERICA AND LEAVE IT AT THE SAME TIME

ARRIVE in some town around three, having been on the road since seven, and cruise the main street, which is also Route Whatever-It-Is, and vote on the motel you want. The wife favors a discreet back-from-the-road look, but not bungalows; the kids go for a pool (essential), color TV (optional), and Magic Fingers (fun). Vote with the majority, pull in, and walk to the office. Your legs unbend weirdly, after all that sitting behind the wheel. A sticker on the door says the place is run by "The Plummers," so this is Mrs. Plummer behind the desk. Fifty-fiveish, tight silver curls with traces of copper, face motherly but for the brightness of the lipstick and the sharpness of the sizing-up glance. In half a second she nails you: family man, no trouble. Sweet tough wise old scared Mrs. Plummer. Hand over your credit card of plastic. Watch her give it the treatment: people used to roll their own cigarettes in machines with just that gesture. Accept the precious keys with their lozenge-shaped tags of (surprise!) plastic. Think: Magical people, motelkeepers. Selling what shouldn't be buyable—rest to the weary, bliss to the illicit, space to the living. Providing television and telephones as threads to keep us in touch with the unreal worlds behind, ahead. Shelter, the oldest commodity.

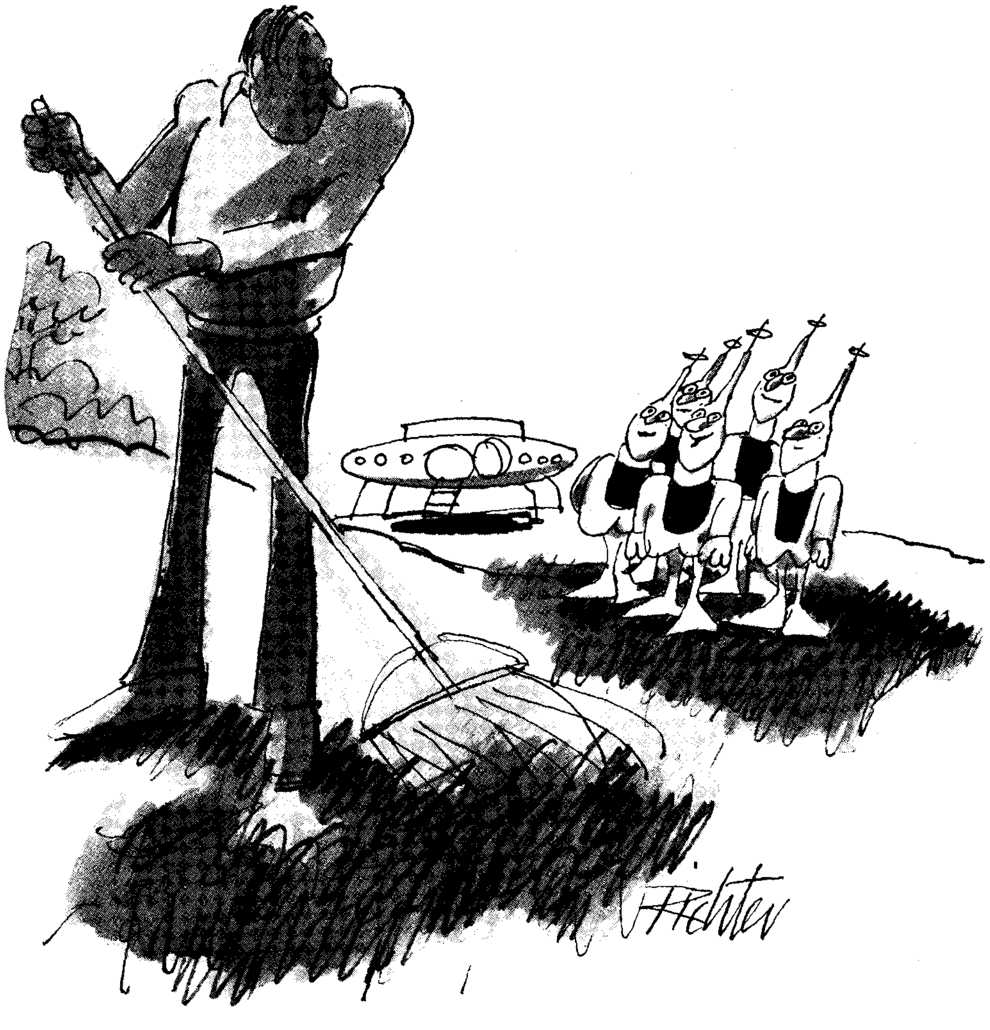
Untie the bags from the roof of the car. Your legs still feel weird, moving. The kids have the routine down pat, in and out of their room and into the pool in three minutes. Follow at a middle-aged pace, taking care not to disarray the suitcase in removing the bathing suits. The wife looks great, momentarily naked, but she claims she has a headache, after all those miles.

Wait until the kids get bored with yelling and splashing. Then, beside the pool, it is crystalline. Soak in the sun. Listen to the town. You have never heard of the town before: this is important. Otherwise, there are expectations, and a plan. This is not to say the town need be small. America conceals immense things. Here are thousands of busy souls as untangent to you as individual rocks on the moon. Say the town is in California, on the dry side of the Sierras; though it could as well be in Iowa, or Kentucky, or Connecticut. Out of nowhere, here it has arrived. Listen. The wavelets in the pool lap the tile gutter. The rush of traffic along Route Whatever-It-Is doesn't miss you; it sings, sighs, cruises, hurls multitudes, passes as a river. Nearer by, car tires chew the gravel, creeping closer. Look. Two long-haired children in patched jeans, their clothes full of insignias, pale, scarcely older than your own children, emerge, with a reluctance somehow loving, from a crumpled green Volkswagen, and walk to the motel office. A far-off door slams. Retreating tires chew the gravel smaller and smaller. In the other direction, a laundry cart rattles. And beyond all this, enclosing it, like a transparent dome, an indecipherable murmur, like bees in the eaves or the continual excited liquid tremolo of newly hatched birds hidden in a tree trunk, waiting to be fed.

A siren sounds.

It sounds distant, then proximate, then distant again, and lower-pitched. This cry of emergency cuts through the afternoon like a crack in crystal. Disaster, here? An accident up the road, that might have been you, had you pressed on? A heart attack, high in the mountains? Relax. Let the lordly sun dry the drops of water on your chest. Imagine an old Californian, with parched white beard and a mountain goat's unfriendly stare, his whole life from birth soaked in this altitude, this view, this locality until an hour ago unknown and after tomorrow never to be known again, dead, his life in a blood-blind moment wrenched from his chest like a root from a tummock. The thought, curiously, is no more disturbing than the chuckling rush of traffic, than the animal ripple of the kids having returned their bodies to the pool, than the remote distinct voice that now and then, for reasons of its own, monotonously recites numbers into a kind of megaphone, an amplification system. "Fifteen . . . twenty . . ." Something to do with the disaster? An air alert? The voice drones on, part of the peace. Further sirens bleat, a black police car and a square white truck with blue flashers smoothly rip by, between the motel and the Mexican restaurant across Route Whatever-It-Is.

Beyond the restaurant's red tile roof lies a tawny valley; beyond it, a lesser range of mountains, gray, but gray multitudinously, with an infinity of shades—ash, graphite, cardboard, tom-



"Could you direct us to the Mideastern Ecclesiastical Conference?"

cat, lavender. Such beauty wants to make us weep. If we were crystal, we would shatter. The amplified voice goes on, "Twenty . . . thirty . . ." The kids begin to squabble. You have had enough sun. Time to reconnoitre.

The wife says her headache is better but she will stay in the motel room, to give herself a shampoo. Walk, family man, with the kids, out from the parking lot and down the main street. The heat from the sidewalk swims across your shins. The high mountain sun gives a tinny thin coating of glory to the orange Rexall signs, the red tongues of the parking meters, the pink shorts of girls whose brown backs are delicately trussed by the strings of minimal halters, the Army-surplus green being worn alike by overmuscled youths and squinting bent geezers. They drift, these natives, in their element. Love them because they are there. There is no better reason for love. They squint through you. To acquire substance, enter a store and buy something. Discover that the town offers postcards of itself; it is self-conscious, commercial, enterprising. It contains many sporting-goods stores, veritable armories in the war against the wilderness—fishing rods, ski poles, hunting slingshots, collapsible rafts, folding tents, backpack racks, freeze-dried fruits in aluminum wrap, fanciful feathered fishing flies in plastic capsules, tennis racquets, tennis shirts, tennis balls the colors of candy. Your boys are enchanted, your girls are bored. Purchase five postcards, some freeze-dried pears for tomorrow's long drive through the desert, and exit. Out on the hot pavement, the little girl's sandals flop. She has been begging for new ones every day. Her hair is still wet from the motel pool. Take her into a shoe store. The salesman at some point in his life (logging? a war?) has lost a thumb. Lift your eyes; his face is unscarred. Solemnly he seats her, measures her foot size. Marvel at the way in which his mutilated hand deigns to touch this unknown child's sticky bare foot. Alas. What he has in her size she does not like, and what she likes he does not have in her size. Express regret. Leave. Crossing the dangerous thoroughfare, you take her hand, a touch more tender with her, having witnessed the tenderness of others. Across the street, in a little main square pared to insignificance by successive widenings of the highway, an old covered wagon instead of a statue stands. Think of those dead unknown, plodding flights of angels, who dared cross this land of inhuman grandeur without highways, without air-conditioning, without even (a look underneath confirms) shock absorbers, jolting and rattling each inch, in order to arrive here and create this town, wherein this wagon has become a receptacle for (a look inside discovers) empty cans of Polar Bear Beer, Diet Pepsi, and Mountain Dew.

WALKING THE DOG: A DIATRIBE

I have never seen a cicada, but nothing so pollutes
the night with noise as those self-absorbed, ear-baiting singers,
even in the night of a big wind, not the blurbs
of trees, shaking and shouting their leaves at each other,
not the girlish swish of tires on a street distorted to highway,
nor, in gusts, all the clattery trash set out at curbs.
There is nothing so loud, not the *Boo! Wawboooo!* of a coonhound,
whose throat, shaped for sounding the hunt through miles of thicket,
is leashed to the suburbs.

They are being natural, the cicadas. Need more be said?
And the eye that must take its delight, what weather then is this
for its succoring stroll? Hound and I walk in a gross
distortion of shapes and shadows, which lunge in the light-and-black
of night and storm and one street lamp. Too close to the sidewalk,
plantings of pyracantha spread an emboss,
over their mean thorns, of elaborate foliage and berries.
What do they know of what is insufferable
in their ignorant gloss?

Yet they lash as we linger to take in the violent evening.
Back home, my skin crawls with the sense that I've been through something.
Woven between hedges and tree rows there are, even in windstorms,
strings of light tension I broke, and I brush at the invisible
felt facts of my journey, I feel for the invisible makers,
hoping to finger webs, threads, spiders, worms.
How do I know what I've done, how does anyone know
what breakthrough or heartbreak has been accomplished in a dark
where there are no forms?

—Mona Van Duyn

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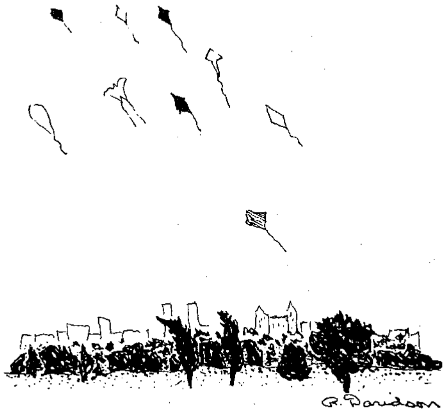
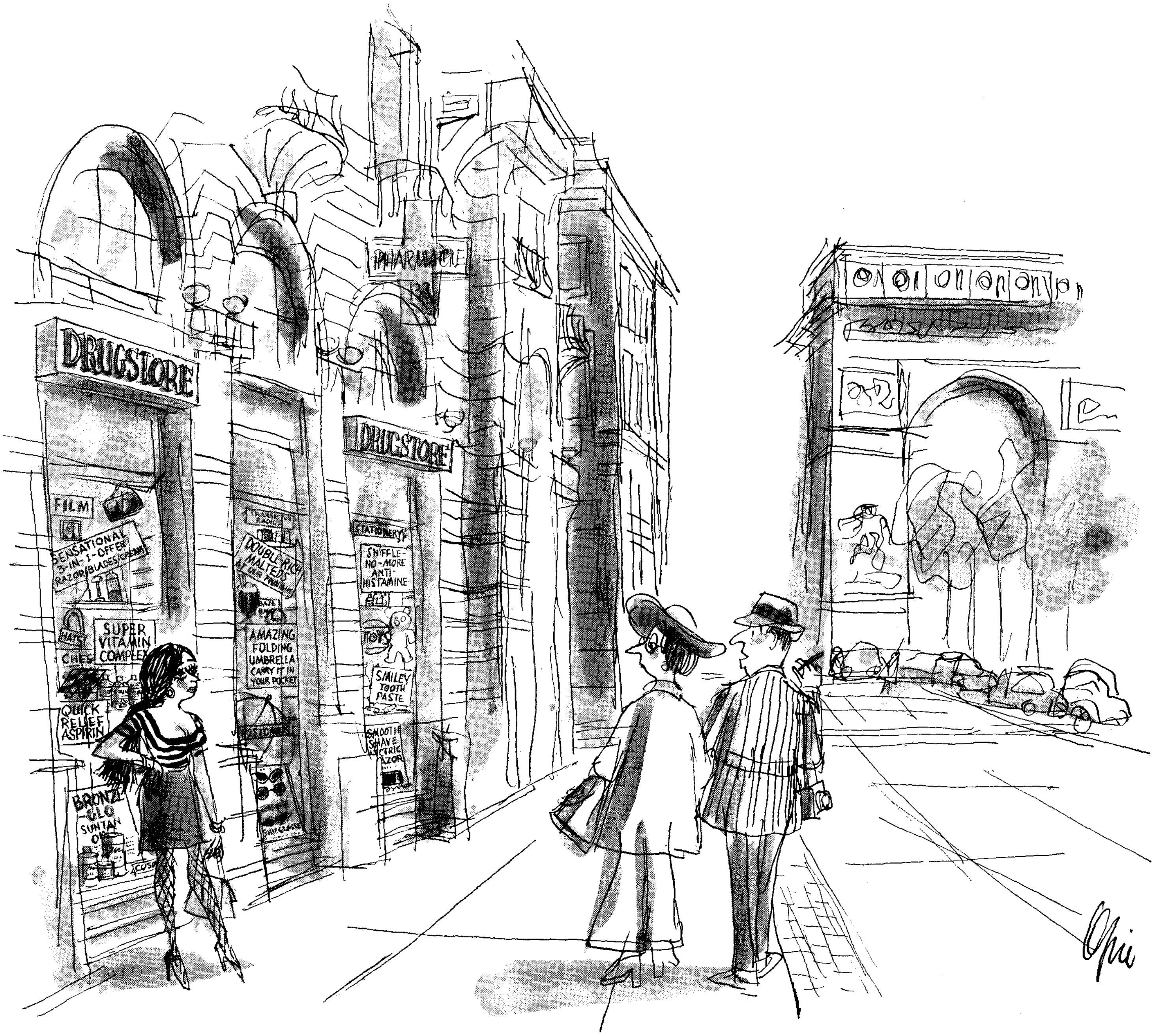
America is a vast conspiracy to make you happy.

Or, alternatively, get into the car at the motel and drive around the back streets: a wooden church, a brick elementary school with basketball stanchions on a pond of asphalt, houses spaced and square-set and too clean-looking. There is something sterilizing about the high air here. The lawns look watered, like putting greens. They contrast vividly with spaces of unkempt parched hay. The houses out of their rectilinear, faintly glistening fronts strive to say something, a word you are anxious to hear, and would drive forever to hear finally. But the kids are bored, and beg to go "home." Home is the motel.



The wife's hair is springy and fragrant from her shampoo. The pool is deserted and looks chill. Evening shadows have slid down from the mountain. The sun sets in the west, everywhere. The gray range to the east basks in light like an intricate bone. Where shall we eat? Discuss. The kids want a quick clean hamburgery place, with Formica tables and clear neutral windows giving on the stream of traffic that ties them securely to the future. You and the wife want something enclosed, with regional flavor and a liquor license. Perhaps the kids win, and you sit there looking out through the windows thinking, This is America, a hamburger kingdom, one cuisine, under God, indivisible, with pickles and potato chips for all. What you see through the clear windows looks blanched without sunglasses, which you have worn all day, assigning the landscape you were driving through an unnatural postcard brilliance, the blue sky dyed cobalt, the


DRUGSTORE
PHARMACIE
33
FILM
SENSATIONAL 3-IN-1-OFFER RAZOR/BLADES/CREAM
HATS
CHESS
SUPER VITAMIN COMPLEX
QUICK RELIEF ASPIRIN
BRONZ-GLO SUNTAN OIL
DOUBLE-RICH MALTEDS AT OUR FOUNTAIN
AMAZING FOLDING UMBRELLA CARRY IT IN YOUR POCKET
DRUGSTORE
STATIONERY
SNIFFLE-NO-MORE ANTI-HISTAMINE
TOYS
SMILEY TOOTH PASTE
SMOOTH SHAVE ELECTRIC RAZOR

"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose, hey?"

• •

purple mesas and orange rocks tinted as if by the pastel artist who timidly sells bad portraits at a country fair.

Or perhaps you talk the kids into the Mexican restaurant, and as they sit in candlelight struggling with their tacos and enchiladas you sip your salt-rimmed Margarita and think, This is America, where we take everything in, tacos and chow mein and pizza and sauerkraut, because we are only what we eat, we are whatever we say we are. When a Japanese says "Japanese," he is trapped on a little definite racial fact, whereas when we say "American" it is not a fact, it is an act, of faith, a matter of lines on a map and words on paper, an outline it will take generations and centuries more to fill in. And, yes, the waitress bringing the sherbet and the check appears to illustrate these meditations, for she is lovely and young and deracinated, one of the breed our coast-to-coast desert has engendered, her bones grown straight on bland food, her fertility encased in the chemical Saniwrap of the Pill, her accent pleasantly presupposing nothing, but so nice, her skin tanned dark as an Indian's but her eyes blue and her hair sun-blond and loose down her back in Eve's timeless fall, so nice, nice. . . .

Be careful crossing the highway. In the motel parking lot, before you can reach the anonymity of your room, Mrs. Plummer, hustling from her car to the office clutching papers in her hand, has to cross your path, and smiles. She knows you. You know her. The town is spoiled. When innocence ends, plans must be made. First, sleep. Then, early in the morning, when the traffic is spotty and the sun is feeble in the east, move on.

—JOHN UPDIKE

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Q: Please settle an argument. Is Mary Tyler Moore's son, Richard, from her current marriage or her previous one?—V.A., San Antonio.

A: Victor would like to know the same thing. He agreed to a starring spot in the upcoming movie, "Every little Crook and Nanny," but admitted by the time the flick was finished, he thought he'd go back to loafing.—*Lancaster (Pa.) Intelligencer Journal.*

Next question.

THE SWAN MAN

IT was after the end of the Second World War. One Sunday morning, the heavy guns were pulled from their concrete emplacements at the end of the village and set on carriages one behind the other the length of Orient Road. I sat with the other twelve-year-olds on the asphalt outside Judd's shop. A gang of boys in long trousers stood by the telephone kiosk, or lounged against the car that had been abandoned there three years before. They were older boys, too old to sit on the ground with us. But they watched the formation of the convoy with a wry interest similar to ours. The Canadians were leaving England, taking their guns and their liberal handouts of candy and cigarettes.

We boys never had much to offer the soldiers apart from our company. We ran errands for them, filched small articles from home like notepaper or firewood, delivered messages we only half understood to the girls that worked on the farm, but mainly we just sat around their billets and talked about airplanes, especially those like the Junkers and Dorniers they had shot down at the time of the raids. Now they were leaving, and we wondered where we would be able to go of an evening, what we should find to do. The houses where the Canadians had been billeted since they arrived four or five years before already looked strange to us—exciting now that they were being locked up and their windows boarded. We made plans to force a way into one of them and make a camp and find secret places to hide our messages. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad, after all, once the soldiers had gone. The convoy was ready and about to move off toward Portsmouth, forty miles along the coast road. We sat astride the barrel of the biggest gun to have our photographs taken. And then we went back to our pitch outside Judd's shop and feigned indifference, as the big boys did, while the guns rolled quietly away. We wouldn't wave; we wouldn't shout goodbye. Alfie Wheeler started to cry, and we ignored him.

I sat in the sun with Sydney Edwards and Bobby Holden. Alfie's crying made it difficult for us to speak. When Alfie cried because he'd fallen over or lost a ball or his penknife, we used to jeer at him until he ran home to tell his mother. Those times, it was the right thing to do. It seemed different now. For a long time we sat there, knowing he was sobbing in the shop doorway behind us, but we didn't turn round to make faces at him or throw gravel in his face. That's the way I used to cry, I thought, before I knew any better.

"I'm going home for something to eat," I said. "I'm sick of sitting about here listening to Alfie blubbing." I swaggered across the road, the way Corporal Midnight used to, and kicked our gate open. One of the big boys threw a piece of coal at me, but it missed. I stopped and spat into the dark-yellow disc of a sunflower before going indoors. It wouldn't be long before I had a pair of long trousers and became a leaner and a stander-up.

I'd expected to find my mother in the kitchen, but she must have been upstairs with Gran. My father was up there, too, repapering her hall. I took the new loaf from the bread bin, and was upset to find that it had already been cut. The crust was my favorite part of the loaf. Still proud of my success in front of the big boys, I cut the crust from the other end and spread it thickly with margarine and jam. My hands were filthy, and I was glad. I didn't use a plate but stood in the middle of the kitchen to watch myself in the mirror, wolfing each mouthful with my head craned forward. I heard my mother coming down the outside steps and only just managed to bolt the last, bracket-shaped piece before she came in. But I'd forgotten to clear away the evidence on the table.

"Look at this knife! You've had margarine *and* jam. How often do you have to be told?" The rule was that you could have bread and margarine or bread and jam, but you could never have bread *and* margarine *and* jam. "Oh, it is too bad, Young Joe. That's our fat ration, and it's got to last us till Friday." Just then my father came in; he was holding his paper shears, and there were paste and bits of plaster in his hair, so that it looked as if he was turning gray. "Just look what this son of yours had on his bread. Jam *and* marge. And now we've got to make do with our bare rations," she went on, "because there'll be no more Corporal Midnight coming round after dark with his pockets full. I was going to make a few scones. Have to wait till next week now." My mother wiped up the crumbs and threw the dirty knife in the sink. She wiped her hands and put the bread away, not noticing how I'd cut from the wrong end of the loaf. Later, she would.

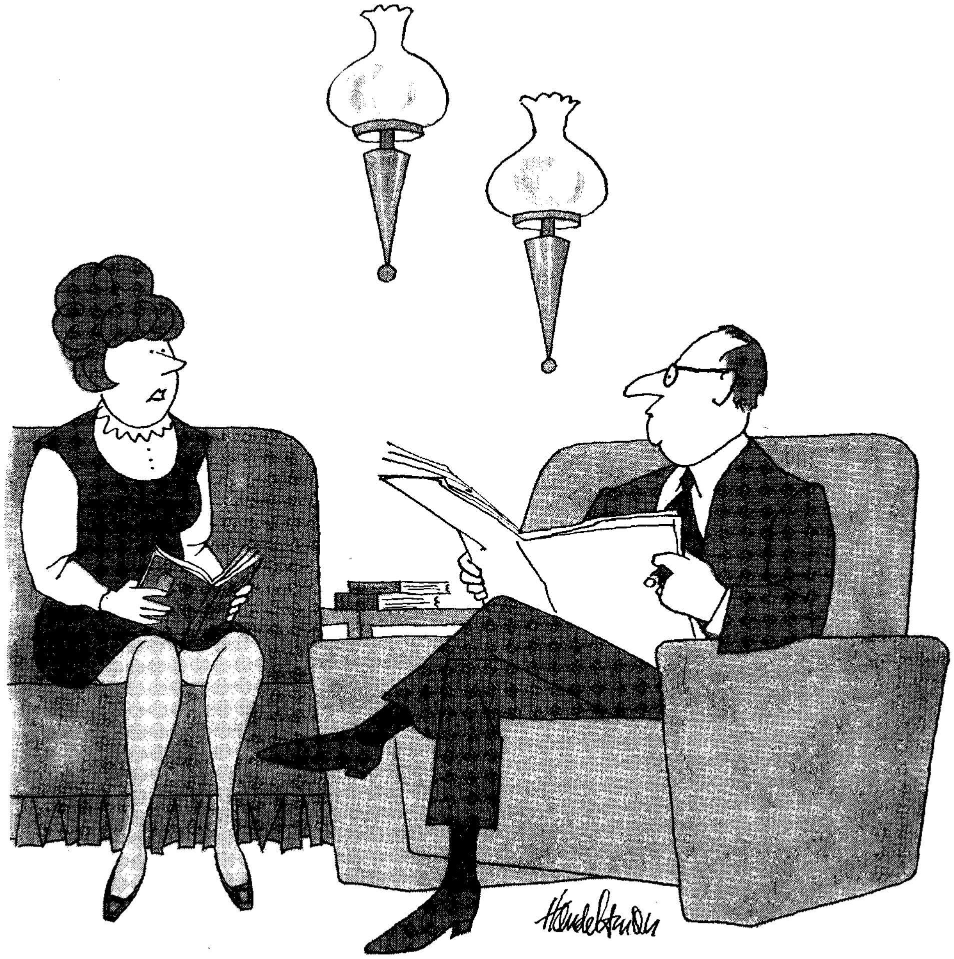
I started to cry, sobbing gently, like Alfie.

My father led me into the living room and made me sit on the sofa. "You're a bad lad. Your mother's right. There'll be no more extras now the soldiers have gone. Things'll be tight. You'll have to go easy on the food—no more caning the bread and jam. And I want you to try and take better care of your clothes. We've got no more clothing coupons to come—we've used them all up. How are those curly boots of yours going on?"

I lifted up my feet to show him. He'd cut soles for my school boots from an old motorcycle tire; the rubber had bent the boots to the curve of the tire, so that the toes pointed upward, like a sultan's slippers. We both laughed, and I wiped my tears away.

"You'll go a long way on those boots," he said. "There was a good ten thousand miles left in that tire. You want to think yourself important. There's not a pair of boots like them anywhere in England, I'll bet a pound."

I went to my bedroom and took off the boots and lay on my bed. I had to have my cry out in the quiet, on my own. I was crying about the bread and jam to begin with; then I cried in advance for the discovery of the wrongly cut loaf; and then I cried the way Alfie had cried, for the departed soldiers and the row of empty houses that we'd never be able to force a way into, so well had the boards been nailed up to the windows. The top blanket on my bed was a blanket Corporal Midnight had brought round to us one night. I tried to think of him as he would be soon, back home in Quebec, sitting in his own chair in front of his own fire, the way he sat in our chair in front of our fire. Every evening when he hadn't been on duty, he used to come round for a chat and to read the paper. He'd been like one of the family—didn't need to knock on the door before he came in. He seldom came empty-handed, seldom went away without clean laundry or socks my mother had mended. He brought canned food, chocolate, candy, motor oil, grease, denim trousers, plug tobacco, maple syrup. One night after I had gone to bed, I heard him come through the gate and fall over a box I'd left on the path. He and my father were on their hands and knees for an hour or more, picking up the five hundred rounds of Thompson-submachine-gun ammunition that he'd brought for the local Home Guard unit. They only found four hundred and ninety-three; the others must have rolled down the drain. By now, I thought, he'd be in Portsmouth, probably getting ready to go on board the ship that would take him home. All the way across the Atlantic, he'd swagger up and down the deck, his pockets full of candy to trade. I fell asleep, face down on Midnight's blanket. My mother didn't make me get up for dinner but let me sleep on till the following morning.



"I don't imagine President Thieu would be very pleased if we pulled out of the war without so much as a by-your-leave."

AFTER school in the weeks that followed, Sydney, Bobby, Alfie, and I tried every method we knew to get into the empty houses. Bobby had a crowbar, but we weren't strong enough to budge even one board. We tried the doors, using a bunch of keys I'd found rusting in my father's shed, but none of the keys would fit. One weekend, we even tried to tunnel a way into Midnight's billet, but we couldn't get beyond the concrete foundation, and anyway we were found out when our fathers came looking for us after dark. We were given a good talking-to, and were made to promise never again to play round the empty houses. For a long while then we wandered about the village in the evenings aimlessly, and most evenings the three of us would vent our boredom on Alfie, and chase him, weeping, home. Some of the big boys had got into the end house—we knew that. We used to see them going in there sometimes with the farm girls, and we were beginning to know why; we illustrated our fantastic theories on the walls of the air-raid shelter, with large balls of chalk we found up Old Salts Road. Our crude drawings were frightening, though we forced our laughter, and we wouldn't go near the house. In time, we became less aware of the empty houses and found other places for our games—like the derelict barns, dark and full of owls, where we dared the invisible birds to fly down and tear our eyes out.

A letter arrived one day from Canada. It was postmarked three months before; Midnight had sent it surface mail, and had got our address all wrong. "Would this be for you?" the postman asked. "You're the only Lewin family I know of round here. It's been lying over in Worthing Post Office, I should think. Look at it—been everywhere before it got here." The envelope was covered with redirected addresses.

My father recognized Midnight's writing, and we all went indoors to hear what the letter contained. It was a great surprise, for by now we were used to not seeing him of an evening. My mother read it out to us:

"DEAR TOM, DORIS AND YOUNG JOE,

I guess you thought it was kind of strange, the way we got the hell out that Sunday, and not a word of goodbye from me. I'd meant to come round the night before we left, but the major (you remember that little guy, Major Forbes) kept us C.B. until it was too late. Anyways, I wanted to thank the three of you for having me so often in your home and to say that I'd be real proud to have you visit with us here in Quebec anytime for as long as you want. I'm putting a dollar in with this for Young Joe to buy candy. By the way, I left some things for you under the floor boards in the billet. In the front room on the ground floor—you'll see the row of new nails. I meant to post a letter to you before we left England, but didn't get the opportunity. Then I forgot all about it and carried it around for weeks in my wallet. I hope I got the address O.K. Best wishes to you all from me and Christine and whoever it is inside Christine—if it's a boy, we'll be calling him Joe! Don't forget to go round to the billet.

Much love,
MIDNIGHT BLACK

P.S. I've only been back here three months, but it seems like England and the war never happened to me. I'm in the used-car racket. Guess you'd never think of me out of uniform, making an honest buck!"

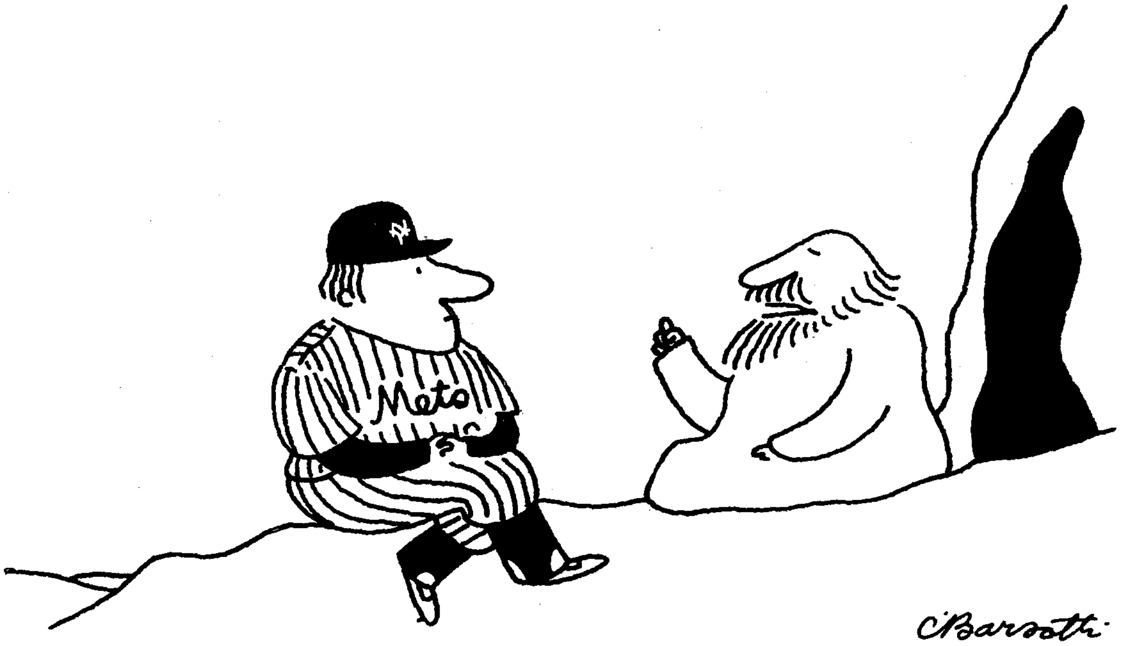
The letter went, with the other letters, behind the clock. I put the stamp in my album, and changed the dollar bill for shillings and pennies at the bank. I wanted my father to take me to Midnight's billet, to see what had been left for us under the floor boards, but he got angry and said that nobody had any right to go near the houses, let alone inside them. "The war's over," he said, "and Midnight's three thousand miles away. It's all different now. It would be breaking the law to go into somebody else's property. Just you remember what I've told you."

"But the houses don't belong to anybody," I said. "They're empty. Nobody would mind. Nobody would know."

My father was rolling a cigarette; I'd have to wait until he'd licked the paper and smoothed it down and pinched out the ends of tobacco before he answered. I watched him do all these things and light up and inhale deeply; it was so quiet I could hear the saltpetre in the cigarette paper crackle as it burned. I waited until the cigarette was half finished, but still there was no answer.

"Just think, Dad, there might be a tin or two of that tobacco under those floor boards," I said. "Not to mention a can of maple syrup." I thought this might rouse him, for I knew how every evening when he'd finished shaving he used to go to the pantry with a teaspoon and hide behind the door and sample the syrup.

"Not to mention bars of nut milk



"Perhaps if you choked up on your bat a little more and just tried for clothesliners into short outfield, instead of those long rides that send the apple out of the park, you wouldn't whiff so often, and would be rewarded with a modest rise in your batting average."

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chocolate all nicely wrapped in metal foil," he said. "Now, I shan't tell you again, I'm not going near that house, and nor are you. Even if the house didn't belong to anybody, it's not our property and it'd be wrong to trespass on it. And besides, I happen to know that the house *is* somebody's, and they're likely to be moving in soon." He turned to talk to my mother. "Got it on the grapevine down the shipyard. Some funny old chap moving in with his sister. Charlie Reeves reckons the old girl's got a wooden leg. Fancy that, a woman with a wooden leg. Peculiar setup all round, if you ask me." He turned to me again. "So that's an end of it. Don't you ever let me catch you pestering those people after they've moved in, and don't you get telling any of your mates about what Midnight said in his letter. Get us all into trouble. Get us hung, you will."

I wasn't likely to tell my friends. They went to a different school, and it was winter and the evenings were so short there wasn't much time to see them; weekend after weekend, the weather was too cold and wet for playing out-of-doors. And anyway I was beginning to get tired of their company. Bobby and Sydney were only interested in hanging about in the barns, making the same old plans that would never be carried out. Alfie was growing more and more like a girl, and I was sick of having his mother come round to complain that I made him cry. When the better weather came, I told my mother to say I was out if any of them came to call for me. I took to walking alone on the beach or on the hills behind the village. I made a large kite, which I enjoyed flying on the windy days, but it wasn't long before Sydney and the others ran to where I was and pestered me to let them try to fly it. They had no idea how to maneuver the kite in the air; they just stood there, letting the wind toss it about. The third time they came, I let them hold the cord and then I walked away. They'd crash the kite and it would be smashed and that would be the end of it, I thought. My mother had promised to buy me a pair of long trousers on my thirteenth birthday. As soon as I had them, I'd be able to join the gang of big boys; I'd sidle over to them one evening and ask if they could tell me the time, and when they told me I'd not move away but lounge against the abandoned car until one of them spoke to me again. That would be the worst part—waiting to be spoken to. I had to think of a way to fill the weeks until my birthday. I had to think of a scheme that Sydney and Bobby couldn't spoil, as they had spoiled the kite-flying.

BETWEEN the main road and the beach was a saltwater lagoon, about a mile long and a hundred yards wide. Our house and the row of empty houses backed onto it. If I were to build a raft, I decided, I'd be able to sail on it without any fear of being pestered. The only other person likely to sail a boat was Mr. Smith from next door, and he only did so in the summer mornings when he went spearing eels to sell in Brighton market. I'd have the whole widewater, as I called it, to myself. If there was no wind, I'd pole the raft along, using my Gran's clothes prop; if there was a wind, I'd use the clothes prop as a mast and rig up a sail with the old Army greatcoat that Midnight once brought round to us. I set about finding half a dozen empty oil drums in the ditches near the gun emplacements, and I found plenty of broken groin timber on the beach to make a deck. My father helped me one bitterly cold Saturday to fix the drums and the timber together, and when the job was done Mr. Smith came round to help us lift the raft into the water. Lopsidedly, it floated, and even without a sail it moved through the water before the wind. It was a triumph. I turned to wave to my father and Mr. Smith when I reached the middle of the water, but they were walking back up the broad steps, slapping their shoulders against the cold, and did not turn round.

Before long, I'd learned how to control the course of the raft. I made it sail where I wanted to go, just as I'd made the kite behave to my will in the wind. And in the weeks that followed, through my birthday, when I didn't get the long trousers and didn't care about not getting them, and into the spring, I explored every part of the widewater. I was never really bothered anymore by Sydney, Bobby, and Alfie, though once or twice they walked along the shore as I drifted along; I lay on the deck and ignored their shouts, and they soon got tired of shouting and went home.

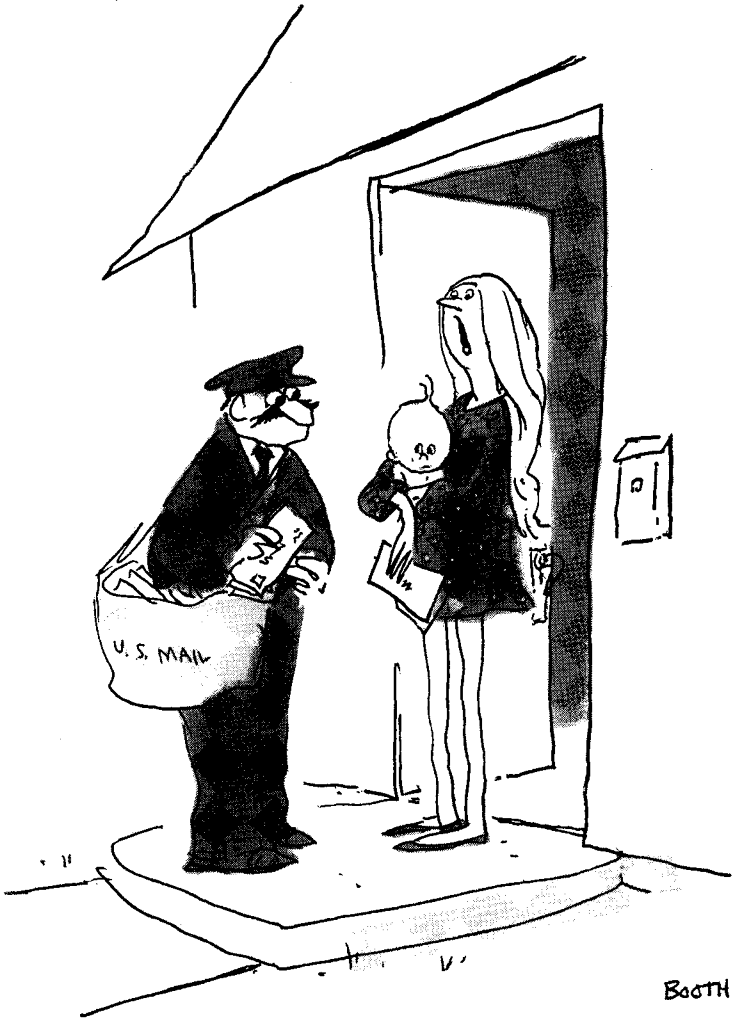
And there were other advantages in sailing alone on the widewater—advantages that hadn't occurred to me. One was that I could sail near the little island where, every year, a pair of swans called George and Mary made their nest and brought up a brood of cygnets. I never dared sail too close to the island, for I knew how savage swans can be. But from a backwater enclosed by overhanging tamarisks I could observe all that went on—the nest-building, the sharing of duties when the eggs were incubating, and the hatching of the baby birds. If I turned the other way, I could see into the back windows of the house that had been Midnight's billet. Hidden in the thick, weeping fronds of the tamarisks, I could watch the old man and his sister as long and as often as I liked. I made up names for them—Sam and Beth. Sam had long white hair that stood up in the wind like the top feathers of the swans, and his face was a bright orange-red, the color of a swan's beak. He had a large wen in the middle of his forehead; I wished it had been black, like the knob between a swan's eyes, but it was the same color as the rest of his face. I didn't see much of Beth. Most of the time, she stayed indoors, but twice I saw her, clumsily walking in the garden, her toes pointing in, the way swans walk. She didn't have a wooden leg, as the rumors had said, but she did have a huge surgical boot, thick and black, like a swan's web.

In my imagination, Sam and Beth and George and Mary became members of the same family. It didn't surprise me when one day soon after all the cygnets were hatched Sam attracted the two old swans and their babies to the landing stage at the end of his garden. He fed a whole loaf to them. I should have thought this a terrible waste in those days of bread rationing, but it seemed to me that he was acting as the head of a family should. He provided, as my father provided. Every morning at ten o'clock and every afternoon at five, his dependents came to the landing stage and he fed them a loaf. The weeks went by and it became a loaf and a half, then two loaves. The cygnets grew to nearly the size of their parents; adult white feathers began to appear on their backs. When the summer holidays began, I sailed my raft to the backwater every day to watch the feeding. Sam took to wearing a white summer jacket, and Beth, following just behind him with her curious, paddling gait, had changed to an old-fashioned dress of white tussah that lifted slightly in the breeze above her black-stockinged legs and her heavy boot.

For as many years as I could remember, George and Mary had killed or driven off the survivors of their brood before the beginning of the summer holidays. But we were well into August and six of the original eight cygnets were nearly fully grown—too big to be killed or driven off. Their appetites grew; Sam was now bringing three loaves for each feeding.

"Do you know what that funny old Swan Man's been and done?" my father asked one evening as he came in from work. "He's put an old cabin trunk on a trestle outside his gate. The lid's propped open and he's put a notice in front saying 'Please leave your stale bread for the swans.' What's more, I've just seen those two old spinsters from the red cottage putting bread and buns in it. Some people have got more money than sense. Or bread coupons. There's us here with never enough bread to go round, while the swans are being gorged twice a day, every day. It isn't right, and that's a fact."

By the time I went back to school in September, Sam was going round from door to door with a sack on his back, asking for unwanted bread. Everybody called him the Swan Man now. Restrictions on the sale of bread were a little easier, and sometimes the baker was seen to deliver several loaves to the cabin trunk when he was on his way back to the bakery. A few miles inland, work was being carried out by the river-conservation board, and a dozen or more of the swans disturbed by it had flown down to the widewater; Sam took on the task of feeding them, too. He bought a little van and began to visit the surrounding villages. He sought permission from each parish council to erect a large rustic box on their village greens, to collect bread. Permission was willingly granted. More swans flew in, nobody was certain from where. Sam's picture appeared in the local paper under the caption "Swan Man Extraordinary." The picture showed him surrounded by swans, one of them feeding from his hand. The article that accompanied the picture prompted several letters in the following week's issue. All but one praised Sam for his unselfish devotion to his task of looking after the swans. My father it was who wrote the one dissenting letter. Much as he loved the creatures, he wrote, he had to say that in hard times like just after a war Sam's actions revealed a strange sense of values. And besides, there were so many swans on the water now that they came into his garden and made a nasty mess. We received two threatening anonymous letters the day after the paper came out, and my mother was convinced that the old spinsters from Orient Road had written one of them. My father was very angry, but he wrote no more letters and refused to be drawn into any further argument. On Sundays, a bus company in Brighton had begun running a Swan Excursion for five shillings. The



"When Jamie ate the stamps, I told him Mr. Postman would be very angry. And you are very angry, aren't you, Mr. Postman?"

trippers used to get off the coach in the vacant lot opposite our house, all of them carrying bags full of bread. They walked among the big birds in Sam's garden and talked to Sam and Beth and dropped their spare change in the collection box labelled "Buy a Bun a Day for a Week and So Help Us in Our Work."

ABOUT the middle of November, a group of ornithologists came down from London to investigate the reports they had been reading in the national press. They parked their cars in the vacant lot and, with binoculars and cameras hanging from their necks, began to spread out along the beach road to start a count of the birds. Sam's garden, of course, was their center of operations. I poled my raft along the widewater through the drifts of swans and moored within earshot of the table where the figures were being collated. As each counter came in with the figure for his stretch of water, I kept a running tally on the deck with a stub of pencil.

Then one of the counters not yet heard from came running to the table. "Never mind about the numbers," he said urgently. "Come and take a look up at the end." He didn't stop to explain but ran back the way he had come. The ornithologists left the table and ran after him. I rigged my sail and set off on the water the way they had gone, helping the wind with my pole. As I neared the far end of the widewater, I could see why the man had been so excited. There must have been a hundred swan necks sticking out of the water, the bodies almost entirely submerged. The birds were walking about in the shallow water, unable to float. By the time I reached the shore, one of the ornithologists had waded into the water and picked up a swan and carried it back to land. The men grouped round to examine it. "Look at these feathers," one of them said. "There's no natural oil in them. Look here, the skin's soaking wet. A water bird's skin should never get wet." He turned to Sam. "What've you been feeding to these birds?" he said.

The Swan Man stretched his arms wide. It looked as if he would flap them, but it was simply a gesture signifying that everybody knew what he fed to them. "Bread," he said, "the very best white bread."

"White bread!" the ornithologist said. "Nothing else? Didn't you ever give them any grain? Greenstuff? Look what you've done." He pointed to the swaying, upcraned necks in the water. "You've dried up the natural oil in their plumage. You're killing them. We'll have to call in the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. You so-called animal-lovers are a dead menace. I've come across bad cases before, but never anything as serious as this."

Sam looked appalled. The wind was lifting the hair at his nape—fine and downy white. He took the soaking swan in his arms and cradled it as if it were a child; the long, straggling neck of the bird coiled round his woollen scarf. "Will this happen to them all?" he said. "Will this happen to all my poor white beauties?" He turned abruptly and ran with the bird still in his arms toward his house.

The ornithologists waded into the water to fetch more birds out. I said they could use my raft, and in my eagerness to unmoor it for them I fell into the water. "I'll have to go home and get some other clothes on," I said, "but you can use the raft till I get back." I ran home, shivering and uncomfortable, smelling of the purple mud.

I burst into the house, gabbling the news as my mother led me into the bathroom to take off my wet clothes; my father stood by the door, stroking his left cheek, as he always did when he heard strange news. When I'd finished telling the tale, my mother brought in my other shirt and jersey and a pair of my father's overalls. "You'll have to put these on," she said. "Your others aren't fit to wear anymore." The overalls were too long, of course, but I turned up the bottoms and was proud to see myself in the mirror—long trousers at last.

As I was putting on my shoes, we were shocked by three violent explosions followed by a burst of gunfire. It was terrifying, as if the war had begun again. Dive bombers—Stukas—used to do that; they'd drop a stick of bombs and then fly very low, machine-gunning the houses. We ran out and along the bank to see what was happening. My left shoe fell off as I ran.

A crowd was gathering at the top of Sam's garden, shouting, screaming. Before we could get there, two more explosions deafened us, and a burst of machine-gun fire made us stop and duck. There was a brief silence before the shouting began again. Mr. Smith was in the crowd, bawling, "Stop him, he's gone mad!" We pushed through the crush of people. Down at the bottom of the garden, Beth was holding a Bren gun on the parapet of the brick wall next to the water. At her side was a box of ammunition; it looked like the box Corporal Midnight had brought for the Home Guard. Sam was taking grenades from a large Gladstone bag and placing them in neat groups of three along the grass bank. All across the widewater were dead swans—like little broken galleons. My father and Mr. Smith and two other men rushed on Sam and pulled him to the ground. Beth let go of the Bren gun and went toward her brother, but my mother caught hold of her and made her sit on the bottom step. Beth was sobbing, and her bad foot stuck out. "Somebody go and get Sergeant Miller," my father called, but at that moment the policeman arrived. Between them, the men carried Sam into his house, and Beth followed of her own accord. I tried to go in after them, but Sergeant Miller wouldn't let anybody in apart from the four men and my mother. The crowd stood around in little groups, talking quietly, waiting for the police car or the ambulance to arrive. "He might have killed us all," my Gran said. "Saying he had to do right by his precious swans! Might have killed us all."

Gran turned to go, and as she turned I saw the group of big boys leaning against Sam's garden shed. I sauntered over and asked the time. I didn't wait to hear the answer. I lifted myself into Sam's wheelbarrow, and, with my long-trousered legs resting on the shafts, I began. "You remember Corporal Midnight," I said. "Well . . ."

—TED WALKER

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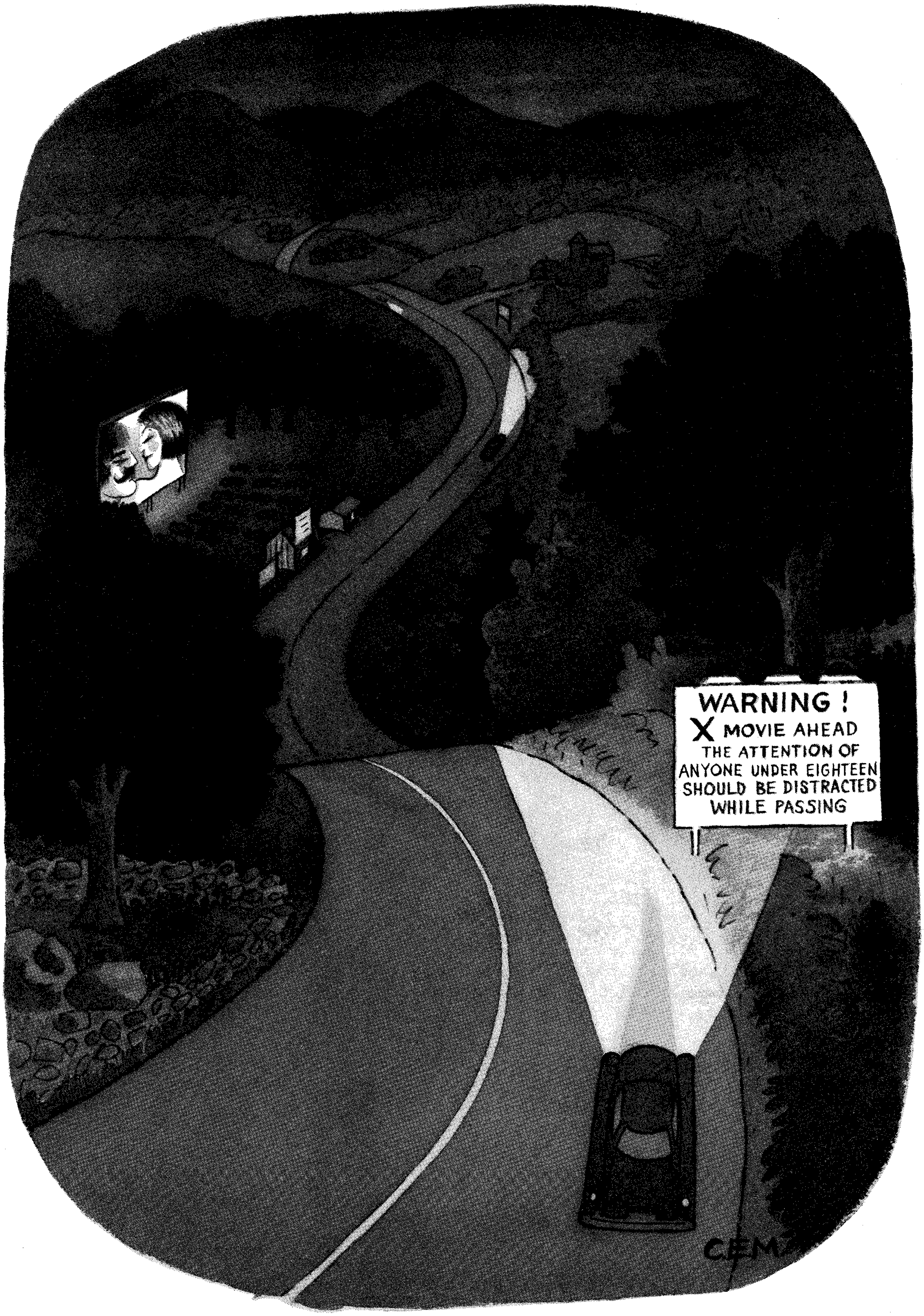
BLUE

beautiful New
York sky harder
so much than
soft walls you
see here around
it shadowy lamp-
lighted plaster
smoothed by a hand-
wielded trowel and
roller-painted
by hand—Puerto
Rican blue pressed
tin ceiling sky
up into and on
which a white cup
(more of a mug)
falls, falls up-
ward and, crack,
splits into
two glazed
clay clouds

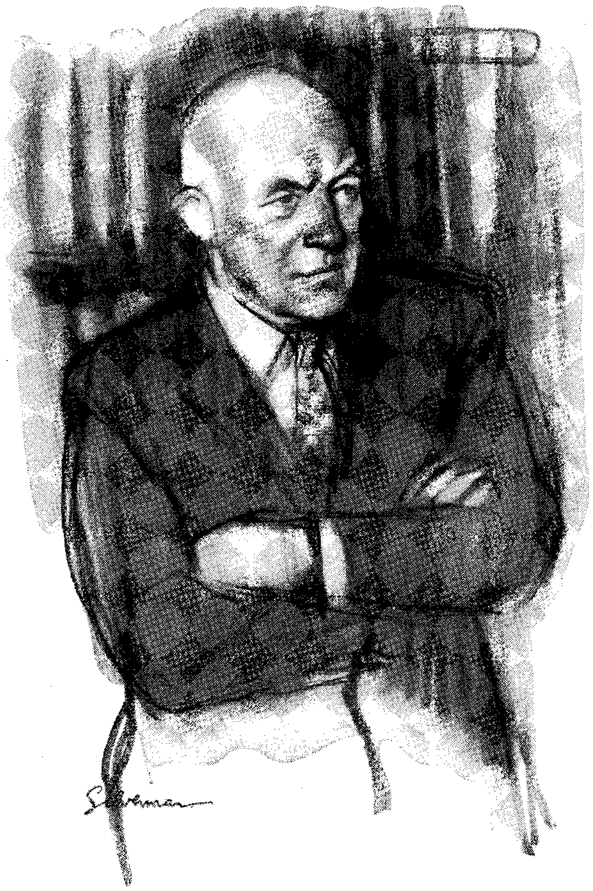
—JAMES SCHUYLER


WARNING !
X MOVIE AHEAD
THE ATTENTION OF
ANYONE UNDER EIGHTEEN
SHOULD BE DISTRACTED
WHILE PASSING
C.E.M.

PROFILES

VISCERAL LEARNING—I

SCIENTISTS, despite their passion for objectivity, are as dependent as anyone else on subjective judgment when it comes to assessing their colleagues. Three years ago, when I first became interested in the work of Dr. Neal E. Miller, of the Rockefeller University, in New York, a fellow-scientist referred to him as "the best-known experimental psychologist in the country." Although Miller's name is hardly as familiar to the general public as that of the Harvard behavioral psychologist B. F. Skinner, the hyperbole was a tribute to Miller's standing in the professional community and a mark of the importance that psychologists attached to his laboratory demonstration of a "new" behavioral phenomenon known as visceral learning. Miller, who was born on August 3, 1909, had devoted thirty-five years to the study of how higher animals learn, and he was regarded as a leading theorist for the school of psychology that believes there are general "laws" governing all learning situations—from the hungry white rat searching for food in a maze to the college student cramming for a calculus exam. In his most recent series of experiments, he had uncovered evidence indicating that white rats could be taught to control many of the bodily functions that had long been regarded by almost everyone—scientists and nonscientists alike—as involuntary. Behind this achievement lay a controversial hypothesis about the nature of the nervous system and more than a decade of research by Miller and a long line of collaborators. In the crucial experiments, rats had learned to work for specific rewards by speeding up or slowing down their heartbeat, raising or lowering their blood pressure, and increasing or decreasing their intestinal contractions. And there was good reason to believe that if rats could learn to modify these functions, so could human beings. This meant that people suffering from hypertension, spastic colon, irregular heartbeats, and other functional disorders might someday be taught to control their own symptoms—from the inside, as it were—without drugs, surgery, or the usual forms of physical therapy. Researchers who shared Miller's basic outlook were already investigating some of these practical applications. But the first experiments that Miller and his co-workers ran with human subjects, in the spring of 1969, only pointed up how much basic research remained to be done, and how little anyone really knew about the fundamental relationship of the brain, the body, and the outside world.



Dr. Neal E. Miller

Most people think of learning as a conscious mental process, a deliberate attempt to grasp an abstract principle ("The square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the squares of the two other sides") or to master a special skill involving the so-called skeletal muscles of the limbs, the torso, and the head (driving a car, hitting a golf ball, singing on key). At first glance, visceral learning appeared to be something else entirely. For example, the circulation of blood through the arteries and veins, even in a severe case of hypertension, produces no consciously perceived sensations. This meant that before a person could even begin to learn to control his blood pressure he would have to be provided with some kind of artificial feedback, through a monitoring device akin to the inflatable rubber cuff that physicians use to gauge blood pressure. Such a device could be rigged to let the patient know whenever his blood pressure dropped significantly, but there would be no way to make him *feel* what was happening inside his body. Learning to control the body's cardiovascular machinery under these conditions would be a little like learning to make love by correspondence course. Nevertheless, some of Miller's subjects did learn to reduce their blood pressure on cue, though they were totally unable to explain what they had done or how they had done it. The subjects themselves compared their newly acquired skill to the feats of bodily control reportedly performed by Indian yogis or by people in deep hypnotic trances. Miller found such exotic parallels fascinating, and definitely worth further investigation. But this did not mean he shared the view of his subjects that visceral learning was some kind of behavioral anomaly; in fact, his analysis of the phenomenon had already led him to the opposite conclusion—that the most interesting thing about visceral learning was its similarity to ordinary learning.

In objective terms, the lowest common denominator of all learning is a change in behavior resulting from an encounter with the outside world. In the case of the skeletal muscles, this process begins in early infancy; we observe infants making repeated passes at an offered rattle or shying away from an object that has been associated with an unpleasantly loud noise or bright light. But since we retain no memory of our own "basic training" in the use of the skeletal muscles, we tend to think of the learning process in terms of later, more sophisticated manifestations. For instance, we say that we are "starting from scratch" when we take up some new activity like driving a car or playing golf. No matter how helpless we may look and feel during our first lesson, however, we already have at our fingertips most of the tools we need. Years of experience in grappling with our environment have taught us that a little more tension in *these* fingers will give us a little better control *here*, and bending the wrist in *that* direction will provide a little more flexibility *there*. By contrast, our glands and internal organs are normally so well insulated from learning encounters that the average person goes through life with hardly any more control over his visceral functions than a newborn baby. If Miller was right, the human volunteers in the visceral-learning experiments were being thrust into a kind of second childhood, where they were discovering on their *own* what a few experimental psychologists had always contended in theory—that consciousness was "an unnecessary hypothesis" when one got down to the bare bones of the learning process. In other words, there was nothing strange about acquiring muscular skills without conscious control; it was simply learning on the most basic level.

Even Miller, however, had difficulty imagining what learning on this level might be like. One way to satisfy his curiosity would have been to use himself as a subject for a visceral-learning experiment. But he appeared to be a particularly unsuitable subject, since his heart rate and blood pressure were unusually steady. Besides, as the head of a major laboratory in which fifteen Ph.D.s and twelve technicians were working on a number of other important projects in addition to visceral learning—all supported by grants from the National Institute of Mental Health—Miller had only a limited amount of time to spare. So he looked around for some informal experiment that he could perform on himself outside the laboratory—something involving a simple skeletal response that was almost as far removed from the mainstream of human learning experiences as blood-pressure control. While his experimental subjects were working to control their glands and internal organs, Dr. Miller set out to teach himself to wiggle one of his ears without moving the other.

ON Friday, March 20, 1970, a thirty-two-year-old woman suffering from an excruciating headache was taken to the emergency room of New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, on East Seventieth Street, by ambulance. The young woman, Robin Bielski, had awakened the previous Saturday with a dull ache in the back of her head and neck. She had had a few drinks with friends the night before, but it seemed to her that the ache was in the wrong place for a hangover. In any event, she went to her regular Saturday-morning gym class, where, under supervision, she practiced forward somersaults, headstands, and other exercises designed to develop graceful posture and to help city-dwellers "learn to know their bodies better." Afterward, Miss Bielski noticed increased pain and stiffness in her neck. Over the next few days, the pain got progressively worse. She went to her regular doctor, and he referred her to a neurologist. The neurologist performed a spinal tap—a standard diagnostic test for damage to the central nervous system. The results were negative. The usual medications for a severe headache were prescribed—codeine, Darvon, Demerol—but nothing gave her relief. On Tuesday, Miss Bielski, who was a copywriter for a midtown advertising agency, was unable to go to work. She could not eat, and she had trouble sleeping. Any head movement made the pain worse. By Thursday, she had begun to feel dizzy all the time. No longer able to take care of herself (she lived alone in a fifth-floor walkup in the East Seventies), she telephoned her mother, who lives in Philadelphia. Her mother arrived Thursday night. On Friday morning, Mrs. Bielski put in a call to the neurologist and explained the situation. The doctor told her to get her daughter to the hospital right away.

COMPARED with other skeletal responses that have a high survival value—like running and reaching and grasping—the average person's control of his ear-wiggling apparatus is almost completely undeveloped. Many people are unable to wiggle their ears at all. Some, like Miller, are amused to discover during their childhood that they can wiggle both ears in unison. But wiggling one ear without moving the other is a surprisingly difficult feat of coördination that can be appreciated only by someone who has tried to master it. As an experimental psychologist known for his contributions to modern learning theory, Miller at least had a pretty good idea of what to expect. The problem, as he defined it for himself, was "to bring the wiggling response of the right ear under more specific stimulus control." While this formulation did not necessarily guarantee success, it was helpful in explaining to Mrs. Miller why her eminent husband could be found from time to time staring intently

Donald Reilly

"I'd rather not talk *politics. When I have something political to say, I say it on my car bumper."*

"Bang!"

at his reflection in a bathroom mirror at their weekend house, in Guilford, Connecticut.

Miller could "tell" both his ears to wiggle in unison, and he knew that the muscles were responding correctly, because he could see the movement in the mirror and could also feel it. The fact that some people could wiggle their ears independently showed that it was physiologically possible to break this response down into a right and a left component, but Miller also knew that no one—not even an ear-wiggling virtuoso—could guide him toward this goal, for the simple reason that there are no commonly accepted cue words for the necessary muscular adjustments. Parents who have tried to teach a two-year-old child to blow his nose or to drink through a straw will recognize the problem; the child is born with the ability to blow air out through his nose and to suck air in through his mouth, but he has not yet learned to associate these actions with specific instructions. The would-be ear-wiggler may know the Latin name for every muscle and nerve in the head, but this will not help him if he has never learned to attach a physical response to the words.

For his personal training program in ear control, Miller adopted a method of step-by-step instruction that he had used successfully with rats, dogs, and human beings in the visceral-learning experiments. This method, which is known as instrumental, or operant, conditioning, is based on the familiar observation that immediate rewards influence future behavior. Animal trainers, for example, know that a hungry dog will work for food. To teach a dog to sit up on the command "Beg!" the trainer tosses the animal a piece of food every time it makes the correct response. If the trainer is patient enough, the dog will eventually learn to do whatever is instrumental—from *its* point of view—in getting the reward. The dog will also learn to avoid certain actions if it is punished whenever it makes an incorrect response—the reward in this case being the cessation of punishment as soon as the incorrect response ceases. Experimental psychologists prefer to describe this whole training process in terms that do not require unverifiable hypotheses about what is going on inside the dog's head. They speak of a reward as "reinforcing" the connection between a response (sitting up) and a stimulus (the command "Beg!"). A "reinforced response" is simply one that is more likely to recur the next time the stimulus is repeated. Exactly how the reinforcing effect is achieved inside the learning organism is one of the great mysteries of the life sciences, but it is not hard to see what role the mechanism of reinforcement plays in the individual's daily life. There is a close parallel to the process of natural selection in the life of the species. In general, higher organisms tend to repeat those patterns of behavior which are instrumental in satisfying physical needs, avoiding pain, and relieving stress and tension in

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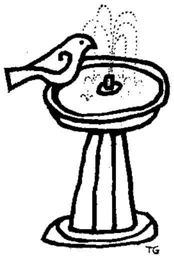
the nervous system. A white rat trying to escape an electric shock, a hungry dog sitting up on command, a baby reaching for a teething ring, a psychologist trying to prove a point by wiggling his ear—in all these cases the underlying mechanism of reinforcement is assumed to be the same. In laymen's terms, all four learners are working, whether they know it or not, for rewards.

Laymen and many scientists refer to the initial stages of the process as "trial-and-error" learning, but from the point of view of modern learning theory this is something of a misnomer. Each error leads only to the elimination of a fruitless response, and therefore to another trial; to get learning, you need successful trials, suitably reinforced. In fact, the most difficult part of the trainer's job can be waiting for the subject to perform the first correct response—or, if the response is quite an elaborate one, even some small part of it—so that a reward can be administered. This was what kept Miller in front of the bathroom mirror. According to his own understanding of the laws of learning, his chances of teaching himself to wiggle one ear were almost nil unless he could catch himself in the act—even the faintest flutter of independent movement would do—and immediately reinforce this spontaneous wiggle with a burst of self-congratulation.

THE first physician to examine Miss Bielski in the emergency room of New York Hospital jotted down the words "Probably migraine" on her admission papers. He also noted the possibility of aseptic meningitis or of a subarachnoid hemorrhage (bleeding inside the cranial cavity). Miss Bielski was placed under observation in the neurology department and given what hospitals call a complete workup. The results of the first series of tests and examinations seemed to point to some kind of spinal injury in the neck region, possibly as a result of overstrenuous exercise. The patient had a history of hypertension, however, so there was also some concern about her blood pressure, which was slightly higher than normal. Then, during the next twenty-four hours, more specific, and more serious, symptoms appeared. Little by little, Miss Bielski lost control of the left side of her body. Another spinal tap was taken; this time traces of blood were found in the cerebrospinal fluid. An arteriogram revealed a dark mass in the left hemisphere of the cerebellum, a brain structure, situated toward the back of the skull, that is concerned with the coördination of skeletal muscles and with the maintenance of posture and muscle tone. Now it became apparent that Miss Bielski had suffered a cerebellar hemorrhage. An operation to relieve the internal pressure caused by the blood-engorged brain tissue was ordered immediately. While she was being prepared for surgery, the patient lost consciousness for the first time. In the course of the operation, the neurosurgeon removed a small piece of the skull to expose the cerebellum, and then cut out the hemorrhagic swelling, which was not only interfering with cerebellar functions but also pressing down on the "alertness center" in the brain stem. After the operation, Miss Bielski remained in a coma. There was no way of knowing how much damage had been done or what her condition would be when she returned to consciousness.



THE image that stared back at Miller from the mirror was of a stocky, outdoorsy man, bald except for a white fringe behind the ears, with ruddy cheeks, a firm jaw, a broad nose, and deep-set green eyes, which did not need corrective lenses. A member of what might be called the third generation of American behavioral scientists, he had been associated with Yale University for more than thirty years before moving to the Rockefeller University, in 1966. Much of his career had been spent teaching white rats and other laboratory animals to make simple physical responses (pressing a bar, spinning a wheel) in order to earn concrete rewards (a pellet of food, a sip of water). Underlying this work was a modern theory of learning that began with an almost total rejection of the "introspective" approach of classical psychology.

The experimental psychologists of the early twentieth century, in aspiring to the methodological purity of physics and chemistry, turned their backs on all forms of inquiry that did not allow verification by other investigators. Since there was obviously no way to verify someone's account of his own thoughts and feelings, the systematic study of human consciousness—a touchstone of nineteenth-century psychology—was dropped from the syllabus. What replaced it was the systematic study of overt behavior. Thoughts and feelings were recognized as important only insofar as they found expression in observable activity. Still, implicit in this new approach, which came to be known as behaviorism, was a challenge to take over the subject matter of the old, introspective psychology by restating it in a set of purely "operational" definitions. Unlike a dictionary definition, an operational definition of a phenomenon does not necessarily describe or explain. Rather, it provides a lever for *manipulating* the phenomenon in a specified setting. For example, everyone knows what the sensation of fear is, and Webster's New International Dictionary (Second Edition) gives an adequate descriptive definition: "Painful emotion marked by alarm, extreme awe, or anticipation of danger." But a researcher interested in fear as a determinant of behavior needs something more concrete; he wants something he can observe directly and measure objectively. From this standpoint, the most useful information about psychological variables like fear has come from a stimulus-response analysis of behavior. A researcher working with white rats might make the following observation: When a rat is turned loose in a cage where it was previously given a strong electric shock through a metal grid in the floor, the rat scrambles about, trying to escape, even though the current in the grid has been turned off. Since the rat is not now receiving shock, it appears to be motivated by the fear of a second shock; presumably, the more frightened the rat the harder it will try to escape. These statements sound reasonable; indeed, they verge on truism. What is important about them is that, taken together, they point to a prediction about future behavior that can be stated in strictly objective terms: the stronger the original shock the more vigorous the animal's escape responses will become. This statement requires no subjective judgments; it can be proved or disproved by the use of a simple restraining harness that allows the investigator to measure the animal's pulling strength after it has received shocks of varying voltage. Of course, there is bound to be a lower limit, below which the shock is too weak to produce any observable effect on the rat's behavior, and there will also be an upper limit, above which the shock is so strong that the animal simply freezes. But if the predicted correlation between shock strength and pulling strength does hold true over a clearly defined middle range, the researcher can assume that he is getting an objective fix on the subjective experience commonly called fear.

Once a particular operational definition is shown to be reliable within given limits, it can be used as a yardstick

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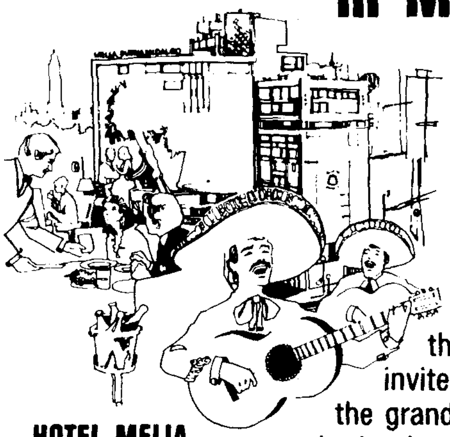

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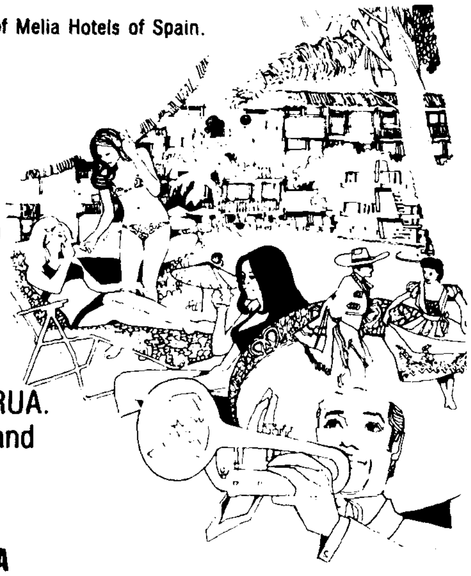

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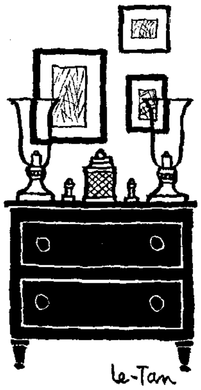
to measure other aspects of behavior. For example, the researcher may adapt the pulling-strength criterion to test the hypothesis that certain drugs, like alcohol, substantially weaken the fear response (as the colloquial phrase "Dutch courage" suggests). Or the researcher may use the criterion to determine whether an electric shock that is preceded by a warning buzzer produces stronger fear than a shock that comes without any warning. Eventually, from a small but carefully cross-checked body of data on the behavior of the frightened white rat, the researcher can advance to predictions about the behavior of the frightened human being.

Rigorous pursuit of this strategy has helped to liberate researchers from culture-bound dogmas and unexamined assumptions about behavior that had long masqueraded as "common sense." But scientists are only human, and the history of behavioral psychology in the United States offers a cautionary lesson in the pitfalls of objectivity. Encouraged by their initial success in manipulating a few simple laboratory situations, some early behaviorists rushed to elevate a perfectly sound research strategy into a new intellectual dogma. All subjective phenomena that could not be operationally defined with the techniques then available were set aside. Before long, the failure of behaviorism to deal with such phenomena was taken as a sign not that the available techniques were inadequate but that the phenomena themselves were irrelevant, and, in this way, many of the mental processes that the scientists themselves prized most highly, including self-awareness, abstract reasoning, imagination, and creativity, were virtually excluded from serious consideration.



Among his colleagues, Miller has a reputation for carrying out painstaking behavioral research in areas of major importance and for reporting his findings with precision and circumspection. Yet his attitude toward the shibboleths of modern behaviorism has been anything but doctrinaire. Unlike many of his predecessors and contemporaries, he can be refreshingly candid about the interplay of fact and theory in scientific research. "Pure empiricism is a delusion," he has written. "Gathering all the facts with no bias from theory is utterly impossible. Scientists are forced to make a drastic selection, either unconsciously on the basis of perceptual habits and the folklore and linguistic categories of the culture, or consciously on the basis of explicitly formulated theory." And in his technical articles, as if to remind himself (and the reader) of the tentative nature of all scientific theory, he goes out of his way to detail the particular assumptions on which he has proceeded, and to present a brief critique of the strengths and weaknesses of his theoretical position. He will even offer odds on the likelihood that one of his assumptions will turn out to be incorrect: "Although I believe that the foregoing hypothesis has a considerably less than 50 per cent chance of being right," he wrote in one paper, "I do believe it is better at the present moment than any other single hypothesis." When he runs into unexpected trouble—as he has recently in replicating some of the early animal experiments in visceral learning—his reports to the scientific community are every bit as candid and precise as those dealing with his most successful work.

In the long run, Miller believes, the task of behavioral psychology is to lay the groundwork for a much broader science—"a unified science of human behavior," which will draw on the techniques and insights of physiology, zoology, biochemistry, anthropology, psychiatry, and cybernetics, among other disciplines—and he feels that the young scientists now emerging from the colleges and graduate schools take naturally to such a multidisciplinary approach. In 1966, to encourage this trend, Miller set up a laboratory of physiological psychology at Rockefeller. Typical of the young people working with him today is a twenty-eight-year-old researcher in the life sciences named Barry Dworkin, who brings to the visceral-learning project an impressive schooling in physiology, a thorough grounding in Freudian theory, and a knack for designing and building the complex electronic hardware that has become indispensable to the modern behavioral laboratory.

Miller readily admits that he does not consciously apply the insights of learning theory in his relationship with his graduate students. As he puts it, the job of teaching graduate students falls "halfway between the realm of art and the realm of science," since creative scientific research involves "complex motivations and responses that we know very little about." He adds, "You can try to sharpen the problems for your students and help them avoid blind alleys, but essentially you have to give them practice in learning things on their own. Unfortunately, there is a type of teacher who tends to put a ceiling on the development of his students by implying that they can never hope to learn as much as he has. It so happens that out of necessity—because I have such a wide range of interests and keep getting involved in new areas—I regularly expect my students to know more than I do about at least one field. And I expect them to be able to put this knowledge to work in the laboratory." One of his greatest rewards in teaching, Miller says, is to watch his students go on to make significant contributions to the scientific understanding of behavior. A young colleague of his sums up Miller's success as a teacher in slightly tongue-in-cheek behavioral jargon: "Dr. Miller has been consistently reinforced for making unreasonable demands on his students."

Miss Bielski was comatose for almost a month. Her first vague memories following the operation are of nurses asking her to sit up in bed. She remembers cursing them for disturbing her. Over the next few days, she gradually became more alert and coöperative, and, little by little, with the aid of a physiotherapist, she began to regain some control of the muscles on her left side. But most of her waking hours were spent in a wheelchair, and she was forced to wear an eye patch because of a persistent palsy in her left eye. When it became clear that more intensive therapy was indicated, arrangements were made to transfer her to the Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine, at New York University Medical Center, some thirty blocks south of New York Hospital. But there was no opening for her until late in June, and Miss Bielski was able to convince the doctors that instead of staying at the hospital, where, she felt, she was simply "wasting insurance benefits," she could just as easily wait at home, where her mother could take care of her. On May 28th, she was discharged, and went home to the fifth-floor walkup. An enormous relief at being out of "hospital white" soon gave way to a more realistic appraisal of the situation, and by the end of her second week at home Miss Bielski realized that she had made a mistake. She felt trapped in the apartment, which was hot and muggy; living with her mother again after eight years on her own was a difficult adjustment; and she was

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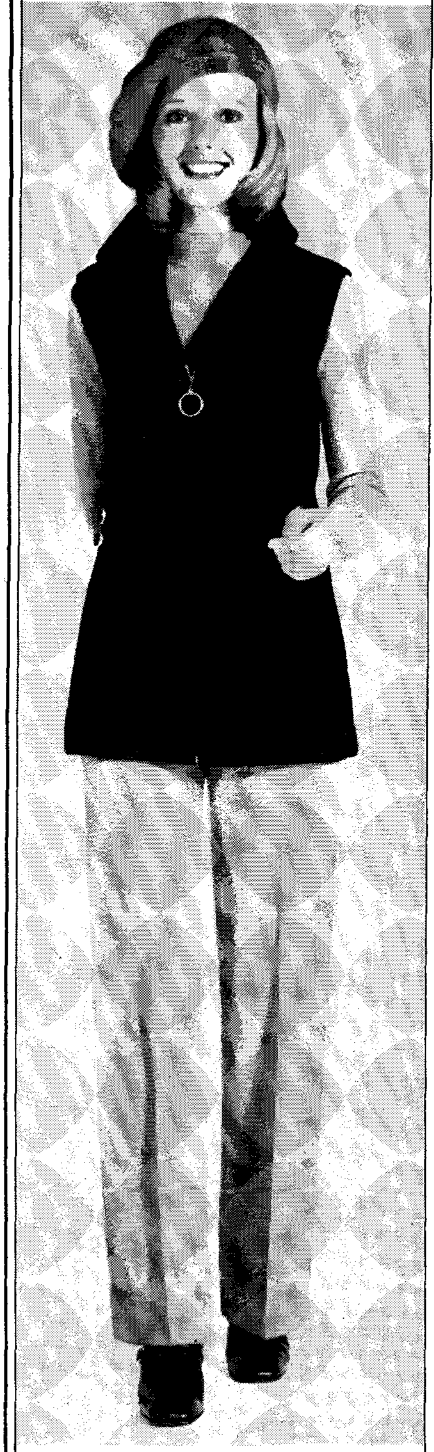

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forced to admit that she was "a lot sicker" than she had thought. Tired, weak, constantly dizzy, she somehow managed to get through the month, and on June 22nd she was admitted to the Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine. Her blood pressure, which had remained within acceptable limits in the first few weeks after the operation, was now up to 180/100 and, instead of stabilizing after her admission to the Institute, it continued to rise. A normal blood-pressure reading is somewhere around 120/70. When Miss Bielski's pressure reached 230/140, she was rushed around the corner to the Medical Center's University Hospital, where she was put on tranquillizers, a diuretic, and a high dosage of an anti-hypertension drug dispensed under the brand name Aldomet. Within a week, her blood pressure was in the 150/100 range—still high but not immediately dangerous—and she was able to return to the Institute, with the notation on her record "Blood pressure under control with Diuril and Aldomet."

THE goal of all science, as Miller sees it, is to account for the greatest number of facts with the fewest possible assumptions, in conformity with what is sometimes referred to as the Law of Parsimony. Philosophers know it as Ockham's razor: "Entities must not be unnecessarily multiplied," or, in layman's language: "Never accept a complicated explanation where a simpler one will do." Learning theory is an attempt to set down in one parsimonious package some of the regularities of behavior that experimental psychologists have observed in their laboratories over the years. Like the laws of physics, the laws of learning can be expressed in either prescriptive or statistical language, and they can be useful in comprehending situations far removed from the original laboratory context. Some of the laws seem to be nothing but elaborate paraphrases of common sense. To anyone who knows what a habit is, for instance, it will hardly come as a revelation that consistently rewarded behavior tends to be repeated. But other laws contradict what everyone "knows" from personal experience. According to learning theory, steady practice in itself will *not* lead to the strengthening of learned behavior. Just the opposite—there is no quicker way to extinguish a learned skill or habit than to practice it steadily in the absence of continued reinforcement. Most behaviorists even lean toward the view that there is no such thing as forgetting in the conventional

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sense. What appears to be the decay of certain memory traces with the passage of time may be an active weeding out, or unlearning, of stimulus-response connections that interfere with connections providing a higher payoff.

Most of the laws of learning were first worked out in carefully controlled experiments with white rats and other laboratory animals and then tested and confirmed with human subjects. The rationale for this procedure can be found in a key hypothesis of experimental psychology. In Miller's words, "all the psychological processes found in other mammals are likely also to be present in man." Some justification for this assumption comes from studies in comparative anatomy indicating that man's vertebrate ancestors built up a bigger and better nervous system through a process of accretion. New neural structures, instead of replacing the old, were literally piled on top of one another, culminating in the twin cerebral hemispheres that cap the human brain stem and spinal cord. As far as brain structure is concerned, rats and men clearly have much in common—up to a point. The most distinctive part of the human brain is the neocortex, the layer of gray cells that covers the surface of the cerebral hemispheres. Man's greatly enlarged cortex is capable of processing far more information and organizing far more complicated tasks than the brain of any other animal, but from the anatomical evidence alone there is no way of knowing how closely the new cortical functions are related to the "old Adam" below. Does man behave like a lower-order mammal in certain ways and like a self-aware rational being in others? Is he literally divided against himself? Or can one coherent set of principles be found to account for the entire spectrum of human behavior, from the most primitive responses to the most advanced—from the reflex sneeze of the newborn infant to the abstract cognition of the poet or the mathematician?

Numerous attempts have been made to bring the same degree of order to the behavioral spectrum that the laws of physics brought to electromagnetism, but none of the proposed theories have won wide acceptance among experimental psychologists. Instead, over the years most researchers have settled for a less parsimonious explanation of the peculiarities of human nature. By postulating one or more radical jumps in the long chain of evolution leading to man, they feel justified in assigning radically different laws to the "lower" and "higher" levels of behavior. Not

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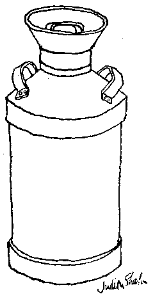
all psychologists divide the spectrum in exactly the same place or for exactly the same reasons. But there is near unanimity about the category of behavior that belongs at the bottom of the scale. In colloquial usage, the phrase "visceral reaction," or "gut reaction," refers to an automatic, unthinking, and therefore irremediably primitive response of the individual to his environment. It would be no exaggeration to say that this usage has been firmly endorsed by the modern life sciences. The great neuroanatomists of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries set out to map the structure of the entire nervous system. They succeeded in laying bare the pathways that make up the so-called somatic nervous system, which provides a direct link between individual skeletal muscles and the higher brain centers. But the neural circuitry serving the internal organs and glands presented a different and more confusing picture. These organs and glands seemed to be linked to the higher brain centers only indirectly, through a series of ganglia, which one early researcher likened to a chain of "little brains." While the anatomical evidence was far from conclusive—considering the technical difficulties of the research involved—it happened to fit in with an already prevalent view that the viscera belonged to a lower, more primitive level of organization. For the moment, it seemed both logical and practical to treat this lower level as a separate entity—a bit of the "old Adam" that had somehow retained its autonomy when the higher brain centers were superimposed on it during a later stage of human evolution.



More recent research has shown that elaborate avenues of communication exist between the somatic network and the autonomic one. Yet modern textbooks continue to draw a sharp distinction between the two, and many psychologists have found it convenient to divide the behavioral spectrum along similar lines. As Miller puts it, a number of traditional beliefs have "coalesced" into an assertion that instrumental learning is possible only with those responses which are under the control of the somatic nervous system. The reasoning behind this assertion is not hard to follow. Every healthy member of every species enters life with a vast repertoire of unlearned stimulus-response connections, which produces what is known as instinctive behavior. No one has to teach a newborn infant to cry, or to suck a nipple, or to close his fingers around an object thrust into his palm. Crying, sucking, and grasping are all innate reflexes—behavioral patterns wired into the nervous system and ready to be triggered into action by appropriate stimuli. Many reflexes—sucking, for one—have been observed in the human fetus. Others appear within the first few weeks after birth. Still others, like those having to do with reproduction, may not become operative until the organism matures. A simple reflex, such as the eye blink that follows a touch on the cornea, may guard the organism against danger from the outside world. Reflexes may also be chained together in elaborate relays and feedback loops to help maintain optimal conditions within the body—the stable internal environment that the physiologist calls "homeostasis" and the layman calls "good health." Yet, no matter how varied the built-in repertoire, innate reflexes are based on stereotyped responses to predictable stimuli. And since the world keeps changing, the organism that is capable of modifying at least some of its behavioral units in the light of its own experience—that is, through instrumental learning—will have a greater chance of survival. Flexibility of this kind is the hallmark of most skeletal behavior. (The rat learns to press a lever with its paw to get a pellet of food; the infant learns to reach out for a teething ring; the racing-car driver learns to control his vehicle with a precision far beyond that attained by the average motorist.) But both science and common sense have long maintained that there is no room for instrumental learning in the blind interplay of visceral reflexes. By and large, homeostasis is maintained by involuntary, unconscious mechanisms, and when outside stimuli do interfere with these mechanisms the glands and internal organs seem to respond only in stereotyped patterns associated with strong emotion or psychosomatic illness: the blush of the shy lover, the intestinal spasm of the terrified soldier, the high blood pressure of the harried executive. It is usually taken for granted that the higher brain centers cannot alter such behavior except by the most indirect means: the frightened soldier can pray for courage or get drunk or remove himself from the battlefield, but he cannot simply turn off an intestinal spasm at will, the way he might raise or lower his arm. It is even possible to argue that a sharp break between the visceral functions and the cerebral control centers is a *necessary* biological development. In contrast to the endless flexibility of skeletal responses, the survival value of emotional behavior becomes apparent only when large numbers of visceral responses fire together—as in the familiar fear-alarm reaction that prepares an organism for a burst of instrumental activity. The release of adrenalin into the bloodstream at such moments is just one part of a general mobilization of bodily resources that is often described as "the flight-or-fight syndrome." According to the traditional argument, while an individual might occasionally find it convenient to exert voluntary control over a specific visceral organ, the frequent exercise of such control could seriously upset the homeostatic balance of the organism and so make it more vulnerable to outside dangers.

Of course, no amount of speculation about evolution could ever prove visceral learning to be impossible. But the arguments against it seemed so persuasive for so long that the great majority of behavioral scientists were effectively discouraged from looking into the matter more deeply.

IN the third week of July, Miss Bielski's personal physician came to visit her at the Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine. In the course of his visit, he told her that even with the drugs she was taking her blood pressure was still too high. He also told her about a new experimental method of teaching people to control their own blood pressure. He said that the scientists who had developed the method happened to be conducting tests on volunteers at University Hospital, and he thought she might be a good candidate for the experiment. As he talked, Miss Bielski realized for the first time that her high blood pressure had probably had something to do with her brain hemorrhage.

Primary hypertension has been described by one authority as "a disease of biological regulation dependent upon a complex mosaic of individual and interacting anatomical, biochemical, and nervous-system mechanisms." Physicians know it as chronic high blood pressure without any clear organic cause. In the normal blood-pressure cycle, which is repeated about seventy-two times a minute, the left ventricle of the heart fills with freshly oxygenated blood from the lungs and then contracts like a bellows, forcing its contents through a narrow opening into

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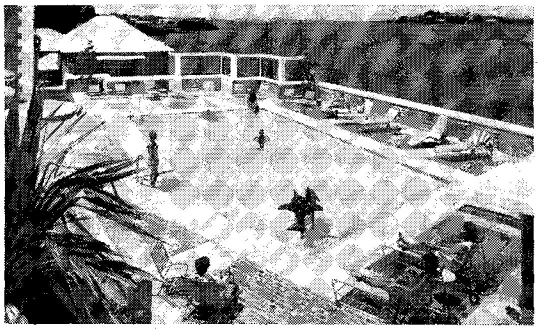

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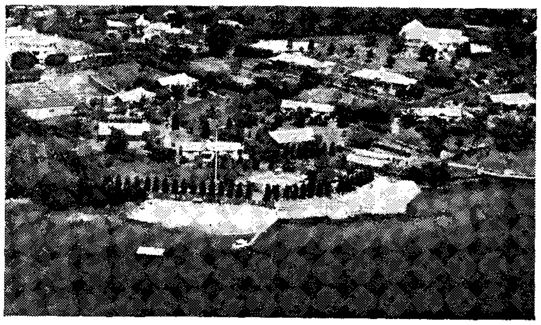

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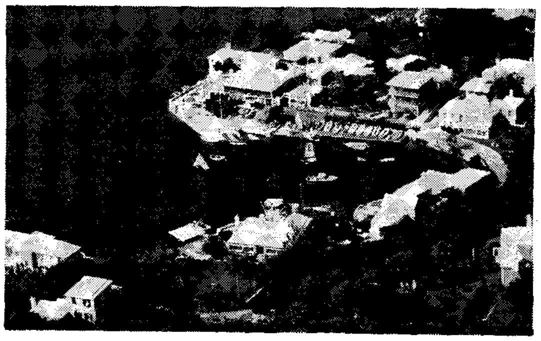

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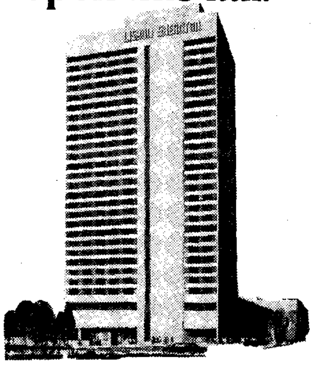

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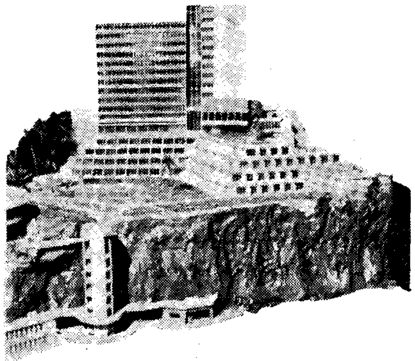

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the aorta. As a result of this contraction, or systole, of the heart, the pressure of the blood against the walls of the arteries quickly reaches a peak, which is sufficient to raise a column of mercury in a glass tube to a height of between a hundred and a hundred and forty millimetres. Less than half a second later, during the relaxation, or diastole, of the heart, the pressure in the arterial system falls to its lowest level; this diastolic pressure normally ranges between sixty and ninety millimetres. When the admitting physician at the Institute of Rehabilitation Medicine wrote "B.P. 180/100" on Miss Bielski's chart, he was recording a systolic pressure of a hundred and eighty millimetres and a diastolic pressure of a hundred. An abnormally high systolic pressure may not be by itself medically significant. The real indicator of danger is the diastolic reading, which in the typical case of hypertension remains above a hundred on repeated examinations. Even with such consistently high pressure, the hypertensive person experiences no physical disability at first; in fact, he may not become aware of his condition for several years unless it is diagnosed during a routine physical checkup or on a visit to the doctor's office for some other complaint. Sooner or later, though, the strain on the cardiovascular system begins to show, with serious complications involving the brain, the heart, the eyes, or the kidneys. Since the exact cause of hypertension is not understood (emotional stress seems to be implicated, but no one knows just how), the standard treatment is strictly symptomatic. There are a number of drugs that are effective in lowering the pressure. But the drugs often have unfortunate side effects, among them fainting, mental depression, changes in the blood count, and allergic reactions such as rashes and fever, and, even apart from these drawbacks, some physicians doubt their long-range efficacy.

In the last week of July, Dr. Miller's research associate Barry Dworkin interviewed Miss Bielski. He came away with the impression that she was an ideal subject for the blood-pressure experiments. She was young, she was strongly motivated to get well, and she was neither too busy nor too sick to participate in frequent and lengthy training sessions. She was also bright, verbal, and coöperative—exactly the kind of person Dworkin felt he could work comfortably with on a day-to-day basis. Miss Bielski, for her part, remembers that Dworkin was "very assertive"—which she liked—and was

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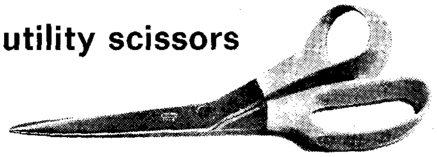

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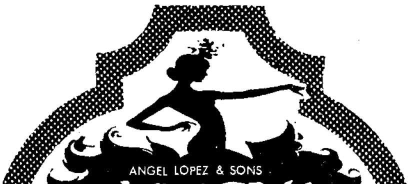

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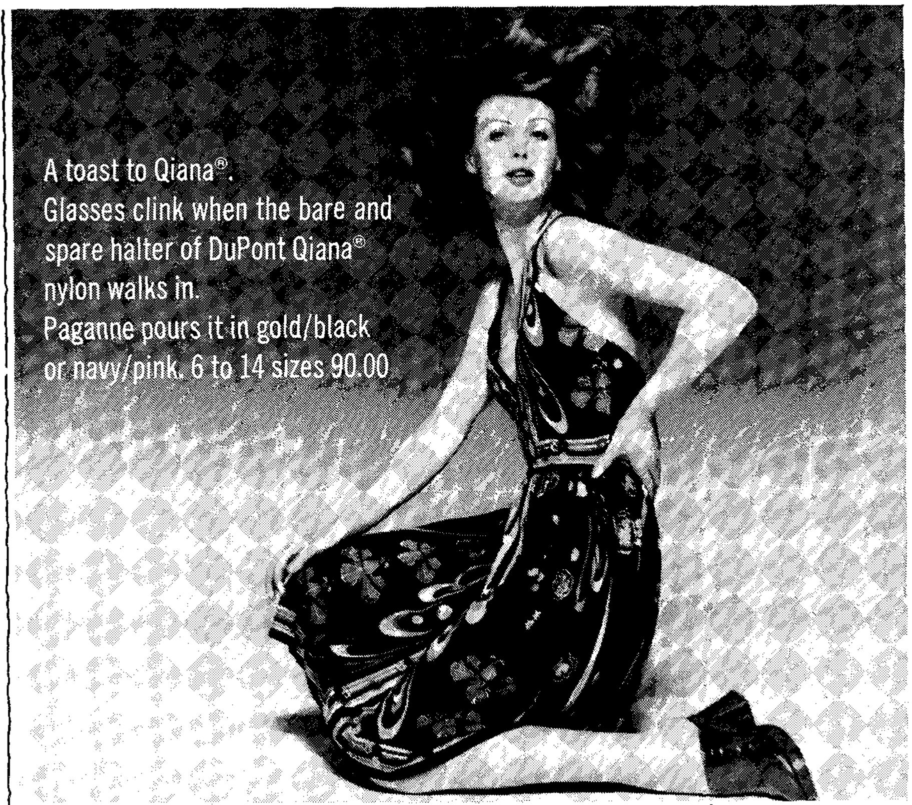
one of the few people she had met in the hospital "who didn't treat all patients as if they had an I.Q. of three."

Both her personal physician and the doctor in charge of her physiotherapy agreed that her participation in the blood-pressure experiment could not do her any harm, and that it probably offered the best hope for lengthening her life. Miss Bielski said later, "I believed them. I had to believe them. There didn't seem to be anything else."

MILLER's long-range program to teach rats and people to control their glands and internal organs was highly unorthodox in many ways, but his experimental strategy was solidly based on conventional learning theory and on the simple biological fact that the body's vital functions are never maintained at a perfectly constant level. Even when the organism is at rest, slight fluctuations occur from moment to moment in the heart rate, the body temperature, the diastolic blood pressure, and so forth. These spontaneous increases and decreases are normally of no significance, since they tend to cancel each other out, leaving a relatively stable baseline. But Miller reasoned that if certain fluctuations could be treated as responses and reinforced appropriately, learning would take place; for instance, if every decrease in diastolic pressure was rewarded, the baseline of the blood-pressure cycle would gradually shift downward as the organism tried to earn more and more rewards.

The key to success in instrumental training is knowing exactly when to reinforce and—equally important—when not to, and making this split-second decision can be difficult even with the more accessible skeletal responses. With a deeply buried visceral function like blood pressure, the technical problems proved to be of another order of magnitude entirely. To begin with, the monitoring system had to be absolutely safe and virtually painless, and it had to provide absolutely reliable feedback within a fraction of a second, because a reward delivered after even the slightest upward movement in diastolic pressure would act as a reward for increasing pressure, and a few such contradictory lessons could undermine the entire training program. Since the only known method of measuring blood pressure on a moment-to-moment basis involved the rather drastic means of placing a needle into an artery, Dworkin had to design and build a completely new system, working in collaboration with Miller and with Dr.



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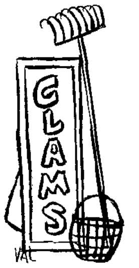
Saran Jonas, an associate professor of clinical neurology at the New York University School of Medicine. The basic components included an inflatable pressure cuff; a servo-pump (to keep the cuff at the proper pressure); an oscilloscope and a polygraph machine (for recording all the data); and a panel of programming circuits, to regulate the rest of the apparatus. The first series of tests was conducted at the Rockefeller University, using both healthy volunteers and people with mild hypertension. The results were so encouraging that the researchers decided to shift their base of operations to University Hospital, where, it was assumed, a pool of suitable hypertensive subjects would be available.



A typical training session lasted about an hour. The subject lay face up on a cot in a quiet, darkened room with the inflatable pressure cuff wrapped around his arm at the biceps, where the brachial artery—the major artery in the upper arm—runs close to the skin. Instead of a physician's stethoscope, a small microphone had been placed inside the cuff to pick up the sounds of blood pulsing through the partly constricted artery. Any physician could have translated these sounds into an approximate blood-pressure reading, but Dworkin's machine tracked the subject's diastolic pressure on a heartbeat-to-heartbeat basis—something that no physician could conceivably do. In addition, the machine monitored other vital functions, like heart rate and respiration, through several small electrodes taped to different parts of the body; the signals from these electrodes were fed into separate channels of the polygraph, and a permanent record of the subject's internal behavior was traced in black ink on a roll of graph paper directly in front of the operator of the machine (but out of sight of the subject himself).

The basic strategy was to reward the subject whenever his diastolic pressure dropped to a level that had been arbitrarily selected as a criterion of therapeutic progress. The reward was nothing but an electronic tone that came on automatically to inform the subject that he was making the correct response. (To a sick person who desperately wants to get well, any indication of improvement, however small or transitory, should be an effective reinforcement.) Although each subject was told in advance that he was going to learn to lower his blood pressure, his only specific instructions at the start of the session were "Lie still, relax, and try to keep the tone on." The difficulty of this assignment depended entirely on the setting of the criterion. For example, the initial criterion might be set just below the subject's current baseline, so that a spontaneous drop of a millimetre or two would trigger a reinforcing tone. If the subject stayed below that setting for a while, the operator simply turned a knob to lower the criterion by four or five millimetres—which automatically shut off the tone until the subject's pressure fell to the new setting. While "chasing the tone" in this way, a few subjects managed to reduce their diastolic pressure by as much as fifteen millimetres in an hour. Since the heart rate remained unchanged, it looked as if the subjects had actually learned to control the reflex mechanisms responsible for dilating the miles and miles of blood vessels in the circulatory system.

The subjects themselves found it hard to accept the fact that anything so important could be accomplished without the direction, or even the knowledge, of their conscious minds. Perhaps because breathing is an internal function that can be controlled voluntarily, most of the subjects started adjusting their respiratory rate in order to improve their performance. Slow, deep, evenly spaced breathing seemed to be the most popular maneuver, but the polygraph record indicated that this had no more than a transitory effect on blood pressure. The subjects also tried to control their pressure through mental discipline of one kind or another. A few made an effort to think only calm, pleasant thoughts; others concentrated on listening to the tone and nothing else; still others tried to empty their minds of all thoughts and sensations, so that their bodies could take over. No one could say for sure whether such efforts had any influence on the learning process. One thing soon became clear, however: The dramatic reductions in blood pressure achieved in the early sessions were disappointingly short-lived, and it was impossible to prove that the gradually declining baselines exhibited by some of the patients were not simply due to a "placebo effect"—a lessening of physical and mental tensions brought about by exposure to the experimental situation itself. The typical hypertensive subject whose diastolic reading dropped from a hundred and thirty millimetres to a hundred and fifteen in a single hour on the cot would return a day or two later for his next session with a reading of a hundred and thirty, and he would repeat this sequence day after day without any lasting benefit. It was as if he had to relearn the lesson from scratch each time. Conceivably, the trouble lay in the fact that the subject's newly acquired control of his blood pressure was totally dependent on the feedback provided by the tone; as soon as the subject was unhooked from the machine, all possibility of selective reinforcement ceased. But since the upward and downward fluctuations in his diastolic pressure did not cease, this meant that he was performing the correct response thousands of times a day without further reinforcement. The outcome was quite predictable, according to learning theory. The subject's control was bound to keep fading (or "extinguishing," as the behaviorists say) unless some way could be found to monitor his blood pressure and provide suitable rewards *between* sessions. Since a portable version of Dworkin's cumbersome machine would not be feasible for a long time, one logical alternative was to try to teach the subjects to become more aware of increases and decreases on their own. With this additional skill, they might be able to cue themselves into a therapeutic response whenever their control started to fade, and reward themselves with the awareness of a job well done when their pressure returned to normal.

ON August 4th, when Miss Bielski was wheeled through the corridors of University Hospital to her first lesson in blood-pressure control, she was still receiving large doses of antihypertensive medication. During July, her blood pressure had been read three times a day by nurses on her ward; her mean diastolic reading for the month was ninety-seven, with occasional excursions as high as a hundred and thirty. The initial training procedure that Dworkin and Miller had worked out for her was slightly different from the approach they had used in the earlier clinical tests. Instead of a continuous tone, Miss Bielski heard only a single "beep" whenever she passed a criterion. To get further reinforcement, she had to improve her performance. Sometimes, instead of asking her to lower her pressure, Dworkin would instruct her to increase it, or to hold it steady, or to make it go up and down like a yo-yo. Whenever she responded correctly to these instructions, she received an immediate beep of approv-

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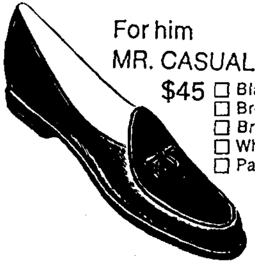

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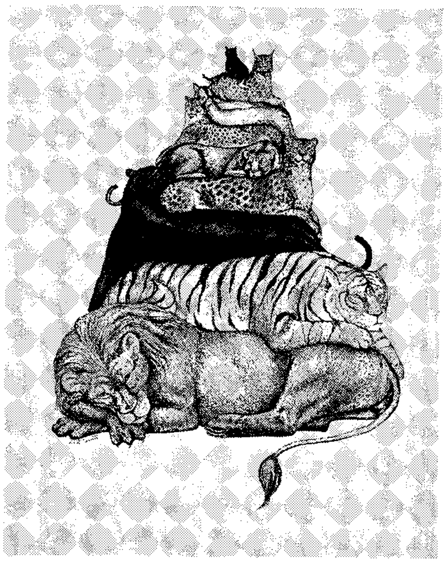
al. And in between beeps Dworkin tried to keep talking to her, informing her when her pressure was approaching a criterion, when she was slipping back a bit, when she was doing particularly well, when her responses seemed unusually sluggish. The idea behind the altered training procedure was not only to establish a control for a placebo effect but also to supply her with more detailed feedback about her cardiovascular responses and encourage her to pay more attention to what was actually happening inside her body.

After two weeks of intensive training, a general declining trend in diastolic pressure was observed. By the middle of September, Miss Bielski's pressure was down as low as seventy. The researchers were elated. But since the patient was still taking Aldomet and Diuril, it was difficult to say how much of the decrease was due to the cumulative effect of the drugs and how much to the training. On September 15th, at the request of the researchers and with the approval of her physician, the Aldomet was withdrawn. The next day, Miss Bielski's pressure began to climb. By September 20th, her diastolic was up to ninety-two, and the doctors had begun to talk about putting her back on Aldomet. But during the next day's session her pressure fell again, to eighty-seven; the day after that it was down to seventy-seven. Apparently, it had taken Miss Bielski a few days to learn to compensate for the extra load when the medication was suddenly withdrawn. Now she appeared to be in control again.

A more severe test lay just ahead. Even without medication, some hypertensive patients show a spontaneous improvement in a hospital environment, only to have their pressure shoot up as soon as they return home. Miss Bielski had rented a new apartment in a large elevator building directly across the street from University Hospital; she intended to live alone there and commute daily by wheelchair to her training-and-therapy sessions in the Medical Center. On Friday, September 25th, she made the move. Over the weekend, she was aware of great anxiety in trying to cope with the outside world. Aside from the challenge of getting her apartment in shape, she had to get used to the everyday problems of bathing and dressing and feeding herself, and of having no one available at a moment's notice in case she needed help. On Monday, her diastolic pressure had risen to ninety. The research team prepared for the worst. But the next day her diastolic



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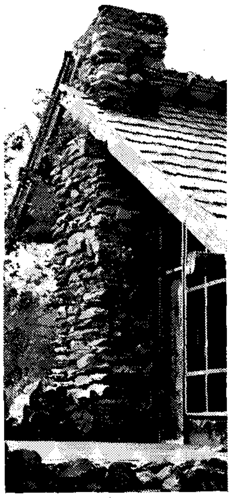

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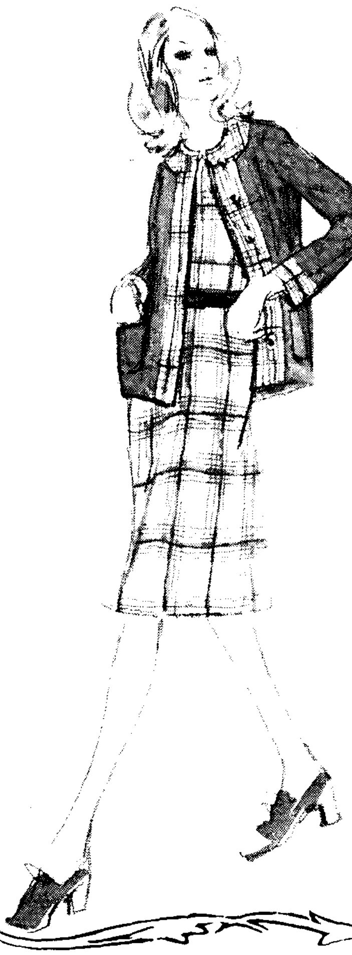
reading dropped to seventy-nine, and over the next two weeks, while she was getting accustomed to the stresses and strains of her new life, her diastolic level remained in the high seventies and low eighties. Miss Bielski and her instructors breathed a little easier.

MILLER is one of a handful of experimental psychologists who have argued consistently (his colleagues might even say stubbornly) for what is known as a "global" view of man. He has always proceeded on the assumption that human behavior is all of a piece; that all responses to the environment, whether on a visceral or skeletal or cognitive level, are governed by the same basic laws—the laws of instrumental learning—and that the key to this unity is the continuous, multilevelled integrative function performed by the human brain, which he once referred to, in an uncharacteristic burst of rhetoric, as the "greatest miracle in the universe."

"We no longer view the brain as merely an enormously complicated telephone switchboard, which is passive unless excited from without," Miller said on another occasion (his installation as president of the American Psychological Association for the 1960-61 term). "The brain is a device for sorting, processing, and analyzing information. The brain contains sense organs which respond to states of the internal environment, such as osmotic pressure, temperature, and many others. The brain is a gland which secretes chemical messengers, and it also responds to such messengers, as well as to various types of feedback, both central and peripheral. A combination of behavioral and physiological techniques is increasing our understanding of these processes and their significance for psychology."

A decade later, in a progress report on visceral learning published in the issue of *Science* for January 31, 1969, Miller took to task the legions of behavioral scientists who, without seriously investigating the matter, had simply assumed that instrumental learning on the visceral level was impossible. Looking over the evidence usually cited in support of this view, he could find nothing but "two incompletely reported exploratory experiments and a vague allusion to the Russian literature," and he concluded, "It is only against a cultural background of great prejudice that such weak evidence could lead to such a strong conviction." In Western culture, he wrote, the prejudice goes back at least as far as Plato's "invidious dichotomy" between



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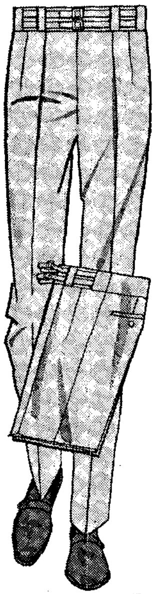

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the higher, rational soul in the head and the lower, appetitive souls in the body. "Since ancient times, reason and the voluntary responses of the skeletal muscles have been considered to be superior, while emotions and the presumably involuntary glandular and visceral responses have been considered to be inferior."

Scientists are obviously not immune to general cultural prejudices. But their experience in framing, testing, and, if necessary, discarding hypotheses makes it easier for them to accept the possibility that long-unchallenged habits of thought might be wrong. And, because of the great influence of science on contemporary thought, the laboratory demonstration of visceral learning can be expected to produce intellectual tremors far beyond its immediate range of application. On one level, the visceral-learning experiments directly challenge the assumptions that lie behind Western man's profound alienation from his own body. On another level, the work of Miller and other researchers in this field opens the door for a fresh look at some of the so-called higher mental processes, like consciousness and volition, which have up to now resisted a satisfactory behavioral formulation.

THE high point of Miss Bielski's blood-pressure training came during a session one day in the middle of October:

10 A.M.: Miss Bielski arrives and is hooked up to the machine.

10:15: Her pressure is tracked for one minute to get a reliable baseline reading. Mean diastolic pressure during that minute is 76.

10:20: First trial. The training cuff around her left arm is inflated. Dworkin tells her to try to increase pressure. One minute later, her pressure has risen to 94. Dworkin says, "Fine," and the cuff is deflated.

10:25: After a brief rest, the cuff is reinflated. "Let's try to decrease now," Dworkin says. One minute later, her pressure is down to 72. "Very good," Dworkin says. "Now hold it there." One minute later, her pressure is 73. The cuff is deflated.

10:30: Second trial. Instructions to decrease. After two minutes, her pressure is 74. The cuff is deflated.

10:40: Third trial. Instructions to decrease. After one minute, pressure is down to 66. After two minutes, pressure stands at 65. "Excellent," Dworkin says. The cuff is deflated.

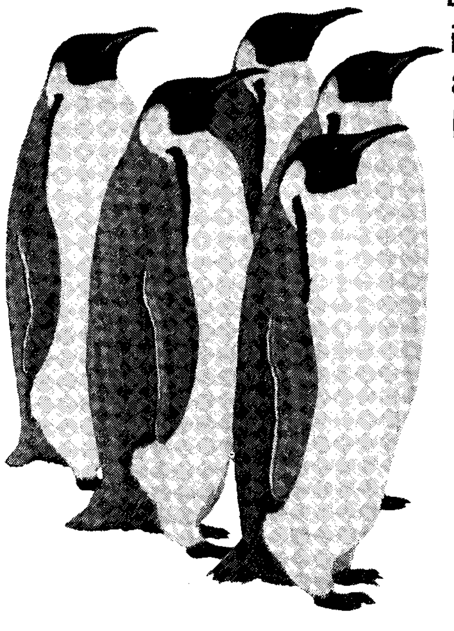
Net change during session: 29 millimetres (ranging from a high of 94 to a low of 65).

CONVENTIONAL English usage tells us that our behavior is "voluntary" when we are doing what we want to do and "conscious" when we are fully aware of what we are doing. A moment's introspection, together with some minimal knowledge of physiology, however, reveals that nothing we do ever comes close to meeting these criteria. The behavior we call voluntary and conscious actually depends on a substratum of reflex actions, most of which—like the barrage of neural signals to and from the brain, the simultaneous flexing and relaxing of dozens of muscles, the intricate metabolic adjustments—occur without causing the slightest subjectively perceived sensation. This is not to say that there are no objective differences between the peristaltic contractions of a newborn baby's intestines and the exquisitely orchestrated finger movements of a neurosurgeon at work. But Miller argues that our efforts to comprehend these differences have been hampered by an uncritical acceptance of "folklore" categories like conscious/unconscious and voluntary/involuntary. "Just because we have certain word pairs in our language doesn't mean that they necessarily represent the best way to slice reality," he has said. "We may be dealing with what I call Monday-Tuesday-Wednesday definitions. If you define all the different things that happen on those days as Monday-things, Tuesday-things, and Wednesday-things, your definitions will be accurate as far as they go, but they won't help you much in understanding the events themselves." For Miller, the discovery of visceral learning—which cuts across all the existing categories—only emphasizes the confusion inherent in our traditional view of the higher mental processes. "Suppose I were to tell you that I'd achieved complete voluntary control of my ear-wiggling response," he says. "How would you go about verifying this statement? You'd probably begin by asking me to wiggle both ears, then just the right ear, then just the left. The acid test would be whether or not I could follow your instructions to the letter." In conventional terminology, with its subjective bias, the paradox is inescapable: To prove that his behavior is voluntary, a person must be able to respond on cue as if he had no free will at all. However, the confusion disappears if such responses are defined *operationally*.

From an objective point of view, voluntary behavior is simply behavior that has been brought under the control of a special kind of stimulus—a stimulus with symbolic content, which is usually, but not necessarily, a verbal cue. As Miller puts it, "when we set out to make blood pressure voluntary, our task is done if we can arrange it so that whenever we say 'Decrease' the subject's pressure goes down, and whenever we say 'Increase' the subject's pressure goes up." By the same logic, blood-pressure control can be defined as "conscious" if the subject, in responding to instructions, can accurately report the changes that are occurring inside his body, and guide his subsequent responses accordingly.

The whole purpose of an operational definition is to pin down an elusive, hard-to-measure variable in terms of a more accessible phenomenon. Weather conditions, for example, are usually defined in terms of the behavior of certain instruments—thermometer, barometer, hygrometer. Although these instruments hardly provide an exhaustive description of the weather, they do give a sufficiently detailed picture for most purposes. To the layman's eye, however, Miller's operational definition of "conscious control" seems to ignore precisely that detail which most people consider to be the essence of human consciousness. Our personal experience, supported by a cultural heritage of several millennia, assures us that somewhere inside the person seen by others there is an invisible core of being—a purely private self that observes, if it cannot always control, our public actions, and is ultimately free of all controls imposed on the organism from outside. Whether it makes any sense or not, that is what it *feels* like to be conscious, and any definition of "conscious control" that fails to mention such a feeling is like a weather report that fails to mention whether it is raining or sunny.

Miller concedes that there is almost certainly more to human consciousness than the ability to respond to and manipulate symbolic cues: "I'm not sure how to describe it, but there seems to be some kind of multi-sensory, total-field experience that helps us organize our most complex and flexible behavior." Yet this is still a far cry from the notion of an autonomous individual inside the behaving organism—a notion that Miller, as a behaviorist, cannot accept. In fact, he argues that the conscious control of behavior is itself a product of the gradual socialization of the human infant through instrumen-



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tal conditioning. As a working hypothesis, Miller has assumed that the superiority of man's mental powers over those of his animal forebears can be explained without postulating any radically new behavioral principles. In his view, the really significant factors are man's innate ability to use symbolic cues and the possession of a much greater information-processing capacity. While the laws governing reinforcement presumably remain the same from rat to man, the superior resources available in the human nervous system make possible an incomparably greater flexibility in reinforcement schedules. This means, among other things, that a response can now be modified *before* it occurs through anticipated rewards and punishments. Miller points out that since symbols are created and transmitted by men in society, symbolic control of a response actually implies a kind of social control. At the same time, the use of symbolic cues places a premium on the ability of the organism to become conscious of its own responses. As Miller notes, there are only two visceral functions that are routinely subjected to socially determined schedules of reinforcement—urination and defecation—and these are the only visceral functions that are routinely brought under voluntary and conscious control. "The analysis may be somewhat oversimplified," Miller says, "but perhaps we can say that the average person does not have any specificity of feelings from the viscera because he hasn't learned the right labels for them, and perhaps he doesn't have the right labels because most visceral functions are not normally observed by other people, and so are not normally brought under social control. In other words, it may be that we are not conscious of these sensations *only* because we have not been trained to label them."

DURING the ten-week period in which Miss Bielski achieved the greatest control of her blood pressure, she wrote down some of her impressions about the learning process in the form of an essay. "I was determined to succeed," she reported. "I felt that this was the only part of my treatment that I could do anything about at all, and I am a habitual overachiever. At first, it seemed that lowering my pressure was only a simple muscular trick. I thought it was a matter of relaxing my stomach, my chest, my breathing, but none of these worked all the time. I found I could drop my pressure quickly by fooling with my muscles,

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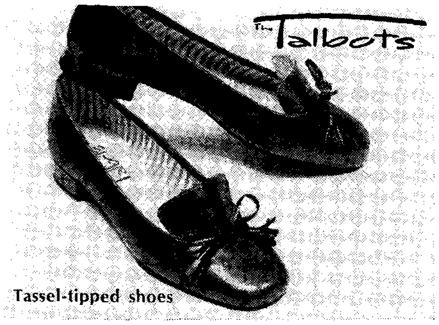

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but I could only sustain the drop if I 'relaxed' my mind. It all seemed to depend on clearing my mind of all stressful thoughts. It's almost the yoga thing, almost self-hypnosis. Usually, when I'm on the cot, I try to think of my brain as a lake inside my head. Once, I tried to think about lying on the beach, but that was too stimulating. Making the pressure go up is a lot easier than lowering it. The best way to get it up is to take a big breath and think angry thoughts—I may remember some real jackass I knew in the past, and get mad all over again at his stupidity. But any kind of mental effort, even adding a lot of big numbers, seems to have a similar effect.

"One thing I've noticed in trying to keep my pressure down is that it's no good trying to think *phony* comforting thoughts. I mean, if I start getting tense about having to cross First Avenue in my wheelchair with all that heavy traffic and a short green light, I can't just tell myself, 'Oh, First Avenue is really a cinch,' because it isn't, and I *know* it isn't. But what I can do is remind myself that I can get plenty of help to cross the street if I need it, and this usually works, because it's comforting and also *true*.

"If I pay very close attention, I think I can tell when my pressure is up or down, but I can't always hold it there smoothly. What I mean is, when I'm trying to lower it, I know sometimes it goes up and I can detect the change, but my lowering maneuver takes several seconds to work. I'm not sure why this happens. There seems to be some sort of vibration inside my head when my pressure is high. One day just before I left the hospital, I was conscious of the blood rushing through my arteries. I could tell my pressure was high and it frightened me a little, so I called for a nurse. She took it, and it was a hundred and twelve, which was way above normal for me at that time. So I tried to lower it with the techniques I'd learned, and then I asked her to take it again, and it was down to ninety.

"I always depend very heavily on Barry Dworkin's encouragement and on his personality. I think he could be an Olympic coach. He not only seems aware of my general condition but he is never satisfied with less than my best, and I can't fool him. I feel we are friends and allies—it's really as though *we* were lowering my pressure."

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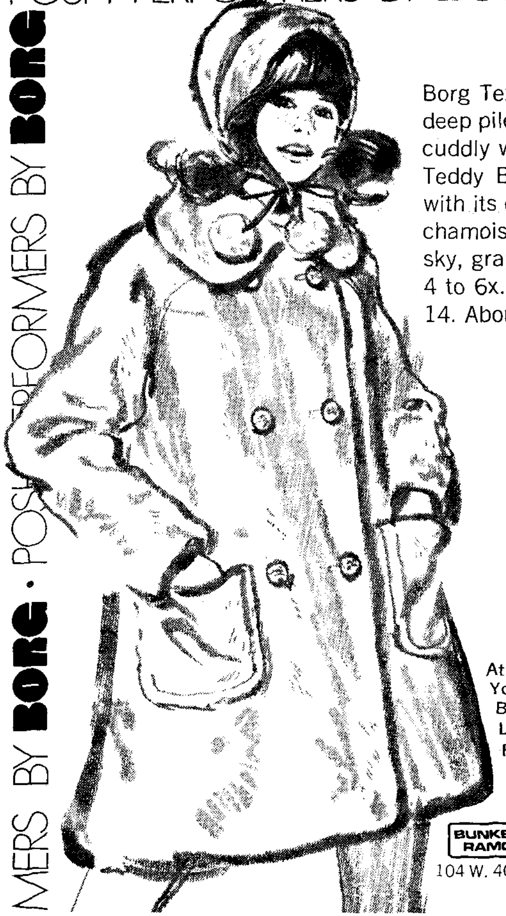

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did not exist, Miller now tends to be wary of the current public interest in visceral learning and in other medical applications of what has recently been called "biofeedback training." The danger he anticipates is that, as he said recently, "overoptimistic publicity will arouse impossible hopes for quick miracle cures, which will, in turn, lead to premature disillusionment with the whole approach." Characteristically, he counsels long-range optimism combined with extreme caution about the immediate future. And he offers in evidence the continuing case history of Robin Bielski.

The facts are briefly stated: After achieving what appeared to be a remarkable degree of voluntary, and even conscious, control over her blood pressure, Miss Bielski suffered a severe setback. A number of personal experiences brought home to her—apparently for the first time—the true extent of her physical handicaps, and forced her to realize just how difficult it was going to be to resume what she considered a normal life in the city. On top of this discovery, she was told that she would have to undergo a delicate operation to correct a squint in her left eye. Miss Bielski's reaction was predictable: her blood pressure started to rise. At this critical point, her entire rehabilitation and training program was interrupted for two weeks while she and a friend went on a Caribbean cruise that she had been looking forward to for some time. Her doctors had decided that the change would be good for her morale, but to be on the safe side they prescribed a supply of Diuril and Aldomet for the trip. When she returned, her diastolic pressure was in the 90-to-100 range. She has been taking antihypertensive medication ever since, and her response to further visceral training—conducted not by Dworkin but by a colleague whom he taught to use the apparatus—has been poor.

Clearly, visceral training has had little or no lasting therapeutic effect in Miss Bielski's case. But what is not yet clear, Miller says, is whether she has lost *all* voluntary control of her blood pressure or whether her control was simply not strong enough to overcome the effects of the constant stress she has been subjected to in recent months. (The fact that a man collapses under the burden of a five-hundred-pound weight does not prove that he cannot lift a two-hundred-pound weight.) Of course, there is a third possibility—that Miss Bielski never really achieved any voluntary control at all. Miller concedes that there is no way to prove that the general declining trend in the subject's pressure over the course of her training was not merely a placebo effect, "based on the hope of cure that was held out to her, plus the impressiveness of the apparatus and her personal relationship with the experimenter." But he goes on to say that he cannot imagine how such factors could ever account for the subject's "uncanny ability to make her pressure go either up or down on command," and he and Dworkin hope to teach her to regain this control, in a new series of experiments starting in September.

It remains to be seen whether any other subjects can be taught to raise or lower their pressure with the degree of success that Miss Bielski once achieved. For the moment, Miller hesitates to draw any firm conclusions from one possibly atypical case. "The whole business is much more complicated than that," he says. "For instance, even if our theory is perfectly correct we might still run into a situation where a patient is getting some specific benefit from a particular symptom and does not *want* to give it up. We're settling down now to the long and difficult task of determining exactly what the important variables are, and trying out new techniques—one by one—to overcome the obstacles we have already encountered."

Miller is by no means alone in this search. A team of researchers at the Harvard Medical School—who independently developed a training system similar to Miller's and Dworkin's—has reported some success in conditioning both systolic and diastolic blood pressure in human subjects. Other scientists have announced encouraging results in training people to control migraine headaches, epileptic seizures, and certain kinds of irregular heartbeats. Yet new complications keep arising. At the moment, Miller and his associates are trying to replicate their earlier successes in training white rats to control heart rate and other internal functions. Although some of these experiments were replicated in at least two other laboratories several years ago, the training techniques that worked then seem to be yielding little or no learning today. And no one knows just what is wrong.

When a research project reaches this frustrating stage, even as single-minded a scientist as Miller may feel the need for a little positive feedback to reassure him that he is still on the right track. The informal experiment in ear-wiggling has served this purpose. After nearly a year of intermittent practice, Miller has satisfied his own criterion of success: he has learned to wiggle his right ear at will. In keeping with his standard operating procedure, he experimented with a number of different approaches to the problem. One approach called for him to focus his attention on the sensations on both sides of his face while he wiggled his ears, and then to try to imagine these sensations' occurring on the right side only. He also tried to imagine the left side of his face as cold or numb, so that the ear on that side would be unable to wiggle. Miller was not very surprised when neither of these techniques worked for him. Nor did he expect to have much success simply willing a specific response into existence. His lifelong study of the learning process had convinced him that the only way to build a new physical habit was to take an already existing neural connection between brain and muscle and bring it under specific stimulus control through differential reinforcement. "I may have been prejudiced because it fitted in so well with my theory, but I found that the best technique was to stand in front of the mirror, where I could see what was happening, and then try to shape the response one small step at a time," Miller told me recently. "I'd start by trying to produce the most minute independent movement with my right ear. Then I'd try to increase it a little bit each day. If my left ear started to move at any time, I'd drop back until I was sure that only the right one was moving. Then I'd start increasing the movement again, little by little. Eventually . . ." Miller paused, and his face took on a look of intense concentration. His right ear began to twitch against the side of his head. His left ear seemed perfectly motionless. After about thirty seconds, he relaxed and broke into a wide grin. It was obvious that in this small matter, as in all scientific endeavors, success was its own reward.

—GERALD JONAS

(This is the first of two articles on Dr. Miller.)

•

Rinfret warned against taking McGovern's candidacy lightly. In Wall Street, the senator is given little chance of detesting President Nixon.—*Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.*

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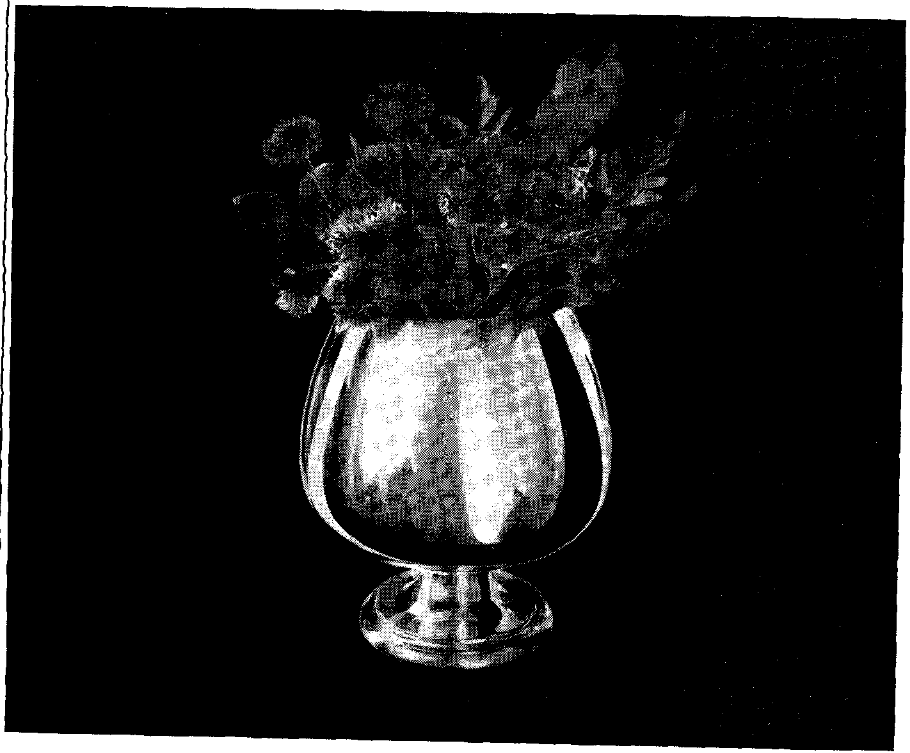

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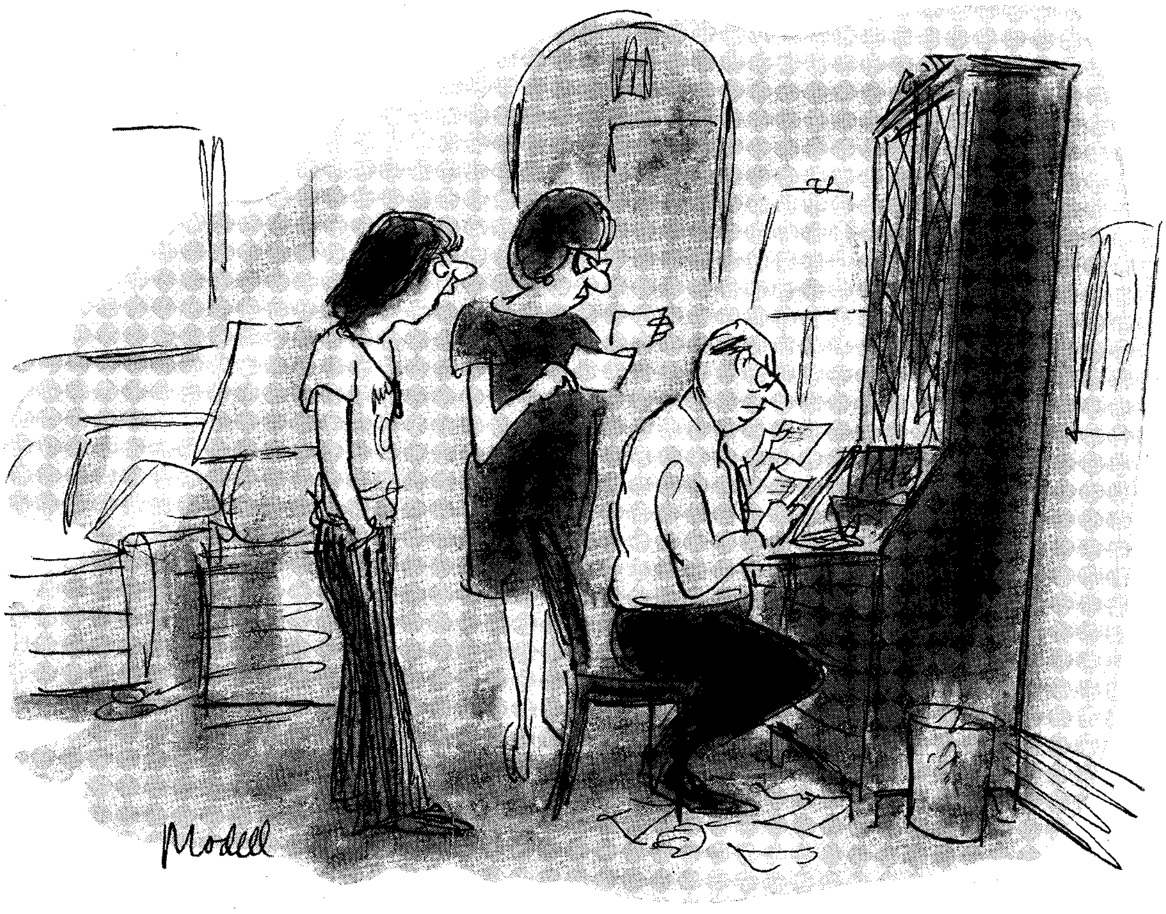
THE CURRENT CINEMA

"Meanwhile, Back at the Uterus"

THE above headline is taken from Dr. David Reuben's book "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex but Were Afraid to Ask," a waggish tome now turned into a cockeyed and sometimes insanely funny film of the same name, written and directed by Woody Allen. There are moments when you think he must have also written the original book, as a send-up of all the chatty medical textbooks that manage to make something quite simple loom with complications by dragging in homely metaphors, in the manner of those treatises on economics that muddle you by representing the national income as a pie. The best sketch in the movie—the last—exactly catches the surreal jauntiness of the book. It is called "What Happens During Ejaculation?"—a question dreamed up by Dr. Reuben that you never thought of asking. In it, Woody Allen fastens on the Doctor's fondness for technological jargon derived from Cape Kennedy. The answers in the book are full of words and phrases like "Central Control," "blowing a fuse," "fail-safe design," "cylinder," "crankshaft," "another reproductive rocket ready for launching." The temptation to Mr. Allen was obviously irresistible. In this closing sketch, his cheerfully diseased mind shows us a brain designed like the war room in Kubrick's "Dr. Strangelove." We are in a quite unerotic world in which mechanisms that seem to us to operate in a perfectly gentle way are shown and described as if in a live TV program about a moon shot, copying the style of Dr. Reuben's best-seller, which includes the magical sentence "When the ratio of FSH to LH reaches the critical point, a rapid countdown begins, and the ovum is hurled into the abdominal cavity." Everything in this book is always being hurled. Dr. Reuben has written the first work truly combining sex and violence. Maybe that's why it has become a best-seller.

Allen's closing sketch seizes with beady-eyed lucidity on the good Doctor's mechanistic view of sex and makes it as lunatically anti-sensual as it is in the book. ("Copulation is not fly-casting or kicking a football," writes Dr. Reuben sternly somewhere, changing the impressions he has been busy giving us.) In the splendiferously solemn sketch Allen bases on this question of ejaculation, the war-room brain is a madhouse of computer data and interdepartmental grumbling. Everyone is answerable to Central Control; different departments responsible for eyes and ears and innards are perpetually blaming things on one another. Events proceed on an immensely magnified and hefty scale. Stomach Control reports that his staff "did very well with the fettuccine" (which we see being heaved around the floor of some melancholy lower quarters in shovelfuls by groaning workmen), but that two men were injured by the veal scaloppine. The effort being serviced is the seduction of a girl in a car. The endeavor is Herculean. A tongue is rolled out: it looks like a hundred yards of deep-pile carpet. Atrocious interdepartmental mistakes arise. Subject should have been blowing into the girl's *ear*, comes the message from ratty Central Control, not into her *nose*. Far below, men in hardhats with their shirts off sweat to get the crucial organs going. They make it clear that theirs is the donkeywork, shoving heavy winches around and bawling rather despondent sea chanteys. "Heave-ho!" is not the most lyric accompaniment to the tentative efforts in the car. You feel that the hardhats are about to put in a wage claim, and that the physical process of sex must be contributing to the economic spiral, as well as to the psychological problems of millions of sperm. The sperm in this sketch are hardworking but nervous parachutists dressed in what look like rabbity versions of wartime siren suits, as if they were a lot of skinny Winston Churchills visiting the site of a blitz. They have helmets to keep their ears warm, and tadpole tails that the parachutists at the back keep treading on. Woody Allen plays a sperm who seems to be having a crackup about the idea of lunging into space.

The film opens with "Let's Misbehave" on the sound track and a



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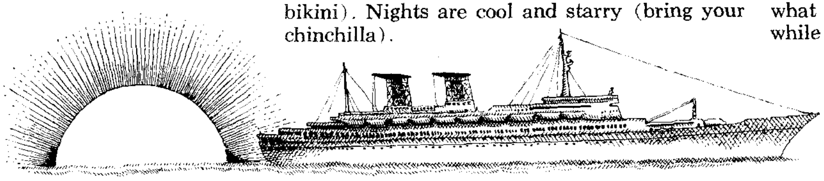

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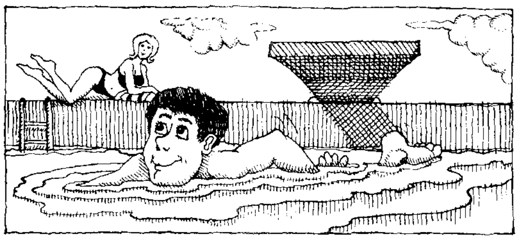

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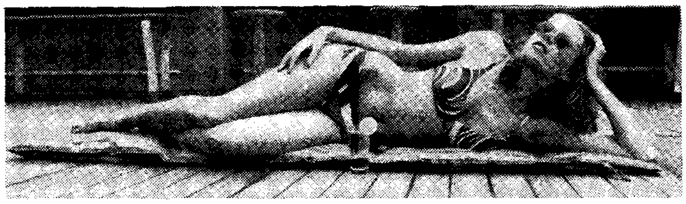

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☐ Oct. 13	Raffaello	Algeciras, Naples, Cannes, Genoa.
☐ Oct. 22	Michelangelo	Algeciras, Naples, Cannes, Genoa.
☐ Nov. 8	Cristoforo Colombo	Lisbon, Malaga, Naples, Palermo, Messina, Piraeus, Venice, Trieste.
☐ Nov. 14	Raffaello	Algeciras, Naples, Cannes, Genoa.
☐ Dec. 2	Michelangelo	Algeciras, Naples, Cannes, Genoa.
☐ Dec. 10	Cristoforo Colombo	Boston, Lisbon, Malaga, Naples, Palermo, Messina, Piraeus, Venice, Trieste.
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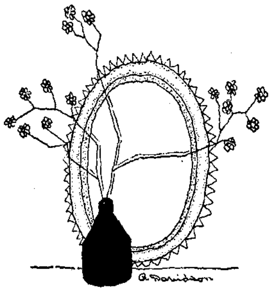
sort of soft background counterpane of pink-nosed white rabbits behind the credits. The first sketch is called, in Dr. Reuben's sober style, "Do Aphrodisiacs Work?" Anthony Quayle plays a testy Tudor King who keeps his wife in a softly contoured iron chastity belt. Lynn Redgrave, looking beautiful in it as his padlocked Queen, talks very rapid Elizabethan gobbledygook to the court. Woody Allen, wearing a jester's velvet suit that seems too big for him, plays a woebegone Fool silently despairing about his own wisecracks and carrying a desolate-looking puppet in matching velvet. The King is an athletic despot who charges irritably around the royal corridors and is said to be the only man in the palace who swims the moat lengthwise. His suspicions about the Queen's ardor are perfectly just. Aphrodisiacs do indeed work. She nearly swoons when she is given some orange juice that the Fool has laced with an erotic ingredient handed out in the dungeon kitchen by a knowing sorcerer. "It goes down bubbliest," the Queen chatters gaily, quaffing the fizzing goblet. (The sketch has some fine parodies of the style of Shakespearean prose as spoken by elocutionary actors trying to make unspeakable words sound vernacular.) Running at the chastity belt with a candlestick and calling for a halberd—he has to do *something* fast, because the Renaissance will be here before he knows it, and they'll all be painting—Woody Allen mostly makes the old gag work because of his doggedness of purpose. There are moments when his frozen face looks like a Jewish Buster Keaton's, though less august and more hounded.



"What Is Sodomy?" is a love story of delicate charm about a Jackson Heights doctor (Gene Wilder) and a sheep belonging to an Armenian shepherd patient. I have always thought that Gene Wilder was a wonderful actor; the shy dawn of love in his face as he looks at the sheep (called Daisy, which must be a rare name among Armenian flocks) should be recorded for improvisation classes all over the world. The hell with the Actors Studio. Imagining you're a lamppost or a mailbox is as easy as falling off a log; try convincing an audience you're smitten by a rather large-headed and brainy-looking sheep. Daisy has a happy resemblance to Voltaire. "Let's be gentle with each other," says the doctor after taking a hotel room for Daisy and himself at a politely unsurprised equivalent of the St. Regis that blandly accepts an order for chilled white burgundy, caviar, and green grass. Felled by love, the doctor throws to the winds his earlier quavered remonstrance to the shepherd in his office that it's not normal to experience mature love with anything that has four legs. Woody Allen's cavils are so temperate.

Some of the sketches run out of steam, but they all have fine moments. There is one very classy-looking episode, spoken in Italian with English subtitles, on the knotty subject of women's frigidity. Woody Allen plays a peanut-shaped husband airily attempting caddishness, wearing dark glasses and with a jacket slung around his shoulders. The immovable wife, who suddenly reveals herself to be immensely turned on by lovemaking in public places, has her hair done like Delphine Seyrig's in "Marienbad." Woody Allen takes swift-spoken advice from other husbands across smart white rooms; he talks at a great distance without looking at the person he's speaking to, like a character in an Antonioni film. The longest sketch—which gets strained at the end, and devolves into a sci-fi parody about a forty-foot-high marauding breast run amok in the countryside—begins beautifully with a sequence about a mad sexologist, played by John Carradine. He lives in a Gothic mansion among his experiments, attended by a Frankenstein monster of a butler who has been deformed by one of the doctor's more lunatic tests in the pleasure principle. The butler has been left limping at an angle of forty-five degrees and looking as if he lived in the belfry of Notre Dame. "Posture! Posture!" whispers Woody Allen encouragingly as he passes. Allen plays a visiting prospective assistant. The doctor's house looks as if it were about to sprout a lot of carved-oak theatre organs played by spooks. "Is your decorator still living?" says our Woody, softly to the point.

His unmatched style is extremely modern and extremely American. It is partly a humor of bashfulness—a kind of bashfulness that resides only in the very clever. It seems to relate to the whole immensely solemn body of American literature about male impotence and dither, which in turn has given rise to hundreds of Broadway and Hollywood comedies and to dozens of truly funny fictional best-sellers (by, for instance, Neil Simon and Philip Roth). "Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex" goes by fits and starts, but at its best it is recklessly absurd in a way that no one can rival. Woody Allen himself sometimes has dreams as wild as the imaginings of the fanatic doctor played by Carradine, whose experiments-in-progress include the transplantation of the brain of a lesbian into the living head of a man from the telephone company. (Allen's imagined illicit activities for the Cosa Nostra in "A Look at Organized Crime"—an essay that appeared in this magazine—cover gambling, narcotics, and the transportation of a large whitefish across a state line for immoral purposes.) His funniness is a marvellous blend of muttered good sense and extreme battiness, best when it keeps apparently within the bounds of the ordinary. Nothing that a supermarket couldn't cope with. A supermarket manager could certainly come up with a corkscrew suitable for attacking a chastity belt, would look askance at some of Dr. Reuben's sillier questions ("Why do women have only two breasts?"), and would be inclined to reply shortly that he was fresh out of grass for sheep. The hangdog face of Woody Allen gazes stoutly at us from the screen. It is the face of an energetic shopper in mourning over inferior brands of daftness like Dr. Reuben's, abashed by girls less spry about love than he, alarmed by women who just lie there like a smoked salmon, perturbed by much of life, but infinitely resourceful. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

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Cameras, barred from the playing hall after Fischer said they disturbed him in the first game July 11, were back for Thursday's eighth game under an agreement signed that day by lawyers for Fischer and without an end-the-war proviso.—*Champaign-Urbana (Ill.) Courier.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

JAZZ RECORDS

I POINTED out not long ago that no one had made a study of the effects of environment and climate on jazz. New Orleans jazz, nurtured in that easy, moist city, was a legato, flowing music propelled by the undemanding two-four beat. The instrumentalists had spacious tones and generous vibratos, and the music was largely collective, which suggested casualness and bonhomie. (New Orleans musicians are apt to greet one another by saying, "How you be? I see you brought yourself today.") When New Orleans jazz moved to Chicago, in the twenties, it tightened up. Arrangements were increasingly used, and so was the four-four beat. Soloists, by nature godlike and anti-social, came to the fore, and collective music waned. The legato attack gave way to an on-the-beat one, and even to staccato phrasing. The first generation of Chicago-born musicians carried these changes further by converting the music of their New Orleans models into a wild, winds-of-Chicago attack, full of breaks and surprising dynamics. (Some of the fastest jazz records ever made have come out of Chicago.) When New York took over as the capital of jazz, in the early thirties, it affected the music the way it affects everything: It made it grow up. Corners were smoothed, vibratos controlled, and tempos modulated. Rhythm sections began to swing for the first time, and the music became more and more subtle. Duke Ellington's music became New York music, and as he went so went the musical community—until the arrival, that is, of a kind of jazz that had been bypassed in the New Orleans-Chicago-New York trek. It was the music of the Southwest, and of Kansas City in particular, and when it was brought to town, in the late thirties, by Count Basie and Jo Jones and Charlie Christian and Lester Young, it turned everything around.

McDou
RECORDS · BOO

Not much was known about Kansas City jazz in New York; it had been geographically isolated and it had not been widely recorded. Indeed, its importance in the shaping of jazz was not fully understood until the last decade. Its irresistible and original characteristics seemed to imply endless spaces and crazy weather and the howdy openness of Southwesterners. It was laconic and at the same time highly charged. It swung very hard, but in a look-ma-no-hands fashion. It was a face-to-face music, yet it often implied more than it said. It had a unique, misterioso quality—a longing for distant hills and deep woods. The Southwestern horn players had big tones, and they transmitted emotion generously and in an extraordinary variety of ways. Consider the opposite approaches of the Southwest's two most famous tenor saxophonists, Lester Young and Herschel Evans. Young, with his light, almost colorless tone, used laissez-faire melodic lines that tipped their hats to the melody, that applauded it with gloved hands. He was gracious and accommodating and oblique. But Evans had a heavy, keening tone, a rich-soil tone, and his phrases, which were short and annunciatory, were continually shaded by bent notes and sad November inflections. Evans mourned the world in every chorus. The Southwestern musicians were also indefatigable, for they had been weaned on the legendary nonstop Kansas City jam sessions, which thrived in a city that literally never closed. (These sessions sometimes went around the clock, and they virtually wore out whole rhythm sections.) Kansas City jazz was a blues-soaked music. Blue notes and husky timbres infused every type of song, and the blues themselves were enriched in a way not known in jazz before. They were either light and happy—but never tongue-in-cheek, in the manner of many Eastern musicians—or brooding and majestic. There are countless instances of these approaches in the work of Basie and Joe Turner and Young and Buck Clayton, and now we have still another in "John Hammond's Spirituals to Swing: Thirtieth Anniversary Concert (1967)" (Columbia G 30776). The three best numbers in the album are blues performed by Turner, who, backed by several of his old Kansas City helpmeets, is in superlative form. In fact, one of these blues is possibly the finest he has recorded.

In many ways, Turner, who is now sixty-one, is the epitome of Kansas City music. More than that, he encompasses all blues singing, from Blind Lemon Jefferson to B. B. King. When one listens to Turner, it is immediately clear that *this* is the way the blues should be sung, *this* is what his countless predecessors and contemporaries have been striving for. Everything about Turner is outsize and seignorial. He is well over six feet and heavily assembled, and he has a big head and mountain-encircling arms. His voice matches. It is deep and muscular and booming; it is a bear hug of a voice. But Turner never spends it all; one has the impression that he is using only two-thirds of his powers, that if he wanted he could blow the house down. He is also a master of inflection and dynamics, and his rhythmic control is flawless. He can amble thunderingly along behind the beat, ride it lightly, or push it mercilessly. And he has a rich dramatic sense (all blues singers should have it, but few do). When his lyrics are concerned with diurnal, domestic matters, he sings in a gray, offhand way—he sometimes gives the effect of almost yawning—but when he delivers a line like "Bub I want the sun to rise, the wind to blow" his voice becomes huge and commanding. The sun *rises*, the wind *blows*. When the lyrics are funny, his voice is mocking and implacable, as in this reverberating, almost frightening stanza:

> Don't the moon look pretty shining
>   down through the trees,
> Don't the moon look pretty shining
>   down through the trees,
> . . . my baby look good walking
>   out on her knees.

Turner will go at a slow blues this way: He spreads out the first phrase behind the beat, as if he were smoothing a blanket, and he uses just two notes (Turner is not a melismatic singer)—one for the first and last words of the phrase, and one for its middle section. Then he pauses a full measure, goes on to his second phrase, pauses again, briefly, and completes the line. He repeats the line, with slight melodic variations, subtracting one of the pauses and rearranging the lyrics in an almost sleight-of-hand way, as in:

> That one record, particular, baby
>   [pause], *always* sticks in my
>   mind,
> That one little song, particular dar-
>   lin', always sticks in my mind.

In the third line of the stanza he raises his volume and moves up slightly on the scale, then swoops abruptly down into his boots. He jams the first eight words of the first line of the next stanza together, like a caterpillar getting ready for his next move, and finishes the line by planting the remaining words six inches apart. The second and third lines are gap-toothed all the way through. Two more stanzas pass, at a

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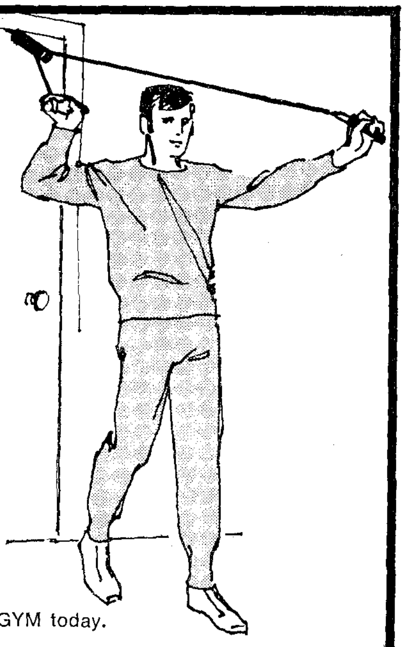

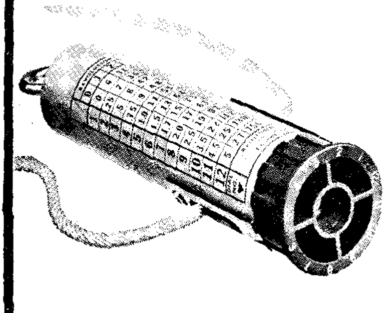

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beguiling glide, and then, his words demanding intensity, he italicizes them and even repeats them, hammering away at the beat and at the inevitable woman he is imploring. He subsides again, and in the final stanza he goes up on the mountaintop. His voice rings, he inserts a big iron blue note, and suddenly the hall he is singing in is filled with trumpeting winds. He repeats a key phrase in this stanza at the close of the third line, in the manner of announcing a victory, and then, as is his wont, lets loose a booming Bronx cheer to tell us that it is time to set foot on earth again. Turner's diction at slow tempos is intelligible in a drawling, backhanded fashion, but in a fast blues he doesn't have time for niceties. He flattens his words, and they become planes of sound that climb and fall and bend away, and it doesn't really matter what he is singing about. He has become a joyous, shouting, hornlike wash of melody and rhythm and emotion.

THE Columbia album was recorded at a concert given five years ago in Carnegie Hall to celebrate the two great, pioneering concerts that John Hammond engineered there in the late thirties. On hand, along with Turner, are the gospel singer Marion Williams, the guitarist George Benson, the alto saxophonist John Handy, the blues singer Big Mama Thornton, and Count Basie's band. Big Mama Thornton is the only performer who comes close to matching Turner. She shrieks and yodels and moans and shouts with great authority, but there is a hysterical, overweening quality in her singing (the blues tend to melt away when they are pressed so hard), and I suspect that the surroundings unnerved her. Turner is extraordinary. Listen to the way he crowds his words together at the opening of the second stanza of his single slow blues, "I'm Going Away to Wear You Off My Mind," the way he beseeches his baby at the start of the *fourth stanza, and the way, in the final* stanza, with his accompaniment lifting behind him mightily, he turns into Zeus. His two other blues, "Roll 'Em Pete" and "Blues for John," are medium-fast, and they are brilliant exercises in hill-and-dale non-articulation. His accompaniment in "Blues for John" is handled in a slapdash way by the Basie band, but in "Roll 'Em Pete" and "I'm Going Away to Wear You Off My Mind" he is backed by a remarkable group made up of Buck Clayton, Buddy Tate, Edmond Hall, Ray Bryant, Milt Hinton, and Jo Jones. (Pete Johnson, who had been retired

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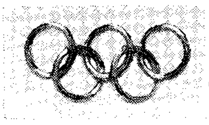

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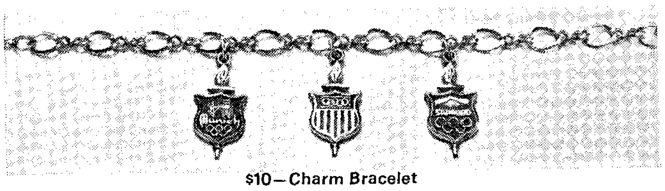

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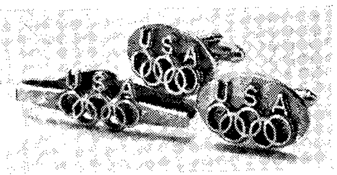

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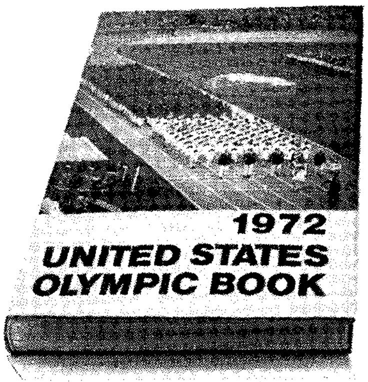

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for years and who died not long after the concert, was added in "Roll 'Em Pete," and it was a misty moment when he went onstage. He and Turner had come to New York to appear at Hammond's first "Spirituals to Swing" concert, and before that they had worked together for years in the Sunset Café, in Kansas City. Johnson had led the house band, and Turner had been a singing bartender who occasionally stepped out on the sidewalk and shouted a blues that could be heard five blocks away.) Clayton is unbelievable throughout. His two solo choruses in "I'm Going Away to Wear" are celestial, and so are his obbligatos, particularly in the final majestic stanza, where he becomes a hallelujah altervoice to Turner. Hall (*he* died not long after, too) and Tate and Jones and Bryant are admirable as well. They must have known, from the moment Turner started to sing, that magnificence was abroad that night.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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Ptolemy's explanation of the planetary motions was one of the most successful and long-lived scientific theories ever advanced—it was still being taught, along with the Copernican theory, at Yale and Harvard as late as 1650. (I have this straight from a professor of astronomy at Princeton.)—*Robert S. Richardson in Galaxy.*

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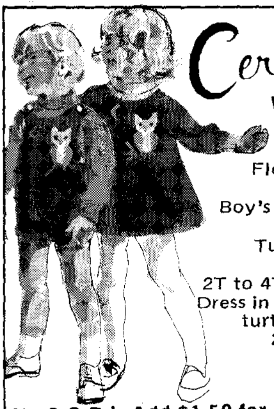

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THE RACE TRACK

Ladies' Days

FOLLOWING a trend, there was action for the ladies all over the map last weekend. The Alabama Stakes, the classic for three-year-old fillies, had its ninety-second running at Saratoga Springs; the Delaware Handicap, a jackpot for fillies and mares, wound up things at Delaware Park; at Monmouth a dozen two-year-old misses ran in the Sorority Stakes; and at Arlington Park in Chicago twenty of them ran in the Lassie Stakes. There were only five starters in the Alabama, but I doubt whether Summer Guest, who is on the crest of a wave of successes, scared away either Numbered Account or Susan's Girl. With Numbered Account, it was the weights; she would have had to carry 121 in the Alabama and only 115 in the Delaware—as you know, six pounds can make a lot of difference in a race at a mile and a quarter—so Roger Laurin, her trainer, sent her to Delaware. Susan's Girl has had a lot of racing, as well as two trips to California, and her stable felt she needed a rest. She's taking it. Needless to say, Summer Guest won comfortably, but for at least half of the distance she had many in the crowd, including Paul Mellon and Elliott Burch, her owner and trainer, respectively, on tenterhooks. Coming out of the gate, she did a hop and a jump, and it took some time for her to get into her stride, while Light Hearted was winging along lengths in front. Summer Guest caught up with her, though, and that was that. Betsy Be Good was third, half a dozen lengths behind. Summer Guest's next appearance will be at Belmont Park next month.

Numbered Account could do no better than finish third behind Blessing Angelica and Grafitti in the Delaware Handicap. An odds-on favorite, she chased Blessing Angelica all the way, tiring at the end. The winner, never headed, ran the mile and a quarter in 2:00⅗. The meeting ended with a Sunday crowd of more than eighteen thousand.

It seemed a fairly reasonable assumption that after her good try the week before at Saratoga in the Schuylerville (she finished second), Chance Hill Farm's Sparkalark would run in the Sorority Stakes at Monmouth Park. She did—and she clicked. In a good position from the beginning behind Juke Joint, who stepped the first quarter in 0:22 and the half-mile in 0:44⅘, Sparkalark wore her down in the last furlong to win by a length. Bold Memory was third. As for the Lassie Stakes, the first division of which was won by Double Your Fun and the second by Natural Sound, it was actually the secondary feature at Arlington Park. The main event was the Arlington-Washington Futurity. Shecky Greene won that by nine lengths from eleven other colts. His share of the purse was $103,020.

ONE of the prizes of the Saratoga meeting used to be the Special—originally a sweepstakes for which the big stables ran their best two-year-olds. Now it's just another twenty-five-thousand-dollar race. The Greentree Stable's Stop the Music, a bay colt by Hail to Reason out of Bebopper, won the seventieth running last week, and he may be a comer. He disposed of Macadamion on the turn for home and then stood off the challenge of Step Nicely. Horsemen at the Spa must like the Bernard Baruch Handicap. At any rate, for the fifth time in six years there were so many entries it had to be run off in two divisions. In the first, Scrimshaw stepped the nine furlongs over the grass in 1:46⅖, clipping a fifth of a second from the track record, and in the second something named Chrisaway led from start to finish in 1:46⅕ to win by a nose, survive a claim of foul, and pay $106.60 in the mutuels.

THE merry buyers of yearlings still had enough left in their pockets after their bidding binge at Keeneland to pay $6,075,300 for two hundred and ten colts and fillies at the Saratoga sales. E. P. Taylor, Canada's leading breeder, paid $140,000, the top price of the vendue, for a handsome (and for $140,000 she ought to be handsome) dark-bay filly by Forli, an Argentine stallion, out of Guest Room, a mare by Hail to Reason. At a later session, Mr. Taylor sold a colt by Northern Dancer-Lady Victoria to Thoroughbred Productions, Inc., an agent, for $100,000. So it goes.

THE Travers Stakes comes up at the Spa this weekend, and Colonel Martingale says you needn't look beyond Key to the Mint for the winner. Riva Ridge won't run. He's still resting. If he did, he'd have to carry 126 pounds, giving Key to the Mint nine, and Lucien Laurin, his trainer, doesn't approve of that.

—AUDAX MINOR

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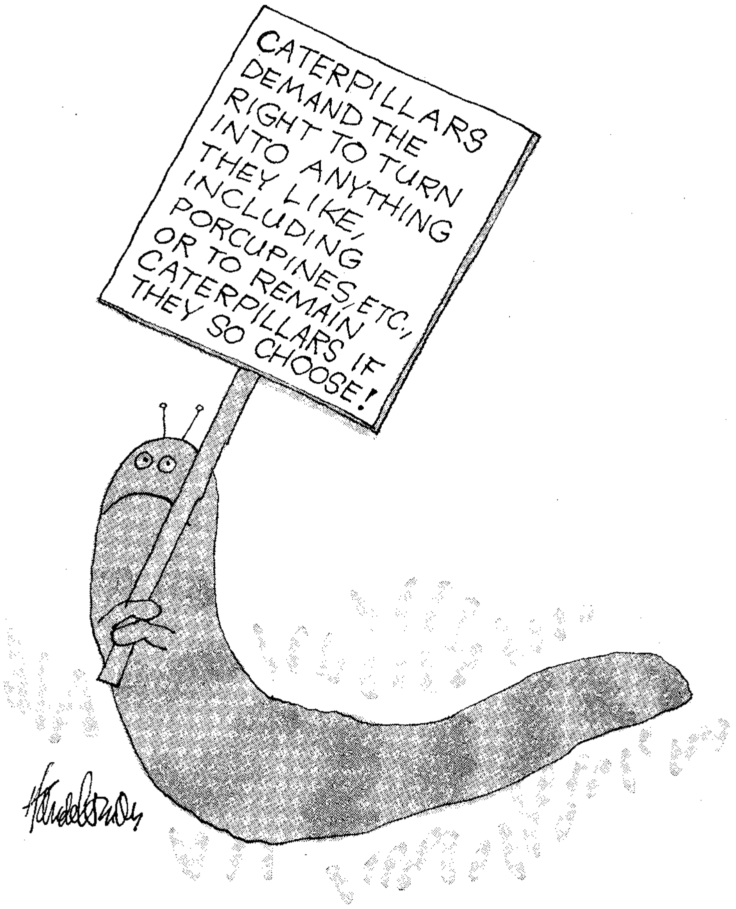
BOOKS

Old Age

WHAT is there to say about life's last moments? They come to every one of us, sometimes cruelly and unjustly to children, sometimes unexpectedly to men and women in the very prime of their lives. For people lucky enough to avoid those possibilities, old age eventually arrives—and with it the sure knowledge, whether recognized and stated or defiantly and fearfully pushed aside, that at last every heart stops beating. Even though these days we emphasize the importance of bringing things up and talking about them, lest we be put at the mercy of what we try to ignore, it can be argued that for very good reasons the subject of old age ought not to be discussed—and certainly not to be written about—because the temptation to come up with either illusions or banalities is overwhelming. Surely, therapeutic catharsis and exhortation can go only so far when, finally, what they amount to is the statement of the obvious: given enough time, everyone weakens, falls sick, and approaches death, and, as might well be expected, some do so stoically, some petulantly, some with a fierce inclination to shake their fists at the universe and go on, go on, full steam ahead, until that is no longer possible. France's novelist and social essayist Simone de Beauvoir—never one to feel bound by the cautions that others respect—has now tried to describe and analyze what happens to us as we get on in years, and the result is a large and important book, "The Coming of Age" (Putnam, translated by Patrick O'Brian), which is bound to be of great value to scholars of various kinds and to doctors, not to mention people of any age who have the will and the stomach to be confronted by a strong, unsparing, at times outraged and bitterly scornful writer.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One does not wait for long to find Mme. de Beauvoir's point of view; at the very start of her introduction, she contrasts Buddha with the rest of us, and we do not come off well: "Buddha recognized his own fate in the person of a very aged man, because, being born to save humanity, he chose to take upon himself the entirety of the human state. In this he differed from the rest of mankind, for they evade those aspects of it that distress them. And above all they evade old age. The Americans have struck the word death out of their vocabulary—they speak only of 'the dear departed;' and in the same way they avoid all reference to great age. It is a forbidden subject in present-day France, too." She goes on to observe that "society looks upon old age as a kind of shameful secret that it is unseemly to mention," and then (still only a paragraph or two into her book) tells what she intends to do: "I mean to break the conspiracy of silence. Marcuse observes that the consumers' society has replaced a troubled by a clear conscience, and that it condemns all feelings of guilt. But its peace of mind has to be disturbed." The old are "condemned to poverty, decrepitude, wretchedness, and despair," yet, as she sees it, influential people do not admit this sociological and psychological fact about old age: "To reconcile this barbarous treatment with the humanist morality they profess to follow, the ruling class adopts the convenient plan of refusing to consider them as real people: if their voices were heard the hearers would be forced to acknowledge that these were human voices. I shall compel my readers to hear them. . . . I shall tell what in fact happens inside their minds and their hearts; and what I say will not be distorted by the myths and the clichés of bourgeois culture."

The author does not live up to her promise; she continues her short introduction with a few more denunciations of "the capitalist world" and "the ruling class," comes forth with a final, fairly sweeping summary of her ideological position ("It is the exploitation of the workers, the pulverization of society, and the utter poverty of a culture confined to the privileged, educated few that leads to this kind of dehumanized old age"), and then proceeds to offer her readers for several hundred pages not the voices of ordinary working people who have grown old and have something to say about what is happening "inside their minds and their hearts" but a series of rather long and valuable essays in which she weaves together brilliantly just about everything that biologists, physicians, anthropologists, ethnologists, historians, and sociologists have ever said about the way old people have lived at various times, in different countries and continents, under one or another set of religious principles, social codes, economic systems. More than halfway through the book, we are expectant indeed when we come across a section called "The Being-in-the-World." The author once again tells us that she very much wants us to know about how "old age and everyday life" go for millions of people, and a chapter in that section is entitled "Some Examples of Old Age," but the people who appear—who get written about with great care and

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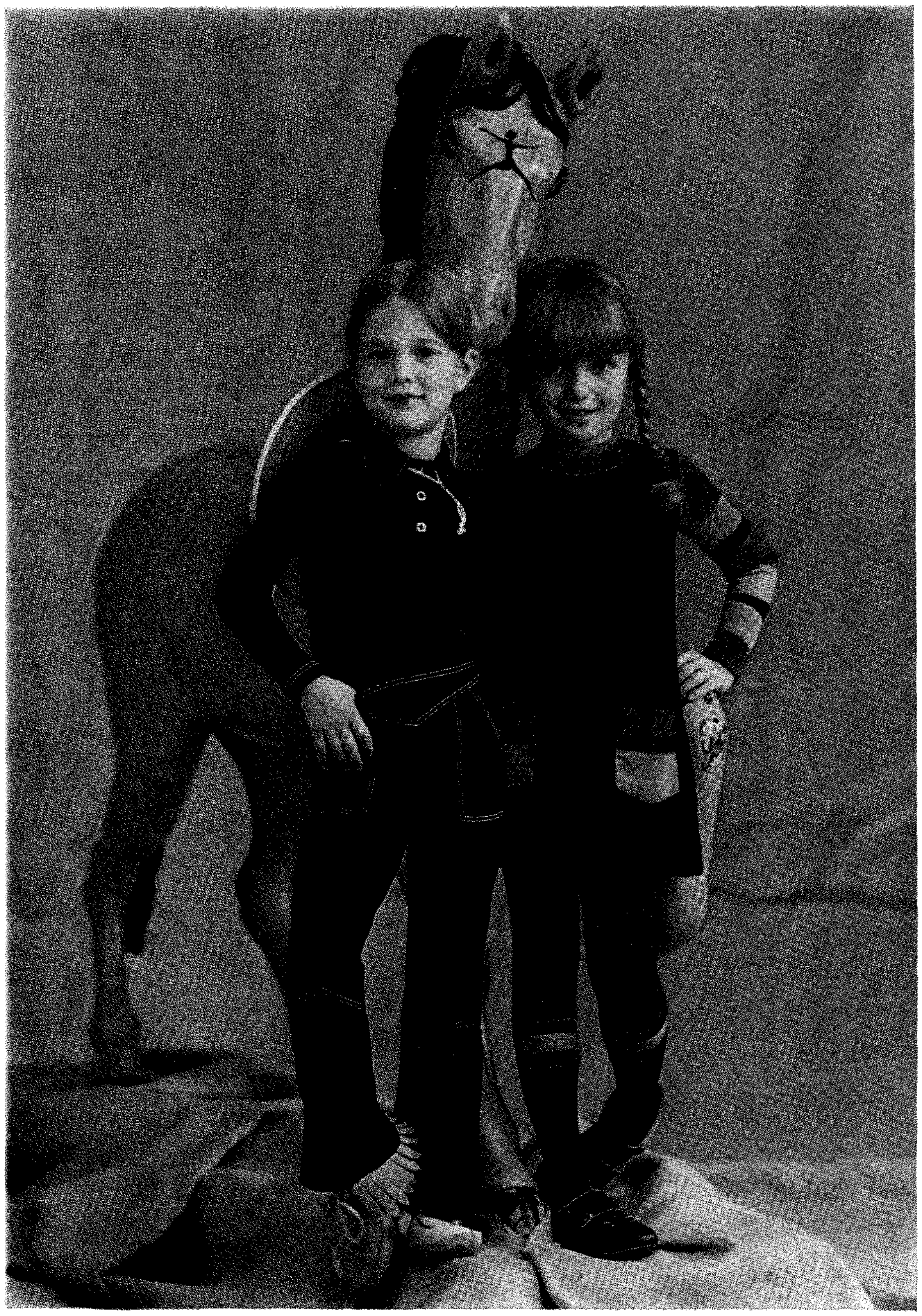

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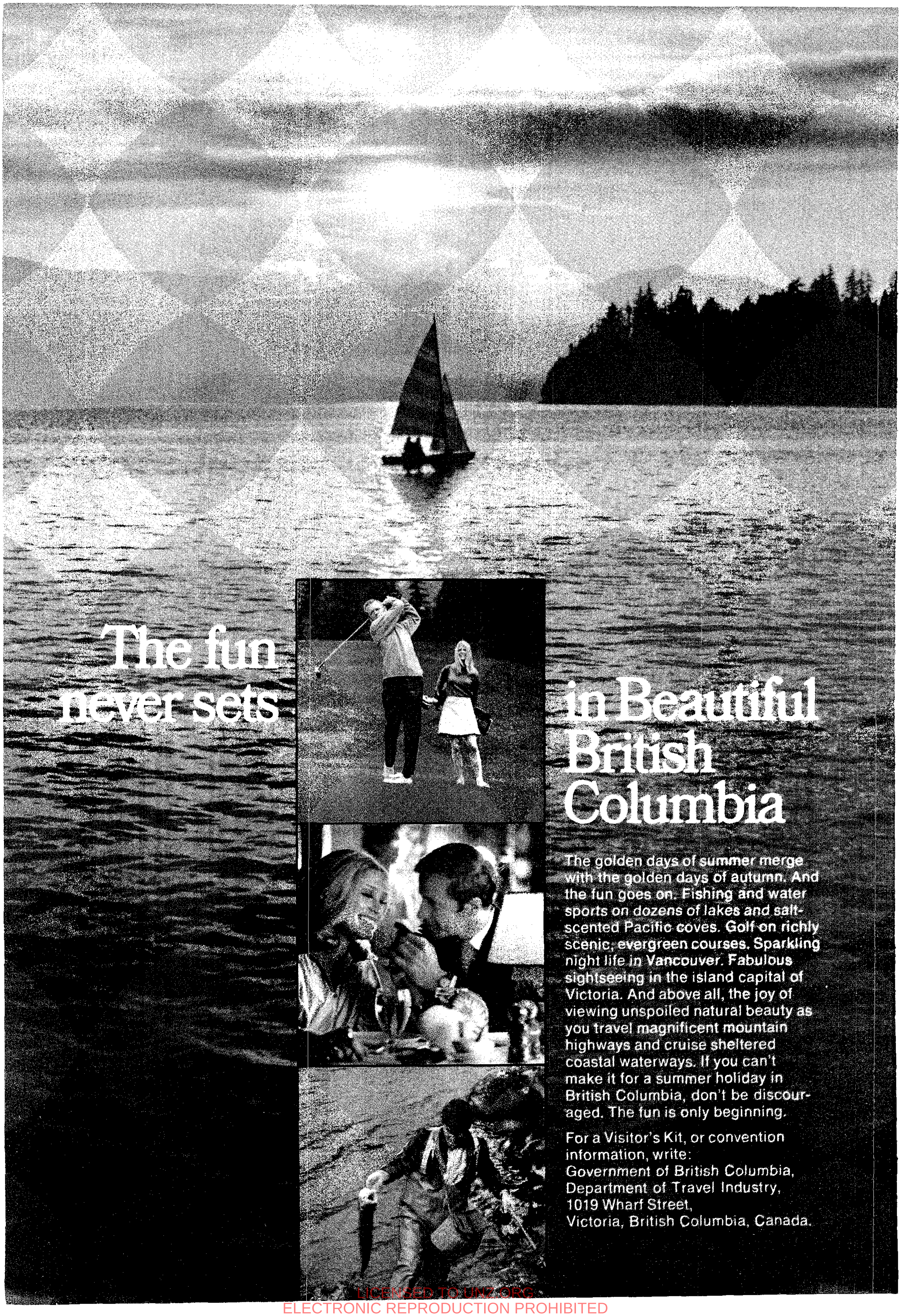

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in great detail, or who speak poignantly or bitterly about their fate—are Yeats and Marshal Pétain, Gide and Chateaubriand, Lamartine and Hugo, Mauriac and Goethe and Verdi, Tolstoy and Michelangelo and Winston Churchill. They lived exceptional lives. They were people the author has disdainfully called "the privileged, educated few." Yet she quite naturally respects their judgment and draws upon their observations (and self-observations) at considerable length. Moreover, she takes pains to point out how inconsistent a series of biographical sketches (which she gives) of elderly people must turn out to be: whereas one writer or artist becomes increasingly discouraged as age takes its toll (Yeats, for instance), another (a Gide or a Mauriac) by and large remains in good spirits, not exhilarated by joy at the prospect of imminent death but not given to panicky outbursts of self-pity, either—and even able to smile and find a certain pleasure in watching not only himself go into physical decline but others nearby, as they take note of the same thing and, for their own reasons, become condescending or rude or too shrewdly and assertively ingratiating.

Meanwhile, what of all those workers who are said (with no equivocation whatsoever) to be crushed by the West's industrial nations and thus forced to have a brutal and ignominious time of it at the end? They suddenly reappear, along with the ideology meant to advance their cause, in a "conclusion" that is as brief as the book's introduction. Once again we are told about "a conspiracy of silence" that prevents us from knowing what life is like for millions of old people. Once again "a handful of privileged people" is contrasted with "the vast majority of mankind," and the plight of the latter is described this way: "When they are old, the exploited classes are condemned if not to utter destitution then at least to extreme poverty, to uncomfortable, inconvenient dwellings, and to loneliness, all of which results in a feeling of failure and a generalized anxiety. They sink into a torpid bewilderment that has physical repercussions: even the mental diseases from which they suffer are to a great extent the product of the system." That political and economic "system," according to the author, progressively destroys the spirit of all workers, whatever their age; the only difference between the young and the old is a matter of degree: at the end, ravages inflicted by a whole way of living become overwhelmingly apparent,

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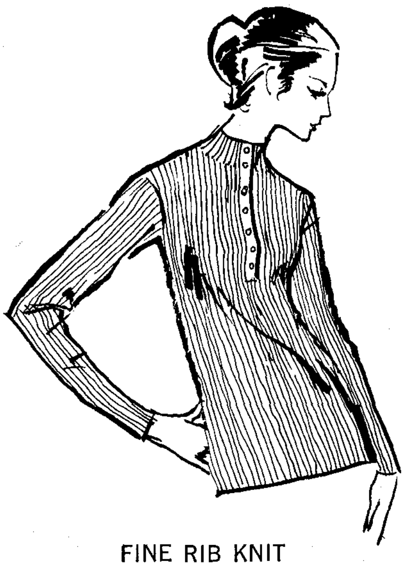
and so have to be shunned, lest the rest of us, caught up in the same wretched process as automatons of sorts, become all too aware of what is happening to us. But Mme. de Beauvoir wants to tear aside what she considers our illusions. She grants a nation like ours no redemptive possibilities and allows working people few consolations: "The manual worker does not even manage to kill time. His gloomy idleness leads to an apathy that endangers what physical and intellectual balance he may still possess." Later on, that kind of worker—really, all of us except for the "handful" she keeps mentioning—is given a final approximation by this learned and compassionate woman: since his life has all along been a hoax, and since he has been duped from the start, in old age he is "rendered hopeless by the want of meaning in his present life," and if he is smart he will at last recognize that "the meaning of his existence has been stolen from him from the very beginning." Furthermore, any suggestion that anyone has come up with so far is worse than useless, because "all the remedies that have been put forward to lessen the distress of the aged are such a mockery." The author is convinced that the damage done to people's entire lives simply cannot be undone at the end of those lives. Only at the very end of the book does she give anyone the slightest glimmer of hope. She says that "if old age is not to be an absurd parody of our former life," then we must have found some concern, some involvement, that has given "our existence a meaning." What kind? She has a terse and revealing summary: "Devotion to individuals, to groups, or to causes, social, political, intellectual, or creative work." However, that kind of possibility, she hastens to assure us, is a rich man's—though perhaps a few whom she refers to as "bourgeois ideologists" also have a bit of a chance, even if they aren't notably wealthy or powerful.

It is necessary to quote thus from this book; the author's full-fledged, unqualified hostility to the capitalist West, including her native France, is best obtained directly from her. The same holds for her view of the aged; they are, in her opinion, almost without exception thoroughly sad and miserable people, and this is true not because, existentially or as a matter of psychological development, they were inescapably destined to become so but, rather, because a particular kind of society has set the stage for this to befall just about everyone. (Nowhere are the Soviet Union's aged scrutinized; nowhere



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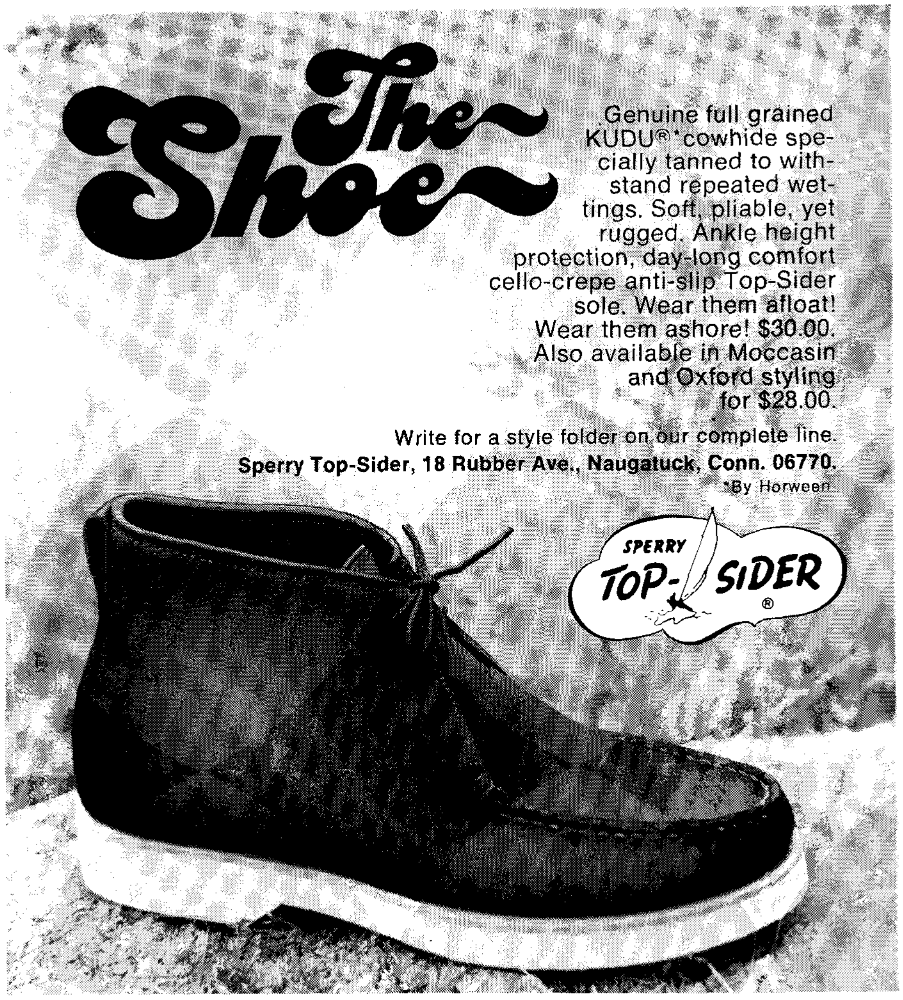
does that nation's "system" get any attention. One wonders why.) Needless to say, the author has every right to her position—even as her readers, bourgeois or no, have the right to ask a question that is not at all political or ideological but simply "methodological," as scientists would put it: Whence these generalizations about the psychological state of so many millions of people? Then there are the matters of detail, which can also be put as questions: Has the author talked with a certain number of old people? Has she observed the way they live, made of them the penetrating inquiries her rich and subtle mind no doubt would come up with were she and they to spend time together? If not—if there have been no such meetings, no long, or even brief, acquaintances—one wonders why she has refused to confine herself to the implications she most assuredly is privileged to draw from the very considerable data she presents to the reader: wonderfully sharp résumés and digests of many articles written by economists and biologists; long chapters in which she does a brilliant job (if only social scientists could write like her!) of weaving together what well-known historians, statesmen, philosophers, and theologians have had to say about old age—theirs and other people's; first-rate literary criticism, with an especially fine treatment of "King Lear," in which she relies not only on the play itself but on the sources Shakespeare drew upon, not to mention her own shrewd analysis of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century England.

All that is set down in the book's bulk, and all of it is of the highest calibre. A well-organized thinker, utterly intent on a lucid synthesis of the best that has been written on a particular subject, Mme. de Beauvoir acquits herself very well indeed. It is not so much that Plato and Aristotle, and Sophocles and Cicero, and minds as various as Kant's, Rousseau's, and Jonathan Swift's are approached respectfully and revealingly; the author has an extraordinary capacity to reach the exact center of another intellectual's thought and, further, to pick up affinities in apparently divergent or unrelated material. And nothing, it seems, has escaped her notice. We find out that poor sight was first corrected by magnifying lenses in the thirteenth century. We discover in a parenthetical aside that the Etruscans used false teeth. We are made aware of the second-century physician Galen's views, of the eleventh-century physician Avicenna's views, of the fifteenth-century phy-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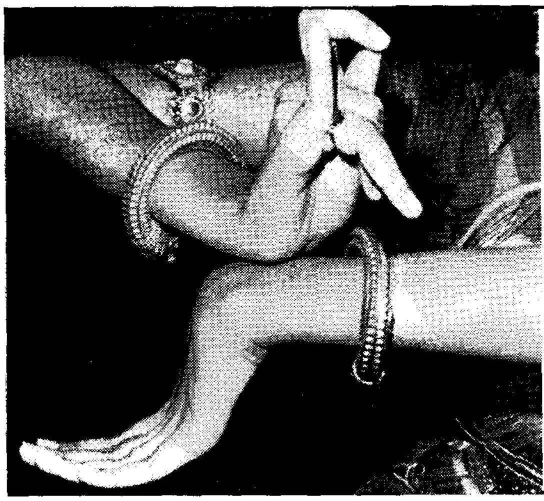
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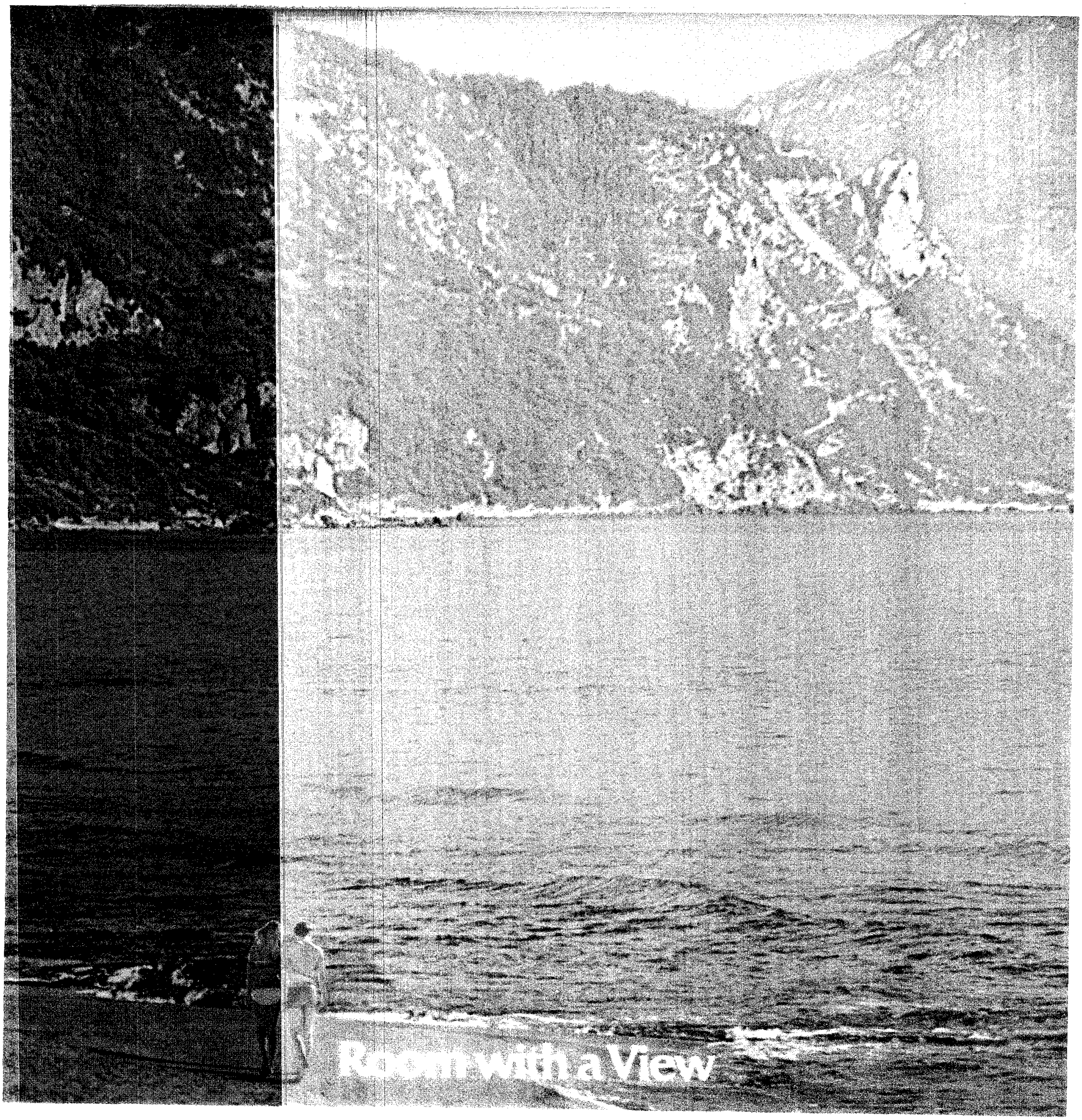
sician Zerbi's views, of the eighteenth-century physician Van Swieten's views on old age, and sometimes on a host of other (only somewhat related) matters. And for anyone interested in mythology and ethnography, this book is a wonderful find—a storehouse of unexpected information about the Siriono of the Bolivian jungle, the Thonga of the east coast of South Africa, the Eskimos, the Yaghan (a people numbering about three thousand, who inhabit the coasts of Tierra del Fuego), the Zande of the Sudan, the Miao (who live in the high bush country of Thailand and China), the Lepcha (who are ensconced up along the Himalayas), and on and on. Greek myths that have to do with aging get a scrupulous reading, as do those of the Romans and the Arabs. Historical records have been combed through, to say nothing of Renaissance iconography and painting. One minute we are learning about Chaucer's sense of old age, the next about the views held on the subject by the seventeenth-century Spanish poet and novelist Quevedo, or by a contemporary of his in France, Saint-Amant. Obscurity is no barrier to Mme. de Beauvoir, nor is any kind of detail. As a result of the publication of this book, more people than ever before will know that in August, 1957, nearly twenty-two million Americans were toothless—thirteen per cent of our population at that time. Moreover, between the ages of forty-five and eighty-five, a man's chest measurement is likely to recede by ten centimetres, a woman's by fifteen.

Such information is nicely tucked away in the more discursive essays, and, significantly, they are not by any means polemical ones. When Mme. de Beauvoir is writing about novelists or playwrights and how they viewed their declining years, when she is trying to tell her readers about the subtleties of tribal customs, religious beliefs and practices, and patterns of kinship and family structure as they affect aging, she is by and large calm, objective, open to life's ironies and ambiguities. She can again and again use the word "yet." She quotes Euripides and Rousseau and her friend Sartre, as well as Freud, Balzac, and Edmond de Goncourt, all in order to indicate how sad and terrifying and even paralyzing old age can be, especially the last days or moments that precede death. "Yet there are also clear-minded and peaceful deaths," she is willing to add, even as she has earlier acknowledged that the long stretch of old age fated for some people can upon occasion be a time of relaxation, thoughtful introspection, deliverance from the exertions and frustrations, the envies and rivalries that younger people have to face.

But Mme. de Beauvoir is simply unwilling to give equal space to a line of argument that opposes her own. She never wants her reader to look forward to old age, even if some writers have been foolish enough to say that, yes, they have come upon their fifties or sixties or seventies and that it is not only not so bad but rather pleasant and rewarding to have arrived at just that point in their lives. She is ready to consider their claims, to tolerate them, and—what is important to her book's over-all tone and balance—to let their viewpoint be stated, but without the kind of repetition and obvious approval she accords those whose position, for one reason or another, fits in easily with her own. At no point in the book does humility come across as Mme. de Beauvoir's strongest point, and, unhappily, she loses even her inclination to respect those she disagrees with whenever she feels it necessary to sum things up. Since some of her own witnesses have indeed testified that old age need not be a time of humiliation and despair, one can only wonder at her capacity to ignore them—unless we are to conclude that all writers and philosophers, of whatever century and continent, are by definition privileged. She herself, however, pays so much attention to a whole range of writers whose grim accounts of their old age strike her as valuable and truthful that one is at a loss to know why one set of writers, many of whom were obviously well-to-do and influential, and often politically conservative (Yeats, for example), are to be heeded, while others, insofar as they don't see things the author's way, are to be ignored when the moment comes for drawing conclusions.

Even more disconcerting is the author's failure to discuss the special psychological qualities often possessed by the people she quotes so often and to such powerful effect. Writers, especially (and critics, too), almost have to be egoistic, and one uses that word without prejudice, simply to indicate that people who spend a lot of time making public their thoughts and fantasies and convictions place considerable store by them. What about other people, those "manual workers" Mme. de Beauvoir categorizes so sweepingly with respect to their old age but never



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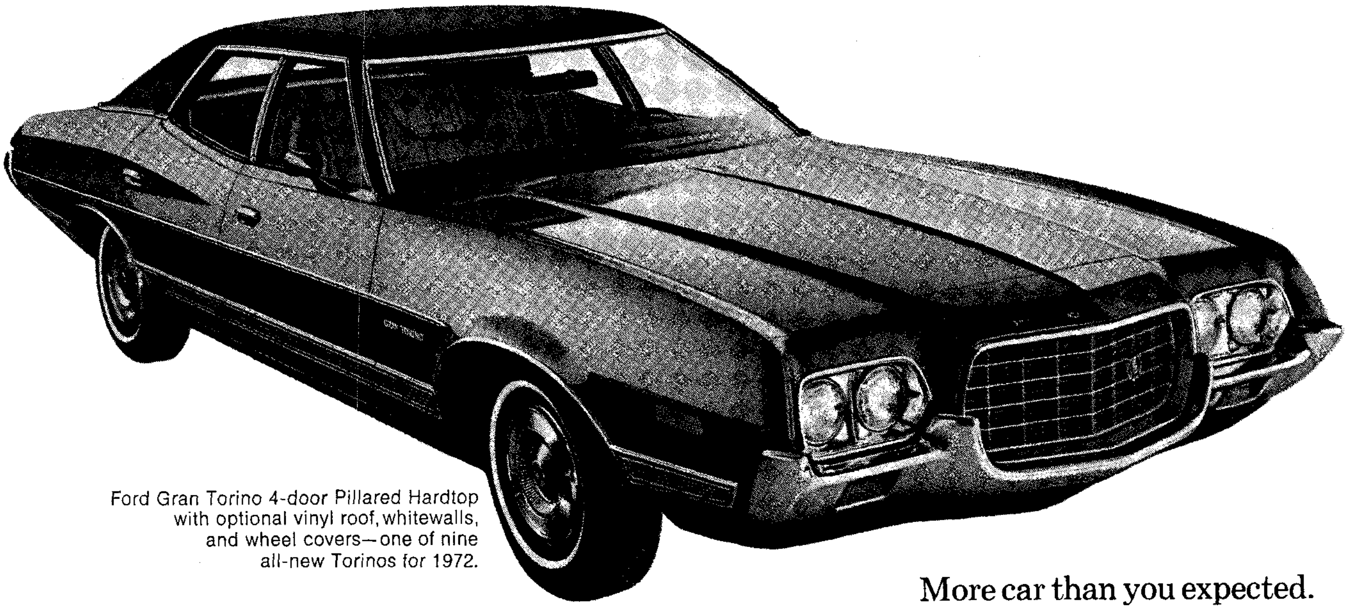

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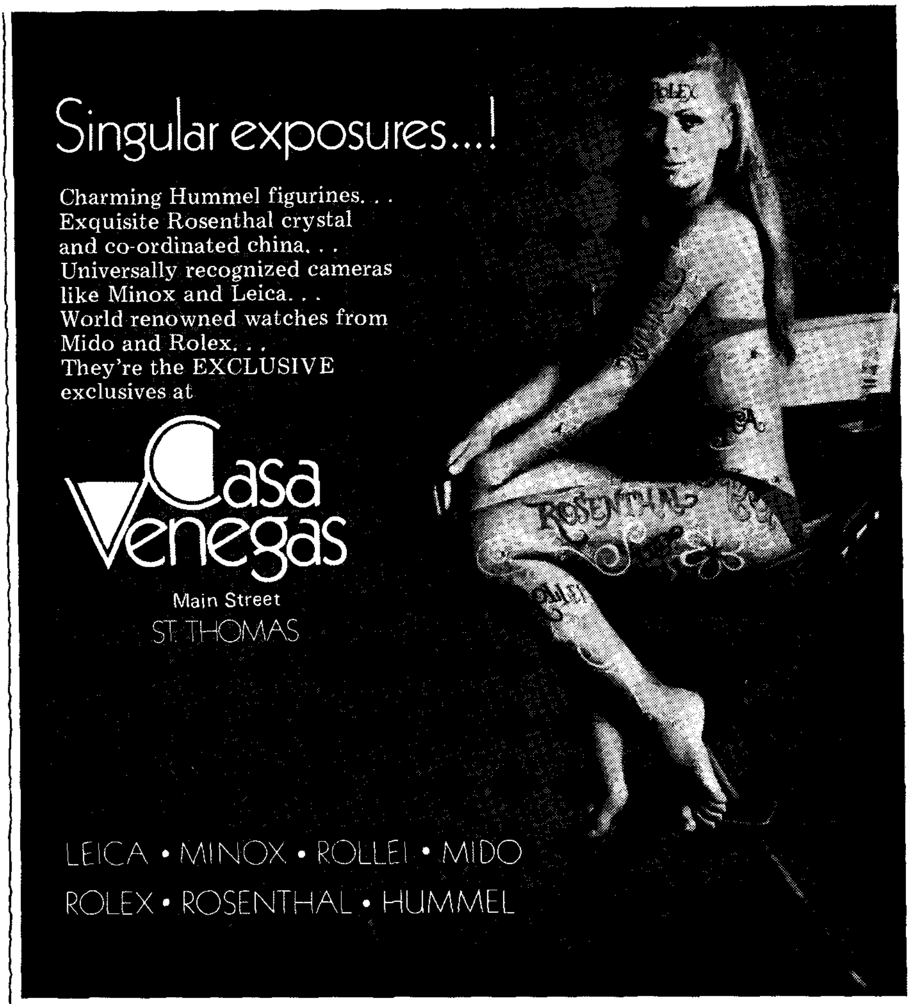
once calls upon to speak for themselves? If her "sample" is thereby biassed sociologically, it is, again, unbalanced psychologically, and maybe fatally so, because the very self-centeredness that she repeatedly ascribes to old age (for her a time when the last and awful inheritance of exploited human beings becomes apparent) is precisely the quality that far too many of the writers she summons had throughout their lives, as young men and women as well as when they were old and near death. Perhaps people especially wrapped up in themselves are not the best fitted to face old age, let alone describe with some objectivity its effect upon the emotions. At the very least, it is unwise to rely upon the judgment of such people exclusively, particularly when the point, presumably, is to find out, in the existential phrase the author uses, how "being-in-the-world" goes. To do so, one must have the help of letters and diaries and statements or recollections from a wide range of individuals. If even writers vary substantially in the way they regard old age—as Mme. de Beauvoir, out of her great respect for them, allows us to see—what might she have found had she gone out to a working-class district of Paris and talked with a few of the aging men and women who live there? Would she still be able to proffer the utterly unqualified remark that "I have never come across one single woman, either in life or in books, who has looked upon her own old age cheerfully"?

Perhaps some of this world's exploited "manual workers" still find time, in the course of their lives, to build up bonds of love with their wives and children; perhaps they also develop friendships; perhaps they even find allegiances and loyalties and hobbies and attachments to neighbors, places, routines; and perhaps all of that makes for, in some of them, a sense of fulfillment and satisfaction. Maybe even a few such people feel that they have lived worthwhile lives, have overcome various obstacles and challenges, have acquired a growing sense of respect for themselves. True, one can become sentimental about those people; one can call into question what *they* think and say about their fate in contrast to what *we*, the social observers and critics, the artists and writers, know enough to discern—meaning see through, uncover, unmask, if not expose. On the other hand, what is a Marxist to do—denounce endlessly all sorts of élites, then reserve for himself the right to decide exactly which views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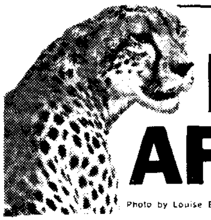

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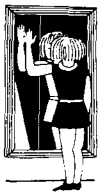
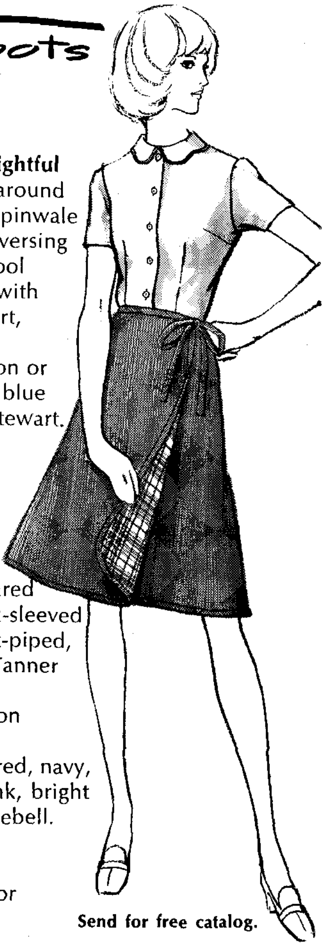


of the working people are suspect or illusion-riddled? Simone de Beauvoir earnestly wishes the poor people of this world to have a better, more honorable, less vulnerable life. As she writes about old age, she makes clear her conviction that until the better, more equitable society she hopes for comes about, old men and women by the million will be doomed psychologically as well as deprived materially. Since I have insisted that those people deserve a word or two in this book—in any book written about "them"—I can only at this point take the unusual liberty (a measure, perhaps, of the frustration, if not regret, I felt as I went through this book) of drawing upon some remarks I heard and recorded a year or so ago from the wife of a retired "manual worker" who used to be employed by the General Electric Company: "It's no joy getting to be old. I celebrated my seventy-fifth birthday the other day, and I thought to myself: the end isn't far off. But, you know, I'm contented. I love my son and daughter and their children. I'm not in the best of health, but I still can smile and enjoy life. I have good memories. It's been a good life I had. I can think of nothing, nothing really, I'd do different. The last ten years—I'll say it, and I believe it, I really do—have been the best years of my life. Thank God I lived to be old. Thank God I lived to see my children grow up and marry and have their own children and get settled into life. I've been given five more years than the Bible says we all should hope for, so it's gravy, any more. I don't believe in being greedy. I told the priest the other day, 'I'm ready to go; if God wants to take me tomorrow, fine, and if He wants me to live until I'm a hundred, that's fine, too. My life is His—to take when He wants it.' Sure, I get scared some time. Sure, everyone in America wants to be young. But I'm three-quarters of a century old, and even though I wake up with all my aches and pains, I still love being alive; I have things I look forward to doing and people I like to be with. Life has been hard, but it's been good, and, you know, every day since I've been sixty or so I've been thanking God for all He's given me, rather than always asking Him for this favor and that one, the way I used to when I was young. What's nice about old age is this: you see yourself gradually amount to something—you know, as a person—and you're thankful. You're not unhappy with yourself, and you're not worrying yourself sick over your 'future,' and



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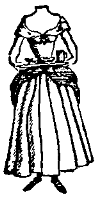

so you don't always keep begging Him, the good Lord, or crying to yourself. I don't cry any more, like I did when I was young. I'm old and happy, that's what I tell my daughter, and I'm not kidding."

Perhaps this woman *is* kidding—kidding herself, just as others kid themselves, even those far above her station in life. Perhaps she rules out any mention of the sadder side of her life—and, if that is so, she is not the only one who has a point and wants to make it at all costs. I do not believe that her attitude toward herself ought to be applauded as the wisest, the most knowing, the least tinged by superstition or irrationality or self-deceptions of one sort or another. As for these last, Simone de Beauvoir the novelist realizes full well how much all of us, of whatever "background," are prey to the tricks a mind can play on itself. No doubt it is difficult to present a powerful argument against a social or economic system, and do so on behalf of that system's weaker, less prominent people, when they themselves do not always come up with precisely the attitudes many of those who argue on their behalf feel they ought to have. Yet the whole purpose, one might think, of social reform is to enable more and more people to have a say in how their government works, how the wealth they produce over their long and hard lives gets distributed. Maybe those same people ought also to be listened to and given a larger say by social theorists like Simone de Beauvoir, or maybe the only thing necessary is that her own inclination as a novelist ought to be given a bit more leeway, as against her determination to be not the "bourgeois ideologist" she speaks of with such contempt but a revolutionary one.

—Robert Coles

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Mrs. Starr Lives Alone, by Jon Godden (Knopf). When Mrs. Margaret Starr returns to her country home after an absence of five days, she finds that her cleaning woman has been a bit lax. There are cigarette butts in the ashtray and a ring around the bathtub, and someone has drunk half a bottle of whiskey. An abrasive neighbor named Palmer warns her that crime is more prevalent nowadays than before, but Mrs. Starr dismisses his fears and serenely retires for the night. Then, at 4 A.M., she awakes, hearing strange noises. That is the beginning

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of Mrs. Starr's terror—a terror that, regrettably, comes to seem an excessive punishment imposed on Mrs. Starr for her naïveté. Miss Godden's prose, incidentally, could serve as a model of smoothness and impeccability.

I Am a Cat, by Sōseki Natsume, translated from the Japanese by Aiko Itō and Graeme Wilson (Tuttle). A nonchalant string of anecdotes and wisecracks, told by a fellow who doesn't have a name, and has never caught a mouse, and isn't much good for anything except watching human beings in action. The human race is the most heartless, he says, because its members will kick you out of a warm spot just as you are getting settled, and because they will rob you of a piece of fish that you have found all by yourself. Human beings are also pedantic and pretentious, we can see, since our hero belongs to a schoolteacher and eavesdrops on his conversations. ("In the last century, it was customary . . .") Parts of this book have a discordant, exotic humor; a few other parts, such as the lengthy lampooning of a lady's nose, are not so classy. Sōseki (1867-1916) wrote eleven stories under this title, and the first three have been translated here.

GENERAL

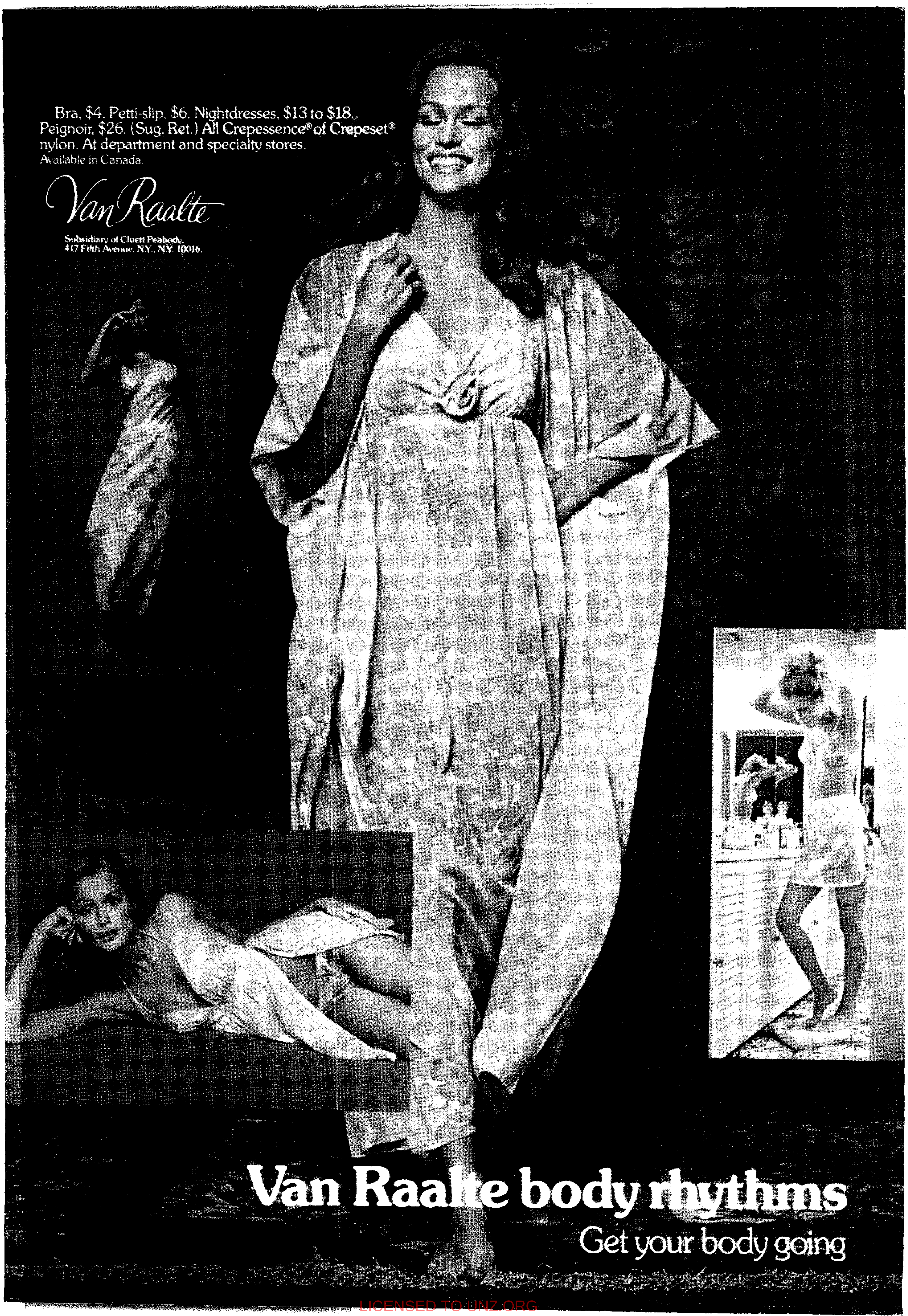
Eleanor: The Years Alone, by Joseph P. Lash (Norton). The second and concluding volume of Mr. Lash's life of Eleanor Roosevelt—the first volume of which, "Eleanor and Franklin," harvested a truckload of literary prizes earlier in the year. That volume ended with the death of the President and was largely taken up with their marriage. Now we have the chronicle of Mrs. Roosevelt's seventeen years of widowhood, when she more than ever immersed herself in public causes. It makes a no less remarkable achievement in lucid narration and sensitive characterization, and it is, for obvious reasons, a good deal more detailed and analytical in its treatment of public affairs. First as a Truman delegate to the United Nations and then, in the Eisenhower years, as a volunteer crusader for the work of the world organization, she became very knowledgeable about diplomatic problems and, in particular, Soviet-American relations. (She was, the author recalls, well ahead of her time in voicing skepticism about Cold War rhetoric.) In the fifties, too, she got far more deeply involved than before in Democratic politics, and became the most ardent, and perhaps the most effective, promoter of Adlai Stevenson's public career; she counselled him often and campaigned for a third Presidential nomination for him well after most of her political friends, and her children, had gone over to John Kennedy. She mistrusted Kennedy almost into the middle days of his campaign, but then, thanks partly to Kennedy's tact, his courtliness, and his several demonstrations that they were really quite close on doctrinal matters, she became an eager partisan, until her death in the second year of his Presidency. Along with these activities, she maintained an astonishing number of private friendships. She was a tireless speaker and writer, and used her access to the public to advance civil rights, the labor movement, and all the many domestic causes she considered worthy. The author's understanding of the movements she supported is as rich as his understanding of the remarkable human being he celebrates. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

Things to Come: Thinking About the Seventies and Eighties, by Herman Kahn and B. Bruce-Briggs (Macmillan). What's ahead? Nothing to look forward to, although, to be sure, some scenarios in this book—the possibility of a sort of "Greek colonels" régime in this country—may cheer a few readers while dismaying others. Ranging over the globe, but focussing mainly on this country's future, the two brainy authors occasionally differ with each other yet invariably display admirable poise and good temper, and real intellectual dazzle. They conclude by emphasizing that they do not believe that anything *really* bad—their list goes "thermonuclear holocaust, ecological catastrophe . . . vandals without (or within) the gates"—is likely to occur before 1985, and they argue that the value of "futurology" is to help us prevent all the bad things we can imagine from ever taking place.

•

The Help: *Any* restaurant should assure you, as the guest, that its staff will be immaculately clean. Obviously, you can't run a physical check on every last dishwasher or vegetable-chopper. But you *can* check on your waiter. If his fingernails are dirty, walk out. If he handles money and then handles food, do the same.—*Moneysworth.*

Worst advice we've had this week.



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